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DIVERSIONS IN PICTURESQUE GAME-LANDS

GRAND BAD-LANDS AND MULE DEER

BY WILLIAM T. HORNADAY

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY ILLUSTRATED BY L. A. HUFFMAN

IT is an interesting but unaccountable fact that comparatively few American sportsmen ever have carried their rifles into really fine bad-lands. The particularly wild and picturesque bad-lands of Montana and Wyoming have for me the same fascination that arctic ice has for a a pole-hunter. When fully under the spell of their grim and uncanny grandeur, one seems to live in a Dantean world, wherein everything is strange and unreal. If you go about with open eyes, you will see that even such savage-looking wastes of land carvings as those of Hell Creek and Snow Creek are stocked with interesting animal life, queer vegetation and physical wonders. If you are a paleontologist—ah! then your finds are likely to surpass all others—as we shall see.

Unfortunately for the sight-seer, the bad-lands along our transcontinental railways are rather tame. The wild tracts do not generate much freight, nor many passengers. To see and feel the real thing, and have it dominate your senses with hypnotic power, go when nerve-weary to a place where you will find a Grand Canyon in miniature, and panoramas of wild nature that you can dream over all the rest of your life. For the time therefor, choose either October or November, of The Present year.

I think the finest bad-lands in all Montana are those on Snow Creek and Hell Creek, reaching southward from the Missouri River for a width of twelve miles. The trail trip northwestward, 120 miles from Miles City, is a good curtain-raiser for the real experience. The modest little buttes and coulees along Sunday Creek are just wild enough to convince the explorer that civilization has been left behind, and that the wrestle with Nature is really on. Six hours from the trail's beginning, "the next water." "firewood" and "grass" are topics for serious thought, especially between the hours of four and five in the afternoon.

At the head of Sunday Creek, the plain and simple bad-lands of that stream fade out, and you emerge upon a vast stretch of rolling prairie uplands, absolutely treeless, and drained by numerous small creeks. In days gone by that was one of the finest buffalo ranges in all the West. After the buffalo days, this side of 1884, it was a fine cattle range; but the awful sheep-herds have gone over it, like swarms of hungry locusts, and now the earth looks scalped and bald, and lifeless. To-day it is almost as barren of cattle as of buffaloes, and it will be years in recovering from the fatal passage of the sheep. That once-popular buffalo range extends northward over divide and valley, across the Little Dry, Sand Creek and the Big Dry, ninety miles at least, where it breaks into the awful bad-lands that scarify the country along the southern side of the muddy Missouri.

There were only four of us; and we left Jim's ferry on the Yellowstone on Oc-

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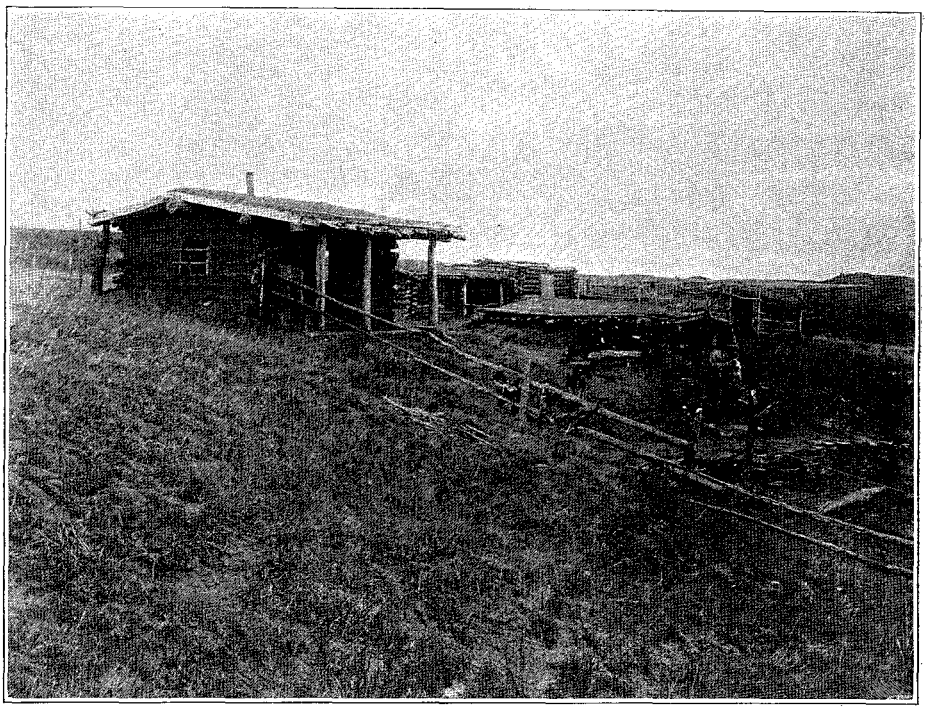

Wolfer's Roost—The prettiest cabin in Montana.
Max Sieber's home on Hell Creek, at the edge of the bad-lands.

tober 2nd. Jim McNaney was with me on the historic Smithsonian buffalo hunt of 1886, even unto the day when we found and killed the big bull whose lordly portrait now adorns and illumines the face of our new ten-dollar bill.

Our souls had yearned so strongly for another look at our old haunts up Sunday Creek and beyond the LU-bar ranch that when he proposed a hunting trip to "the worst bad-lands in Montana," I had come all the way from the East to respond.

By good luck, our old friend L. A. Huffman, expert photographer, sportsman and all-around good fellow, had been persuaded to join us; and to the fighting strength of the outfit he had contributed his historic white horse, Jady, and a buggy to carry cameras and plates. The fourth member was Bert Smith, cook and wagon-driver. The other equine members of the party were Bull Pup, Sunfish, Easter Lily, Yellow Belly, and Louey.

Joyously we pulled up to the Little Dry, seventy miles from Miles. and made Camp No. 3. For supper the cook fried—most becomingly—the four sage grouse that Jim shot in the shadow of the LU-bar Buttes. The pungent and spicy odor of the sage-brush—sweet incense to the nostrils of the Eastern sportsman—the swishing flame of the camp-fire, the snort of the tired horses thankfully feeding at ease, and the white oil-cloth spread on the clean buffalo-grass all gratefully combined to soothe the senses like an opiate. *Montana, again!* This is Life! In that glorious weather, we scorned the Sibley tent and slept in the open, triumphantly, as do men who for ten years and more have longed for the trail and camp-fire in buffalo-land. It was Layton Huffman's "first real big-game hunting trip since Ruth was a baby."

For seventy miles our spirits had mounted higher and higher every hour. The joy of it seemed too bright to last—and sure enough, it was It was at our camp on the Little Dry that Calamity overtook us, sweating and weary from our all-night ride.

In the early morning, while we were hitching up for a fine start, Calico Charley slowly galloped into view from the south, rode up to our camp-fire and with a brief, "Hello, fellers!" stiffly dismounted. A

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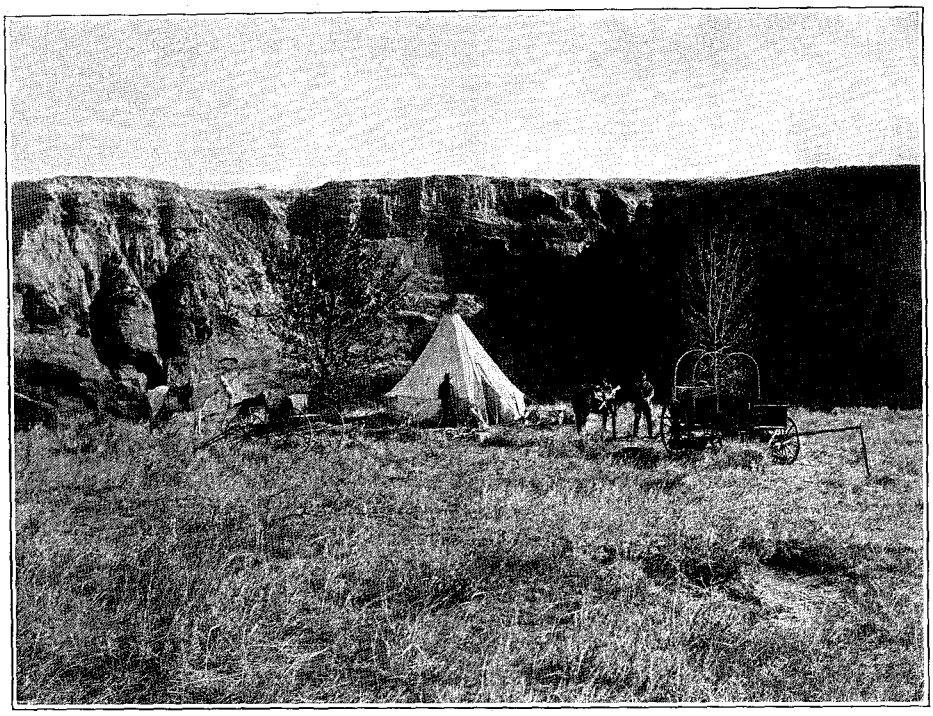

Our camp on the bank of Hell Creek.
At Sieber's ranch.

blind man could have seen that he had ridden hard and long.

Jim McNaney, Huffman and I were each of us married men; and each had given double hostages to Fortune. During a long half-minute of painful silence, we looked at Calico Charley, and at each other, without the courage to ask the fatal question. At last Jim managed to say, in a very low voice,

"Well, *which one of us is it*, Charlie?"

"It's you, Jim," said Charley, very gently. "Maggie's been took *awful* bad. The doctors say there's got to be an operation—right away. . . . It's to be at four o'clock this afternoon."

Maggie was Jim's wife, and the mother of little Jack. "Sorry" was no name for what we all felt at that moment.

"Well, boys," said Jim, quietly, "I'm awfully sorry to miss the hunt with you; but I must hit the trail back. Bull Pup will get me there by four o'clock, all right. . . . Now, the rest of you must go on, and have the hunt; and if Maggie gets well enough that I can leave her, I'll try to join you on Hell Creek, for a few days with you at the finish."

And so, taking a handful of cigars and a box of matches, he flung himself into his saddle, touched Bull Pup with a spur, and in an instant was galloping away on the seventy-mile run.

Three weeks later when he met us returning, again at the LU-bar Buttes, he told us briefly of the ride.

"Well, sir, that plucky little beggar of a Bull Pup took me to Miles by half-past three—and he *never turned a hair!* Blamed if I don't believe he could have brought me back again to the Little Dry by midnight! He's the best little cayuse I ever owned. . . . Yes, you bet, Maggie was glad to see me. . . . Oh, yes; the operation was fine, and she's getting on all right!"

When Jim galloped away from us, Layton Huffman and I conferred briefly, and took an inventory of our resources. Calico Charley could not go on with us. It remained for Layton and me to find the hunting grounds, somehow, kill our game, take our pictures, and get safely back again, on time. Jim told us that at Jerdon's, on the Big Dry, we could inquire the way to Egan's ranch; and once there, the ranch

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people would put us wise as to the hunting grounds, and "locate" us.

Before we moved out, Layton elected me foreman of the outfit. In that position, I did not have to work very hard, but as horse-wrangler-in-chief, I think I earned my keep.

Without the loss of a moment, we pulled on north, and on a level flat a mile above the ruined LU-bar ranch house we saw the spectacle of the sage grouse. It was a sight that neither sportsman nor naturalist could easily forget.

The flat was as level as a floor, and the closely cropped buffalo-grass upon it was as smooth as a tennis court. The ground looked like buff-colored manila paper. The plain was very thinly dotted with tiny clumps of young sage-brush, no larger than spring geraniums, and over numerous spaces even those were absent. As I rode in advance of the wagon, there arose a short distance ahead, but quite near the trail, certain sage grouse sentinels, which betokened the presence of a flock. As I slowly rode forward, the birds all stood at attention, and looked at me. Presently they began to stalk very slowly and majestically athwart the trail. Momentarily expecting them to take wing, I rode forward, pianissimo, in order to see how near I could approach the flock before it would explode into the air, and wing away.

Montana is a land of many surprises. In very open order, spread out over a quarter of an acre of ground, with heads held high and striding with regal dignity and deliberation, those twenty-four sage-grouse stalked up to the trail, and across it. At a nearness of thirty paces to the skirmishers of the flock, I drew rein to gaze; and presently our whole outfit halted close behind me, to look and wonder.

Each of those birds strutted as if he alone owned the whole of Montana. They gave us stare for stare, preserved their formation, and sauntered on across the trail as if there were not a loaded shot-gun within a hundred miles. It was the most magnificent series of grouse poses that any of us ever beheld, and we regretted that the exigencies of the trail compelled us to move on. The lofty heads, the big, plump bodies, and the long, marline-spike tails slowly and majestically stalked away into the easterly sage-brush, and never a feather stirred in flight. Even to this day, I wonder how those birds *knew* that we would not "shoot them up!"

The trail was good, and our load was light; Jim's team was in fine shape, and we went forward at a rattling pace. By the time you have ridden from the Yellowstone through twenty miles of bad-lands, and across sixty miles of billowy divides, you stand on the hurricane deck of the lofty watershed that separates Little Dry Creek from the Big Dry. Incidentally, you also see your first solitary and scared prong-horned antelope, and it looks unspeakably lonesome. As you draw rein, and gaze in spell-bound silence toward all points of the butte-filled compass, you think, "How *big* Montana is! This is indeed the top of the continent!"

Your vision takes in with one cycloramic sweep at least one thousand square miles of butte-studded country, and the mental and moral uplift of it all is worth the cost of the trip. Then, and not until then, is your mind in a proper frame to approach the weird wonderland that lies to the north, beyond old Smoky Butte, that looms up in the northwest, a grim and majestic sentinel.

We camped on Sand Creek, and in the gray dawn Layton kindly shot two blue-winged teal for breakfast. Immediately thereafter, by a very close shave we succeeded in heading back our horses after the whole bunch had decided to take advantage of their right to the initiative and referendum, and hit the trail back to the Yellowstone. Had they succeeded in giving us the slip we might have spent half a week in chasing them on foot.

We pulled on north to Jerdon's store and post-office on the Big Dry, forded a river of real water, and obtained careful directions for reaching Egan's ranch without a guide. The specifications were all right, but, as often happens after a contract has been let, the ground plan of the country didn't seem to fit them.

Beyond Jerdon's the trail was dim, and as it lengthened its dimness increased. We failed to find the turn-off for Egan's, and went straight on. When sixteen miles had been reeled off, we reached the crest of a lofty divide, crossed a high and level mesa, and from the western edge of it looked down upon a sea of rolling prairie, richly set in grass. We said, "The ranch may be

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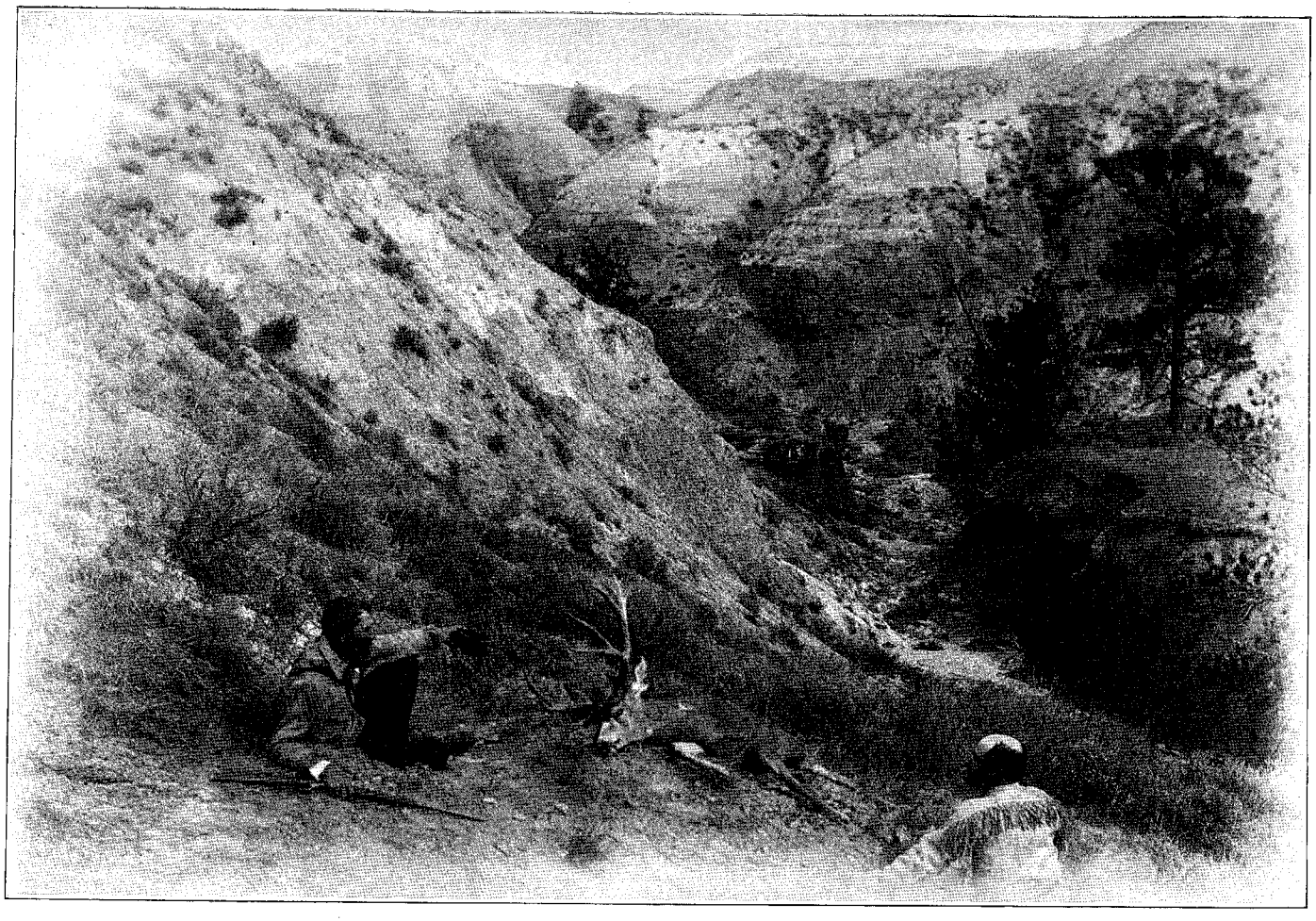

Under Panorama Point.

The sterility of the bad-lands immediately below the rich grass-lands.

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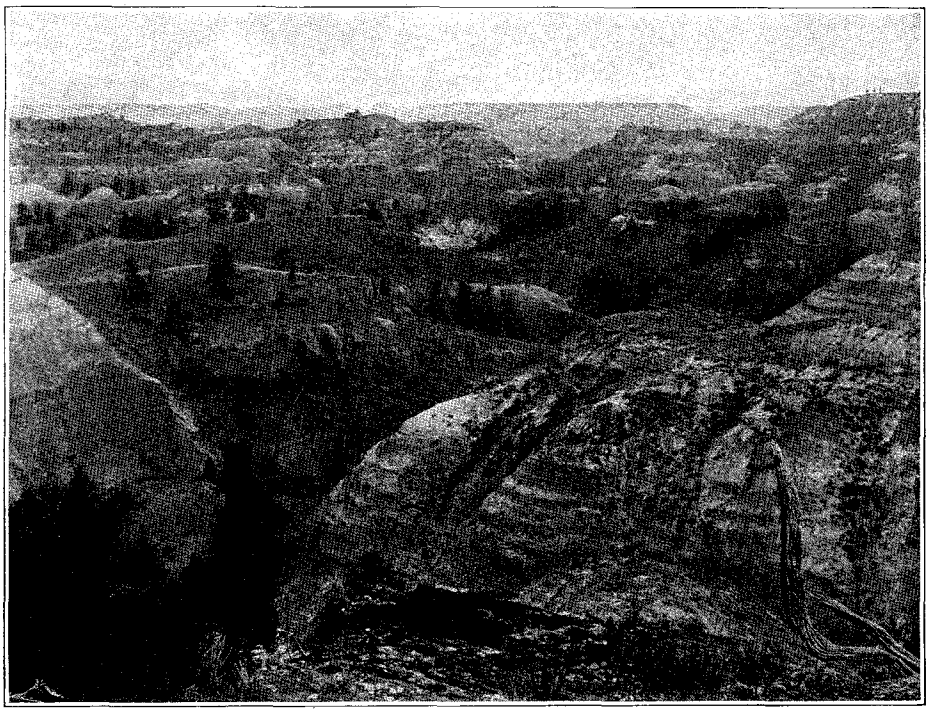

The bad-lands of Snow Creek from Panorama Point.

on the creek that we see, away down yonder. Let us get there, even though we do go west."

We started on the down grade, and very soon the country on our right hand (north) went all to pieces into rugged ravines. We drove and rode, wound in and wound out, and just about sunset reached the bottom, and the creek. There was a sinuous chain of golden-yellow cottonwood trees, firewood to burn and water in the hole—but not the faintest trace of a ranch, past, present or to come.

Then and there we were unquestionably and shamefully lost; and since there did not appear to be any other human beings north of the Big Dry, nor any clue to our position, we went into camp, fed sumptuously and bade Dull Care begone. That night the coyotes serenaded us in old-time style, and we dreamed that we had come into our own wild domain, wherein no man might molest us, nor make us afraid.

The next morning at peep of day, I saddled Easter Lily—Jim's favorite mare, and my special mount—and galloped northward to look for hunting grounds. Three miles along, I caught a glimpse of land ahead that quickly led me to halt and climb to the mast-head of a tall butte that rose conveniently near.

Glorious! Two miles beyond that point the grassy plain broke up into a wild revel of bad-lands, such as delights the heart of a mule deer, and a deer hunter. The whole landscape was hacked, and gouged, and cut down into a bewildering maze of deep canyons and saw-tooth ridges, all thinly sprinkled over with stunted pines, and junipers and cedars. As far as I could see, to right, to left and straight away, the wild and eerie bad-lands bespoke mule deer, and beckoned us to come on.

I hurried back to the outfit and reported.

"There are grand bad-lands ahead of us, and quite near at hand; and there must be deer in them. There surely is water in them, somewhere, and all we need to do is to work down to a good camping place, and make ourselves at home. There is no sign of a ranch, and we don't need any!"

Layton gave a defiant gesture with his free hand, and recklessly consigned Egan's ranch and Hell Creek to the Bad Place.

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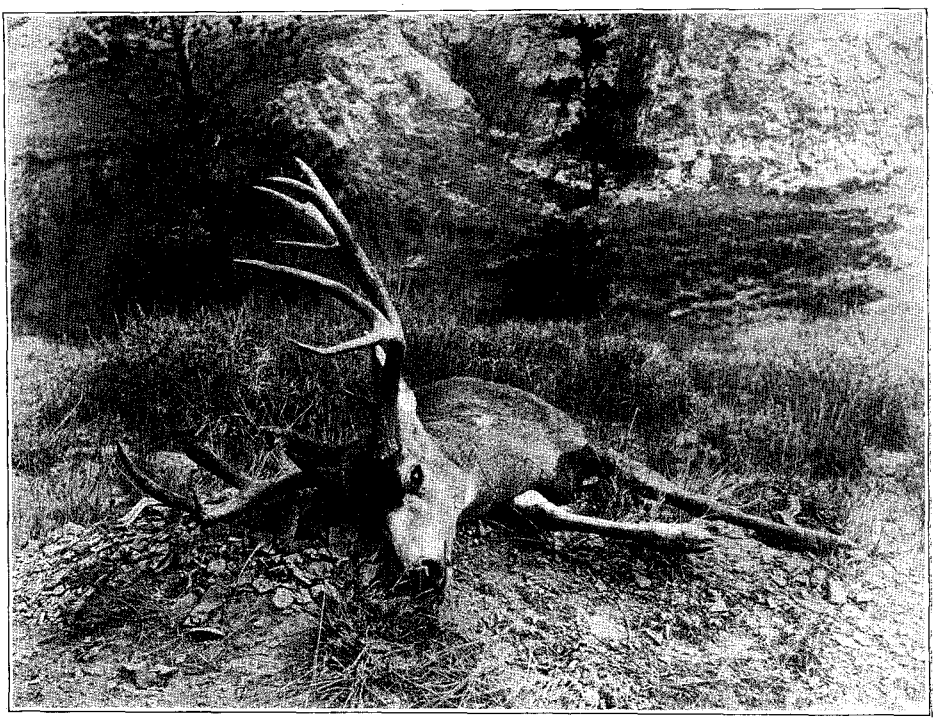

The mule deer that escaped from a mountain lion.
Right antler broken off, right ear torn, and wound on neck. Shot from Panorama Point.

We hit a dim old wagon trail, and when Huffman saw the promised land, from Pisgah Butte, he smiled with satisfaction, and said that it was good.

"But where on earth does this wagon track lead to, anyhow? Let's follow it up, and see if it don't lead down to good wood and water."

We spurred ahead of the team for about two miles, and presently completed the ox-bow course he had been describing with the previous ten miles. Going due east at last, almost bursting with superheated curiosity, we reached once more the bank of our creek of the previous night—and suddenly came up against the prettiest little log cabin in all Montana! It had the lines of a Swiss chalet. There was a dug-out store-house, a pile of buffalo horns, a stable, corrals, and a fine but lonesome shepherd dog chained beside a nice, clean dug-out kennel.

There was no one at home but Shep; but he said he was mighty glad to see us; and wouldn't we 'light and stay awhile? We would. Huffman put up his hands, and peeked in at the window.

"Bachelor quarters; and everything as clean and neat as new pins!"

We eye-searched the country round, but saw no sign of the bachelor. At last we were mounting to ride away, when "spang!" came the call of a six-shooter from the throat of the bad-lands, northerly.

"There he is," said Layton. "He wants us to wait."

Ten minuter later, up came the habitant, breathing heavily, red of face, and looking none too pleasant. He was short of stature, sandy of beard, clad *in neat buck-skins* and armed with both Winchester and Colt. He was Max Sieber, ex-buffalo-hunter and Texas cowboy, at present engaged in hunting wolves for the bounty on their scalps, and holding down a valuable water-hole for an increment. Huffman immediately voiced our curiosity.

"Well, now, will you tell us—*where* is Hell Creek?"

"*This* is Hell Creek," said Sieber, very emphatically. "And what are you going to do about it?"

"Well! Of all the Luck!"

By guiding ourselves, and opportunely

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Buffalo-hunter's cabin at the edge of the grazing grounds.
Bad-lands of Snow Creek.

missing the Egan ranch—which was well out of the game country, eastward—our hunter's luck had led us to an ideal camping place at the very focus of the bad-lands we were seeking.

Behind us was the high and billowy "mesa" covered with unchewn grass a foot high, a domain that was worth thousands of dollars to any stockman. I never saw such grass elsewhere in the West. Sieber was mowing and stacking it, for his pair of monstrous horses, and their sides were ready to crack open with Prosperity. Eastward lay a strange region of high-level bad-lands; and northward, the labyrinth of canyons, and peaks, and ridges was fairly indescribable.

At first the grizzly old wolf-hunter was offish and suspicious; but Layton instantly divined the trouble, and took the situation in hand.

"Now, let me tell you, Sieber. My name's Huffman. I live in Miles, and I'm a photographer. This man is from the East, and he has come out here to kill one or two black-tail, and see how they live when they're at home. I'm going to take pictures of the bad-lands. We don't own a hoof of range stock, and don't want to; and we're not looking for a range, or a ranch site, for anybody. This is a pleasure trip, old man, and nothing else,—honor bright."

That was ample. Sieber's clouds rolled away in a burst of sunshine, and the whole country became ours. Being of a sociable disposition, and also downright lonesome, Max was as heartily glad to see us as we were to meet him. He cordially invited us to camp near him, which we did; and from that moment until we parted from him, two weeks later, eight miles along the home trail, we were much together. To find so fine a "character," and precisely where a picturesque old-timer so perfectly fitted in, was great luck.

I wish I could set before the Reader an adequate impression of the fourteen halcyon days we spent in that wonderland; but it is impossible. The best that I can do in a few pages will give but a pale glimpse of the whole.

An early discovery, and one which gave us keen pleasure, was the fact that Sieber is an ardent game protectionist, and a con-

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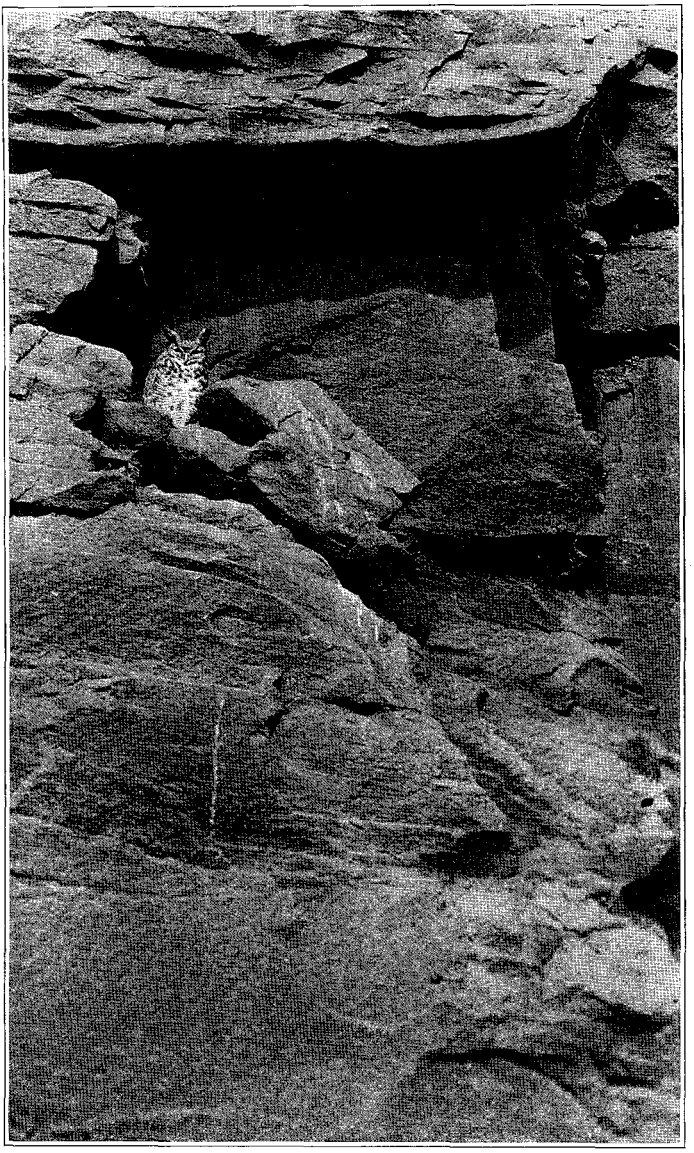
sistent hater of game-butchers. His indignant recital of how certain ranchmen of the North Side had slaughtered great numbers of antelope and deer to feed their dogs, revealed the real lover of wild animals. We joined him in anathematizing all men who kill female deer and fawns, and we pledged each other that, come what might, *we* never would do either of those disreputable things.

Just below Wolfer's Roost—I mean Sieber's cabin—Hell Creek makes a picturesque bend, and in its encircling arm there is an ideal camp-ground. The cut-bank furnishes shelter; likewise horned owls and swallows. The plaza is covered with good grass, and there is much good firewood in the thin grove of cottonwoods two hundred yards above. We brought down our outfit, pitched our Sibley tent, and settled down to have the Time of our lives.



Details of a cut-bank with the owl and swallow's nests.

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The outfit (all but the photographer) in the bad-lands of Sunday Creek.

Max kindly offered to go out with us for the afternoon, and we blithely accepted his company. Whenever he could go with us, he was *persona grata*, to the utmost.

We set out on foot over the plateau to seek the panorama of the bad-lands, with an edge on our expectations like that of country boys going to a circus. We footed it briskly westward along the edge of the high plateau, and after the shaven prairies of the sheep ranges farther south that wild-west grass was really inspiring. It was knee high, and rich as cream—mingled buffalo grass, grama grass and spear grass. Only its long distance from the nearest railway had preserved it immaculate. I mention it thus particularly because at that late day the existence of such a tract of virgin grass-land on the northern buffalo range was decidedly noteworthy. It is all occupied by cattle now.

There are several kinds of bad-lands. Those most commonly seen are usually tracts of dry and half sterile country, with low buttes scattered over them, always somewhat picturesque, but seldom grand. Usually, such tracts are of considerable extent, and you enter them by such slow degrees that your impressions of them arrive rather tardily.

But the Snow Creek bad-lands are very different. You could erect a hand-rail on the line where the rolling, grass-covered buffalo range breaks off into a wild chaos of rugged depths. In a series of jumps, both quick and long, the grassy coulees drop into ravines, the ravines into gulches, and the gulches into deep and gloomy canyons. Fertility ends as abruptly as sterility begins. Often at the spot where a grassy ravine drops sixty feet sheer into the head of a barren gulch, a lone pitch-pine tree takes root and grows up in the angle, as if trying to reach up and get a peep at the upper level.

Near the upper edge of sterility, dark-green masses of trailing juniper cling to the steep sides of the high ridges, as if to hold their barren soil from being further scored and washed down into the Missouri. In the blasted heads of the ravines and arroyos, usually where the ground all about is as bare as a brickyard, we often found growing rank clumps of the narrow-leaved mugwort (*Artemesia tomentosa*), twin brother of the common sage-brush, and well beloved of the mule deer.

When we reached a view-point which opened up a particularly fine prospect, we indulged in a few exclamations of surprise and pleasure.

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"And are ye really fond of scenery?" said Sieber, beaming with pleasure. "Then come with me, and I'll show you one of the finest sights you ever saw in your whole lives!"

We dared him to go on, and make good.

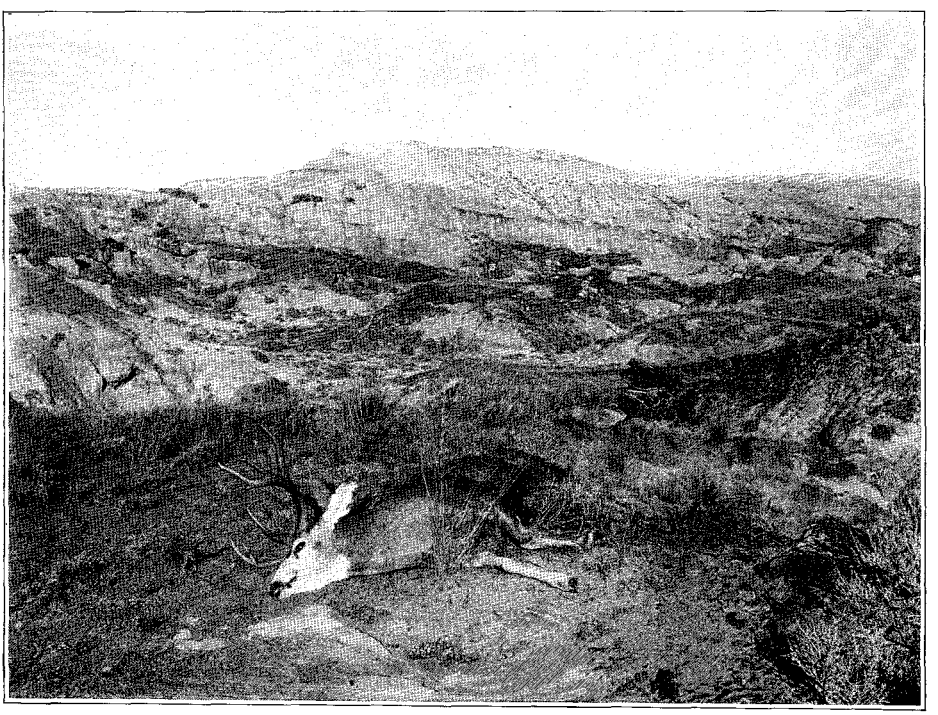
Turning abruptly northward, Sieber led us only half a mile along the level top of a lofty wedge of the table-land, which maintained its elevation out to a sharp point that terminated in mid-air. Afterward, for our own convenience, we named it Panorama Point.

It seems to me that no human being can stand on that spot and view that marvellous labyrinth of wild Nature without being thrilled by it. Instantly your thoughts fly to the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, as seen from Point Sublime, only this is in miniature. The fact that you stand on a sharp point, from which the world drops steeply away on three sides, is not the thing that is so profoundly impressive. It is the depth, the breadth, and the awful wildness of the maze of bad-lands into which you look. Before you, and on either hand, there stretch miles upon miles of ragged chasms, divided and walled in by a thousand fantastic cliffs, and buttresses, and domes of naked hard-pan that stubbornly defy the forces of erosion, and refuse to crumble down. In several places there are masses of earth architecture that remind one of the ruined castles on the Rhine. These bare walls are mostly of gray earth, not rock, and the carving of them has been most strangely done. It is only when you climb amongst them, and touch them, that the wonders of erosion are fully revealed.

The hard, dry earth has most stubbornly resisted the disintegrating action of water, wind, heat and cold, and there are hundreds of earth cliffs nearly as smooth and as perpendicular as the brick walls of Harlem.

I dislike to estimate the total drop of these bad-lands from the plateau to the waters of Snow Creek, but I *think* it is about eight hundred feet.

After the first moments of spellbound wonder and amaze, you begin to pick out the geography of what lies before you. You see that the axis of all this wild waste of carved and furrowed earth is the level and very narrow valley of Snow Creek, which



The author's coincidence mule deer.

High level bad-lands. About in the centre of this picture was found the Triceratops horn which led to the discovery of *Tyrranosaurus rex.*

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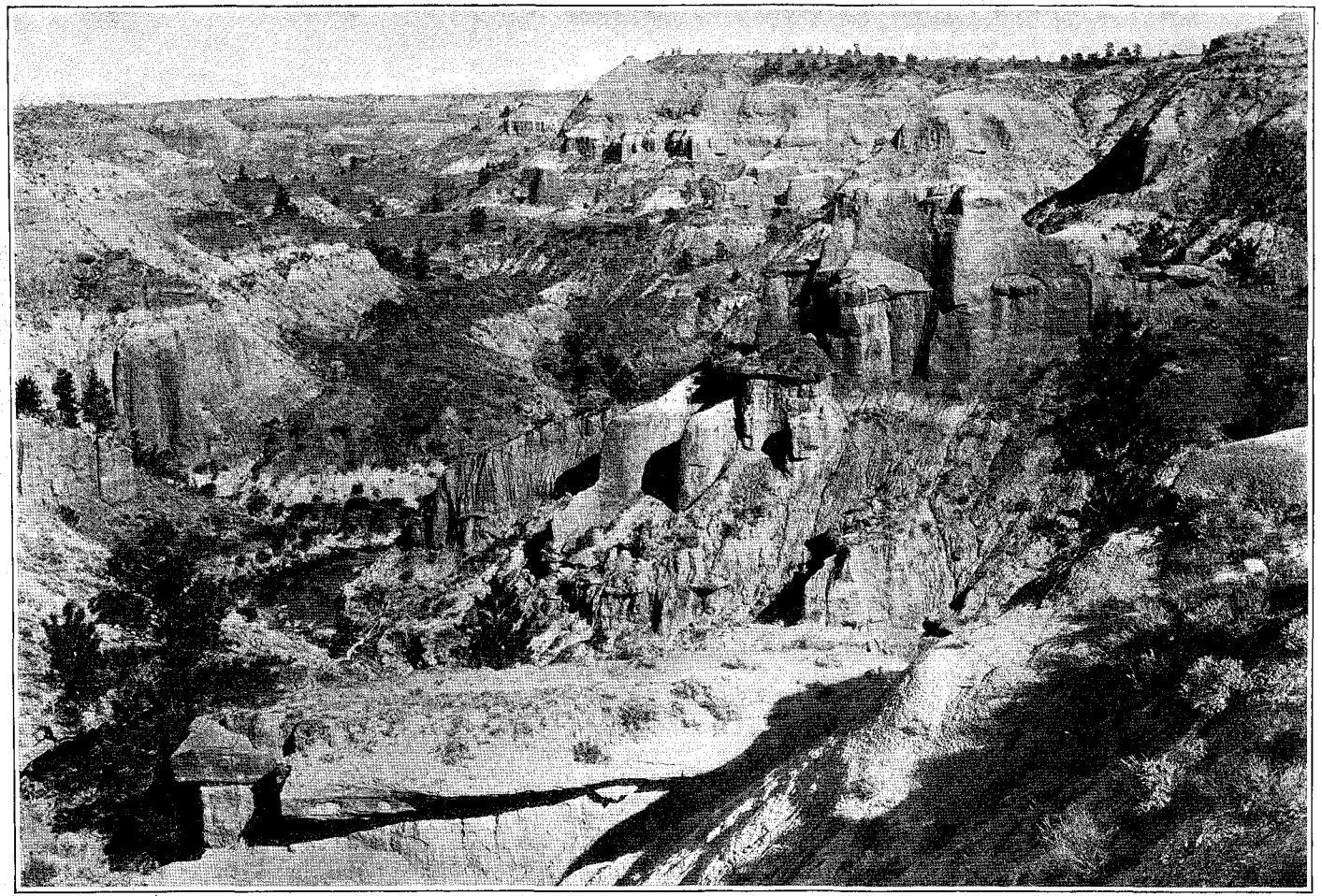

From a photograph, copyright by L. A. Huffman.

A wild chaos of carved earth.

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comes down from the west. You can easily trace its course eastward to the point where it bends abruptly northward and runs into the Missouri, parallel with the last eight miles of Hell Creek. In the creek bottom there is a sinuous string of cottonwood trees, aspens and willow brush.

The uttermost boundary of this sublime prospect was formed by "the breaks of the Missouri," on the northern side of that stream, and about twenty-five miles away. With a glass, the valley of the "Big Muddy" was plainly defined, and so were the "breaks," but no camera is able to seize and record those far-distant details. We absorbed them into our systems, but on the dry plates they do not appear. Every camera has its limitations.

All this while, I have been wildly impatient to record the occurrence of the first three minutes of that first view from Panorama Point. It will read like a shameless invention, but it is strictly true. I can furnish two affidavits, from white men, with recognizable names.

When the Wolfer led us to the Point, Layton and I seated ourselves on the outermost edge of the jumping-off place, and rested our feet on a little ledge that is conveniently placed below. Sieber seated himself directly behind me, on the left. We had taken only one good look at the panorama before us, and the choice adjectives were but beginning to loosen up, when Sieber excitedly exclaimed:

"Look there! Look! *There goes a dee-er, now!* Shoot, quick! Shoot!" (He always said "*dee-er*" for deer.)

A hundred and twenty yards below us, and to the left, on the steep side of our flat-iron, stood a really fine adult mule-deer buck, gazing up at us in mingled astonishment and curiosity. While Huffman scrambled to his knees, behind me, I turned on my rocky perch, and actually *waited for him to get ready!* Having given him what I regarded as time enough, our two rifles cracked together, so exactly in unison that a moment later, when I threw out my empty shell, Layton innocently exclaimed:

"Why—did *you* shoot, too?"

The buck kicked back with both hind feet, then turned and went bounding down to the bottom of the gulch. We saw on his side a fatal red blotch—which Huffman had made, not I.

"He's hit! He's hit!" cried Sieber.

The buck leaped across the dry bed of the ravine and started up the opposite ridge, intending to climb high over it and away; but half way up he fell, and quickly expired.

When we laid hands upon Huffman's prize, and examined it, a strange and interesting story of wild-animal life was revealed. About three months previously, that is to say about August 1st, that deer had been leaped upon, from above, by a mountain lion. Its right ear was fearfully torn, and there was a big wound on the top of the neck where the skin and flesh had been torn open. The main beam of the right antler had been broken off half way up, while the antlers were still in the velvet. The end of the broken antler had healed over in a way that enabled us to fix the date of the encounter with a fair degree of accuracy. Both the hind legs had been either clawed or bitten, but we could not surely determine which.

It is our opinion that when the mountain lion leaped and fastened upon the neck of his intended prey, the struggling buck either leaped or fell over a cut-bank and landed upon his back,with the puma undermost. Although he broke off the executive branch of his antler, he so seriously injured his assailant that the mountain lion was glad to escape without doing further damage. Some of the casualties to the deer are plainly visible in Mr. Huffman's photographs of the dead game.

A few days later we found about two miles above our camp, close beside the dry bed of Hell Creek, the story of another wild-animal tragedy. On a tiny bit of level bottom-land, which was well planted with thick clumps of tall sage-brush, there lay the well-gnawed remains of a mule deer. Close beside the skeleton there was a round hole in the earth, like a post-hole, made by the waters of the creek, about two feet in diameter and five feet deep. This hole contained about two-thirds of the hair that once had covered the deer. As sure as fate, that yawning hole, which lay like a hidden trap under the long grass and the drooping branches of the sage-brush, had been the undoing of the luckless deer. It seemed to us that while being chased by wolves, the deer had landed heavily on that spot, with *both its forelegs in the hole*, and

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before it could scramble out, a wolf, or several wolves, had pounced upon it, cut its throat in quick time, and afterward devoured the animal as it lay across the opening. In no other way could we account for all that hair on the sides and bottom of the hole.

In the hope that the wolves would return to those remains for a final gloat over them, Max Sieber generously provided three wolf traps to welcome the expected guests; but during our stay none were caught.

The weather during that golden October was supremely fine. When you have only two weeks to spend in your hunting-grounds, it is good that none of the time should be stolen from you by anything so cheap and commonplace as rain. It was a grand time for the cameras, and we revelled in the opportunity. Huffman's pictures were fine, but my seventy-odd kodaks did not develop as well as they should have done.

We hunted deer, also; but in reality our desire to shed blood was not very strong, and our rifles were useful chiefly as an excuse for ranging far and wide. One of our finest days was when Layton and I rode off alone, and took a wide circuit through the western bad-lands, worked down to Snow Creek, and climbed back by a new route. We discovered, well away toward the west, a long, round-topped ridge, richly set in grass, rising between two pine-filled canyons, and sprinkled all over its top with scattered pines and cedars. It was like a lovely dream park, and just when its serene beauty had filled our souls to the chin, we found the nymphs. Five fat and sleek mule-deer does suddenly appeared amongst the cedars just beyond our horses' noses, stood still, and gazed at us for the fleeting moment which is so fatal to that species. Even before they wheeled away, Huffman had mentally christened that ridge "The Doe's Pasture"—a very fit name, indeed. Then the does wheeled and calmly trotted away toward Snow Creek, leaving us wondering *how* they had so quickly learned of our solemn vow not to shoot female deer! That they *had* found it out (by telepathy?) I am sure I can prove, by Huffman.

We struck an old buffalo trail, and followed all its devious windings down the steep sides of a canyon, in and out, twisting and turning, until at last it landed us on the level floor of the valley of Snow Creek. It is a long, hard job to lead a horse either up or down between mesa and creek-bottom.

We forded the little stream and found a cosey shelter in the sun close beside the combination so dear to the frontiersman—wood, water and grass. There we off-saddled, let our horses graze, built a friendship fire, ate our frugal luncheon, and basked in the romantic wildness of our surroundings.

We found no bucks that day, and cared naught. Late in the afternoon, when we finally climbed out of the bad-lands, leading our horses, and following another old buffalo trail up to the grass-lands, we discovered in the head of a long valley a good-ish bit of heavy pine timber. Just within the edge of that, and within pistol shot of the rich grass-lands where the buffalo millions fed fat as late as the early eighties, we found the half-ruined remains of a buffalo-hunter's cabin. No lazy man was he who built it, for it was well done, and had been a comfortable home. The roof had partially fallen in, but the walls were quite intact; and as Huffman and I poked about the place, we saw visions of long-vanished herds of shaggy black heads and high humps, hides drying on the snow, millions of pounds of fine buffalo beef going to waste, and the constant dread of "hostile Sioux" over all.

Along the edge of the buffalo range we found in many a grassy hollow and sheltered coulee the bleaching remains of buffaloes, now reduced to scattered bones, very white and clean. In 1886, we found between the Little Dry and Sand Creek thousands of decaying carcasses, lying intact just as the buffalo skinners left them, the hairy heads looming up black and big on the bare sod. But now, all those have so completely disappeared that it would take a long and wearisome search to find enough buffalo bones to fill a bushel basket. By diligent watchfulness, however, Sieber had accumulated nearly a hundred weathered buffalo horns, and had them piled on the roof of his store-house, waiting for a chance to dispose of them.

At Sieber's ranch, a dozen old buffalo trails converged, focussing upon the deep and permanent water-hole which constituted our friend's most valuable asset. So plain are they as they lead down the steep slope

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from the east that Mr. Huffman made a photograph to show three of them on one plate. What could be finer for wild bison than grazing grounds such as these, close beside perpetual water, and a labyrinth of ravines in which to shelter from the sweep of the blizzards!

Our camp was exceedingly comfortable, and also interesting. Our tent stood within seventy-five feet of the high cut-bank on the opposite side of the waterless creek, and in a cosy niche in the earthen wall there lived a fine old western horned owl. His pulpit was only about twenty feet up the wall, and there he sat, every day, meditating and blinking away the hours. His working hours were from sunset until sunrise. During the daytime he always seemed happy to meet those who called upon him, and occasionally hooted vigorously, *in broad day*—not necessarily for publication, but to guarantee good faith. I can hear even yet the hollow and sepulchral reverberations of his greetings as he called out:

"*Hoo*-hoo-hoo-*hoo*-HOO,—ah!
If you won't shoot *me*,
I won't shoot *you*,—ah!"

We accepted the trust the old fellow reposed in us, and throughout our stay the only service we exacted of him was looking pleasant while Mr. Huffman planted his largest camera at the shortest possible range, and took his picture. Quite near to him, and stuck against the bare wall of earth, were the mud nests of a colony of cliff swallows, but at that season the owners were absent for the benefit of their health.

The gathering of our supply of firewood, from the clump of cottonwoods in the bend above our camp, led to an episode with five small animals. Our cook hitched a horse to an ancient and very dry cottonwood log, snaked it down to our tent, and proceeded to cut it up. Being cottonwood, and old, it was necessarily hollow. In due time the inexorable axe revealed in the cavity a fine, ample and very proper nest, made chiefly of the feathers of wild birds, and containing five white-footed mice, snugly settled for the winter. Packed close against the side of the nest was about a pint and a half of fine, clean seed, like radish seed, evidently furnished by some weed of the Pulse Family.

While the food-store was being examined and finally deposited in a pile upon the open ground near the tent door, the five mice let us see how they run, and escaped to the sage-brush.

Now, in that rustic scene there was a bit of stage property which no one noticed at the moment, but which any old theatre-goer among those present might have known would be put to use before the play was played out. It was the old-fashioned buggy that belonged to Jady and Mr. Huffman.

At the end of the day, we promptly forgot the white-footed mice; but they made other arrangements. In the morning when Mr. Huffman lifted the cushion of his buggy, and opened the top of the box underneath, in quest of more dry plates, five cunning little heads bunched close together, five pairs of beady black eyes looked up at him in friendly curiosity, and politely asked him what he wanted. I heard a cry for help.

"Great—day—in—the—morning! Just come out, and look here!"

It was one of the drollest sights I ever saw. The mice were not in the least alarmed, and for some *minutes* they made no attempt to escape. They seemed to be consumed with curiosity, about *us!*

"Get your camera, *quick*, and take them where they are!"

The photographer flew for his machine, and actually brought it to bear upon the group; but its big, glaring black eye, so near and so fearsome, was too much for mice, and before the negative could be exposed they stampeded. They streamed down the wheels and again took refuge in the sage-brush.

On taking an account of stock, we found that those amazing little creatures had gathered up every particle of their nest, and every seed of their winter's store, and *carried all of it up into the seat of that buggy!* The nest had been carefully remade, as good as new, and the seeds placed close by it, as before. Considering the many journeys that were required to carry all those materials over the ground, up the shafts of that buggy and into the seat of it, both the agility and the industry of those tiny little animals was amazing.

By way of experiment, we again removed both nest and seed, and placed them all upon the ground near the tent, as before.

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During the following night, those indomitable mice *again* carried nest and seed back into the buggy seat, precisely as before. Then we gathered up the entire colony, nest, seed and all, and finally took the whole collection back to New York, where they might be seen of men.

And yet there are people who doubt whether animals reason!

Directly eastward of our camp there was a stretch of bad-lands quite different in character from the great Panorama of Snow Creek. It was high land, but in places most gruesomely blasted and scarred, as if by raging fires. At intervals there rose isolated buttes, or groups of buttes, like so many volcanic islands in a sea of dead lava. Among those buttes there are patches of grassy grounds, and, what was more to the point, many clumps of narrow-leaved mugwort, white sage and cinnamon sage. Sieber said that in October the solitary mule-deer bucks approve that region, and are occasionally to be found there, at long range. He told me, with deep feeling and the self-abasement that marks the truthful hunter, how he once climbed to the top of a low S-shaped butte, saw a fine buck below him within fair range, fired at him with all possible confidence and a good rifle, but missed him, clean and clear! He would give twenty dollars to know *how* he came to miss "that buck."

On the third morning of our stay, we elected to investigate those bad-lands, and again Max Sieber recklessly volunteered to accompany us,—"hay or no hay." We got an early start, and were in our hunting ground at daybreak.

I now approach an incident before which the most hardened *raconteur* might well pause, and calculate his chances of being believed. When written down, it will read so much like a cheap invention that it might be wiser to leave it untold; but inasmuch as an "affidavit" is now supposed to be quite irrefragable "evidence" of the truthfulness of even the silliest pipe-dream about "nature," and Max Sieber is still at Jerdon, Montana, and able to make affidavit of the entire truthfulness of this story, I will make bold to set it down.

Layton, Sieber, and I together hunted through those bad-lands for two hours or more, without results; and then Layton left us to hunt alone through an isolated group of buttes half a mile away. Sieber and I tramped about until we approached a low butte, and then he said:

"Now, here we are! If you will come up to the top of this butte with me, I'll show you right where I missed that fine big buck, last winter."

I thought (very secretly), "Oh, *hang* the big buck you missed last winter! What I want to see is a living buck, not the scene of a dead failure."

But Sieber blithely started up, and solely to humor a kind friend I sacrificed myself and climbed after him, without audible protest.

We reached the top of the queer hog-back, which really was like a capital S, three hundred feet long, and along its crest we walked. At its farther extremity it rose a hundred feet higher, in a bald, round dome of blasted earth. Up that also Sieber and I climbed, side by side, and presently overlooked its highest point.

Raising his right hand, he pointed down the farther slope, toward a ragged notch a hundred and fifty yards away, and said, reminiscently:

"That buck was standing right down in —*why! Look! Look! There's a dee-er there now!*"

Down he crouched,—sensible to the last, —hoarsely muttering, "But it's a doe!"

But I knew better; for I had seen the glint of high light on a fine pair of antlers.

"*No!* It's a buck! *I see his horns!*"— Bang!

He leaped just twice, then went down to stay; and by the time we reached him he was lifeless. But really, the remarkable coincidence represented in the flesh and blood of that buck seemed almost incredible. It took minutes for us to adjust our minds to it, and make it seem real.

Sieber said to Huffman: "It was as purty a shot as I ever saw made—quick, close behind the shoulder, and a shore bull's-eye."

The death of that fine specimen, in a wild and rugged landscape, and by a single shot, gave me all the blood I cared to shed on that trip, even though it was, as Sieber said, "a mighty long way to come to kill one black-tail buck, saying nothing of the hard work and the expense." But it is not all of hunting to kill game.

That was a fine, large buck, with fairly good antlers,—fully developed and long,

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but not so massive as we like to have them. He stood 42 inches high at the shoulders. The contents of his stomach was totally different from what I expected. Instead of the grass that we all looked for, it consisted almost wholly of narrow-leaved mugwort (*Artemisia tomentosa*), which had been eaten to the exclusion of practically everything else. There was hardly a trace of grass. Later on, when we tasted the stems of that species of mugwort, and found how pungent and aromatic is the flavor, and how tender to chew, we did not wonder why the deer were partial to it.

Those buttes east of our camp were literally alive with cottontail rabbits. They loved the sunny nooks that were strewn with rocks, and it was a common thing to disturb a meeting, and see five or six rabbits wildly scurrying away in different directions, but all in sight at the same moment. The prairie hare was very scarce; and I saw only three individuals during the entire trip.

Gray wolves, and coyotes also, were rare, —thanks to the delicate ministrations of Wolfer Max and others. I saw only four wolves during the month that we were out. One spotted lynx was seen. Mr. Huffman and I came upon it on Hell Creek, finishing a repast of rabbit, and although my companion-in-arms wounded it, it managed to get into a wash-out hole in a cut-bank and escape.

We saw the fresh work of the western yellow-haired porcupine, on Hell Creek above our camp, where several cottonwood saplings had been denuded of their bark and small twigs, pro bono porcupine.

Sieber assured us that in the Panorama Bad-Lands there dwelt, even at that time, a band of about half a dozen mountain sheep; but we did not look for them. I did not doubt the report, because I once met the fresh head of a huge old ram who lived in bad-lands down in Wyoming which were by no means so deep or so high as these.

The most exciting feature of our story remains to be told.

Over in the easterly bad-lands, about in the centre of the landscape behind my dead mule deer, I found three chunks of fossil bone which when fitted together formed a horn-like mass nearly a foot long. It was the terminal third of *the right horn of a Tricer'-a-tops*, a huge three-horned, armored reptile of the Upper Cretaceous, that is as big as a rhinoceros, and looks like one, dead or alive! Then Max Sieber took me to a spot near by where he had found the badly weathered remains of what once had been a fossil skull, as large as the skull of a half-grown elephant. It lay quite free, upon the bare earth, in a place that looked very much like the crater of a volcano, it was so blasted and lifeless, and cinder-like. The skull was so badly weathered that nothing could be made of it, but near it lay several fragments of ribs in a fair state of preservation.

It was very evident that in the age of reptiles some gigantic species had inhabited that spot. There was no knowing, without a thorough examination by an expert collector of fossils, what that square mile contained; and so, with Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn in my mind I brought away the specimens which seemed likely to afford Science a clue.

On reaching New York, Professor Osborn was keenly interested. The Triceratops horn was considered of sufficient importance to justify the American Museum in sending Mr. Barnum Brown to the scene of the find, to make a careful reconnoissance of that locality. Halfway up the western face of the butte directly opposite Sieber's cabin, on the east bank of Hell Creek,—the very one which bears the two piles of stones which I erected to form the wild western "water sign,"—Mr. Brown found the remains of a new genus of gigantic reptiles—predatory, and carnivorous to the utmost. A skull, *six feet long*, and set with frightful teeth, was unearthed and sent to New York; and in due time the world was introduced to *Tyrranosaurus rex*, the Tyrant Lizard, late of Hell Creek

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AN OLYMPIC VICTOR

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. CASTAIGNE

I

EURIPIDES, the lame shoemaker of Marousi, noted throughout the province for his willingness to talk at any time on the ancient customs of his once great country, was lately returned from a holiday trip to Athens and yet afire with the enthusiasm for the great festival to come.

One should know Euripides, whom all who knew him loved. Lame, as has been said, but seeming not to be hindered in his agility thereby, being quick in his movements as some little field-creature, ever hopping back and forth, never still of legs or arms, unless it were while he was glued to his bench executing the orders which, because of his rare repute, he could not avoid; or unless it were in those silent hours of the night when, the unavoidable work for the day ended, he drew forth the old volumes from which, sometimes, he would not stir till daybreak.

And now was Euripides, neglecting the work which was merely his bread and butter for the matters that were his very life, mounted on a bench beneath the olive tree not far removed from his little shop, and declaiming after his vehement fashion of the great graces that were to be the portion of his country in the near future.

"Here is the *Echo* of this morning," and he flourished the newspaper aloft. "Listen to what it says." He readjusted his horn-rimmed spectacles which would never stay for long on his little concave nose. "Know ye that these games are to be on a scale of such grandeur as would not have disgraced the festivals of our illustrious ancestors in their proudest days. On the next, the seventy-fifth, anniversary of that great day whereon was acknowledged our freedom from the yoke of the Turkish tyrant—on that great day will prayers be offered in all the churches, and feasts be celebrated throughout the land and also will a grand reception be tendered to the guests from afar. From all over the world the competitors will come and on this day they shall be made to feel how great is our sense of the honor they pay us in coming. There will be a parade, the same to follow the line of the walls that surrounded the ancient violet-wreathed city, and, afterward, speeches and toasts and a banquet in the Chamber of Deputies. On the second day will be held the first of the competitions in the Stadium, in the short running race, the triple leap and the throwing of the discus—these being the games that have come down from our ancestors. On the day after, the athletes will contest in the more modern games, the high leap, the single long leap, the shot-putting and the eight hundred and fifteen hundred metres. On the third day will be contested the gymnastics, the contests on the horizontal bars, the rings, the horse, and the merely muscular efforts, the lifting of heavy weights and so on. On the last day—after again some modern events—the hurdle race and pole-vaulting—and now this the best of all—and to this listen carefully"—the voice of Euripides filled in volume—"on the last day will be contested the glorious race from Marathon to Athens, in which the youth of Greece are expected to uphold the honor of their ancient race."

"But, Euripides, what are the prizes?" demanded a voice.

"The prizes? Ah"—the shoemaker deftly caught his falling spectacles—"the prizes? Of a value commensurate. A branch of wild olive from the trees of old Olympia; or, it may be—a wreath from the classic grove by the ancient sacred temple will for true athletes be the prize sought. But, in deference to the spirit of modern life, there will be for each victor a magnificent diploma, a design of noble conception and supreme execution. The artists of all the world have been appealed to and the reward made of such substance as to tempt the highest. Supplementary to the wreath and diploma will be a medal of pure silver

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and chaste workmanship, such a memento as a man will be proud to hand to his posterity, although in itself not of extraordinary value—a thousand drachmæ in gold will be its cost. And then a bust of "Victory" by the hand of our foremost sculptor, and—but indeed I cannot say—there are so many. But greatest of all, of course, will be the appreciation of one's fellow-citizens—the gratitude of one's country.

"And for all this"—resumed Euripides—"is constructed a Stadium. And such a Stadium! See here is the plan—" He displayed the spread page of the *Echo*—"only last week I beheld it—a priceless morning—a moving breath from the Ægean Sea and from the South—a sun like a benediction. On the sight of Athens' Stadium of old it stands, on that same historic spot about which sat in olden days and watched the athletes contending, the illustrious ones of our race. There on the banks of the Illisus our people have created such a structure as would stir to immortal strains the reincarnated lyre of great Pindar himself. Of walls on the outside of four hundred paces length one way, and a hundred and twenty another, and this ground-plan enclosed to the height of a man's head of solid marble, and of a depth ere the seats begin of another man's length, and all this of dazzling Pentellic marble—of marble white and gleaming as the marble of the temple of Athena—not as we see it now," and Euripides turned and pointed to where on the crest of the Acropolis the ruins of the Parthenon arose. "Not as we see it now, with the o'er-casting gray of many centuries. Not so, but white as the original snow of the mountain peaks of the north. I say to you, my people"—the fiery Euripides extended his hands as if invoking the blessing of Jupiter, "I say to you——"

"O Euripides, O Euripides," came a voice from the edge of the crowd, "here is one who has been long knocking at your shop-door. He wishes a pair of slippers. He says that if you do not come soon——"

The rest of the message was lost in the shuffling of the crowd which, spellbound for the moment under the thrall of Euripides's enthusiasm and the interest of a subject that was beginning to appeal to every Greek, were now departing from the shade of the olive tree. "Dear me, dear me," sighed Euripides, folding his *Echo*, wiping his glasses, and stepping down and across the road to his shop.

"What is it?" he demanded, not too amicably, of the youth at the door of his shop.

"My master wishes two pairs of slippers. Here are the requirements of one pair. To be of the very best tanned goat-skin, dyed red and close-stitches in blue and gold on the instep, with eyelets silver plated, and—" the messenger read from his instructions until Euripides stopped him.

"Give me the paper. I will scan it at greater leisure. It is always business when one is interested. Always business nowadays. It was not so in ancient times. And for whom," addressing the messenger, "are the slippers? Doubtless some tourist with more curiosity than learning, some awkward Englishman or fly-away Frenchman, or may be for some rich American poking his cane among the ruins with his 'What did this cost—and how much for this?' or 'Are you sure this is the oldest on record?' Dear me, dear me, 'twas not so in other days. For what sort of tourist did you say?"

"For no tourist, but for one of our own nation—and wealthy too. He is Vanitekes of Megara."

"Megara? Megara? Boy, you talk almost of great matters—great people."

"Yes, 'tis his father who owns so many herds of sheep."

"Sheep? Sheep? Who spoke of sheep? What are they? Are sheep mentioned in the ancient histories? No, boy, except as sacrifices. But Megara is nigh to Salamis Bay, and do you know what Salamis means? Come now—what happened at Salamis?"

"Why, I am not certain, but did not our forefathers fight a great fight near there?"

"Fight a great fight there! Great Pindar, hear him! A great fight! Why, there were more than four thousand ships and two million five hundred thousand fighting men of the Persians. And our great Admiral consulted the oracle—and what said the oracle? 'Wooden walls,' said the oracle, and what did wooden walls mean, boy? Tell me now—what?"

"M-m—Ah, yes—there was a wooden horse at ancient Troy——"

"A wooden horse at ancient Troy! Aye, and a wooden head at modern Marousi, and 'tis yours. 'Wooden walls,' boy, meant

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ships. And ships we built and for weeks succeeding that most glorious conflict the bodies of the slain Persians choked the waters of the bay. And that was twenty-four centuries ago—almost. Four hundred and eighty years before the cradle of Bethlehem and that was nineteen hundred, lacking four, years ago. 'Wooden walls' said the oracle. Remember it henceforth."

"And will the shoes be ready in the morning?"

"Oh, the shoes. Yes, tell your master yes. Even now I have almost ready a pair that will suit. Will you call for them?"

"Not I."

"Not you? Then who, you wooden horse of Troy—who?"

"Vanitekes himself. He has heard of your skill and wishes also that you make for him a pair of shoes for the long race in the Olympic Festival."

"Ah-h—he will enter for the Marathon race then?"

"He has already entered."

"Already? Already entered for the Marathon run and comes from near Salamis? Indeed, though I know not this Vanitekes, yet I even now almost love him. What does he look like? Is he tall? And long of limb? Does he stride freely as he walks? And is there courage in his eye? And does he hold a high reverence for the traditions of old Greece?"

"I don't know how he stands for Greece, but he is tall, dark and strong, and orders people about as if they were his slaves."

"H-m—plays the master? But that may be his youth. And this Vanitekes will be here in the morning? Well, tell him I shall be waiting him and get along you, who know not the mechanical windings of a wooden horse from the list of a noble trireme."

II

At this season of the year, when numberless tourists from all the world were visiting Athens and its environs, Euripides was kept busy with special orders of this kind. Altogether too busy at times, he thought, who liked his holidays as well as any tourist. An enthusiast by temperament, by imagination an artist, and therefore bound to become deeply skilled in whatever line of work he gave attention, Euripides had made a great name for turning out fancy slippers, such a name that the merchants of Athens gladly paid him prices far above the average. Seven and eight drachmæ in gold, even more in special cases, were prices paid Euripides for a pair of slippers, which to the casual eye were hardly better-looking or better made than many for which others of his trade could get but three or four drachmæ.

But it was for the discriminating eye that Euripides worked; and he worked late this night, which caused him to arise at such an hour next morning that, the stickiness of sleep yet barely out of his eyes and his shop-door hardly thrown open, he was greeted by a bold, confident voice.

"Euripides, is it not?"

"It is."

"You are making a pair of slippers for me—Vanitekes of Megara?"

"They are made."

"You are prompt."

"No more prompt than I promised."

"You are quick with your tongue."

"Not quicker than with my bill, which you will find in one of the shoes."

"Right or left?"

"A bill, if properly presented, can only go to the right shoe."

"True, here it is—but in the left shoe."

"Which in this case must be the right shoe, since you've found it."

"H-m—you cling obstinately to your point. Let me see—ten drachmæ—they should be good shoes."

"If they are not, you are free to return them and the money is yours again."

"I return no shoes to Euripides. I wish to look my best, for to-day I call on—but possibly you know him—Anninoe Perigord of this village?"

"I know him, as I knew his dead wife and his parents and her parents and their grandparents before them."

"And you know Anninoe's daughter Marie?"

"I do."

"Then you know also that she is beautiful?"

"You who are to call on her should know that."

"But it is four years since I have seen her. She was then very young. She has changed in that time, no doubt."

"H-m—you would inquire of me her

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Drawn by A. Castaigne.

Tourists from all the world were visiting Athens.—Page 20.

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repute now, thinking it may be that no one should better know what is going on than old Euripides, who has time to listen to all the village."

"You judge me harshly. It is merely that already my boy has heard that she comes to visit you, her friend."

"M-m— And you would hear what changes four years have made. Well, she has, she——"

"Yes—yes——"

"Well, from a girl of fourteen she has grown to be a woman of eighteen."

"You are making fun of me, old man."

"H-m— And you see only fun in that? God help you. And you are to call on her, you say?"

"I am recommended to her father by my father. Here is the letter."

"Better to be recommended to herself, I should say—and with more than letters."

"Why? Is she proud as that?"

"No prouder than a good girl should be."

"And she is beautiful, you said?"

"I did not say. But I say it now—there is no harm in it—she *is* beautiful, and more than beautiful——"

"How more than beautiful—she is rich?"

"No, no, not rich—and yet not poverty-stricken."

"Well, what matters it? I am rich enough, or shall be when my father dies."

"The saints forbid."

"H-m—so say I. But he will have to go in time."

"That is true. But say no prayers to hurry him. We old people have not much—wish us life then, while we care for it. But I talk so much. You wish a second pair of shoes?"

"I do—for practice for the great race—and as the price does not matter, they must be of the best."

"They shall be of the best—the best of old Euripides at least. Rest your foot here and I will take your measure."

"Here is the measure already taken."

"Ps-st—I take my own measure. Yours will do for shoes to go visiting young ladies, but these are to be shoes for the Marathon race, and for that one must be careful—all Greece will offer prayers for you."

"So? And what chance have I?"

"I cannot say. I do not know you sufficiently. And yet you should do well. You are tall and strong, even as the boy said, and there is determination expressed in your face, and lightness in your movements, but it will take more than even all that to win the great race."

"More than strength and stride, wilfulness of spirit and lightness of foot? Certainly, old man, you do not encourage me much. What more does it take?"

"To win the Marathon run from all the world will take heart and soul above all other things—a soul to inspire, a heart to endure what the inspiration impels."

"And have I not heart and soul? Do you know what they call me at home? The goat. Yes, the Goat. And—why, old man—that sly grin—why?"

"Goats are great creatures for blindly butting."

"Blindly butting! Pshaw no—but because I can scale the crags——"

"Ha, ha——"

"You are making fun of me. If you were wiser, you would be more careful."

"H-m-m— Wise I never was, and careful—it's not my nature. But when do you wish the shoes? To-morrow morning? They shall be ready. Good-morning, and barring one, I wish you all luck."

"And that one—does he run, too, in the race?"

"I do not know. It is likely that he has no thought of it."

"And you will make shoes for him?"

"If he wishes, I shall."

"Even better than mine?"

"Hardly that. I am giving you of my best. You paid the best price and I give you my best shoes."

"But if you could make a better for him?"

"Be sure I would then—better than for a king. He is my godchild and I love him."

"That is all right, but you should not put it to my teeth as you do. However, if I meet this favorite of yours in the race, you shall see how I shall beat him."

"It may be—it may be. Indeed I think it likely, for, as we agreed, you are strong and tall and light of foot, and you have the ambition, which he has not. But as I said before, heart and soul are also needed, and the great heart and soul, they rarely attend the boastful spirit. Good-morning to you."

"Good-morning."

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Drawn by A. Castaigne.

A noise as of a shutter softly turning.—Page 26.

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"A bold youth that," mused Euripides. "Bold, bold, and he should run well. Boastful and yet strong and not ill-looking in a girl's eyes. Ah, well"—and turned to his bench.

But in a moment he stood up again, and from the door gazed after this Vanitekes, who was taking the road with such insolent strides, and continued to gaze until the stranger had surmounted and was lost to sight beyond the crest of the hill when, stepping within his shop again, Euripides consulted a calendar which hung above his bench and on which was one date marked in red. On that he laid his forefinger—"Three, four, five—in a few days now his term of service will be up." After a moment's thought he resumed his bench, but, presently, as if something still troubled him, he began to sigh— "Poor Loues—poor Loues!"

III

THE week which saw the advent of Vanitekes in Marousi saw also the discharge of Loues from the army. He had left the white-marbled Athens behind him and had come in the late afternoon to his own village of Marousi, to the public square, on the farther side of which was Euripides, now characteristically engaged.

Approaching the square Loues saw him, saw the queer little figure come hopping across the road to the bench under the olive tree, and while yet a hundred paces away could hear him declaiming of the greatness of the ancient Greece to whomsoever had time to stop and listen. In a quiet village like Marousi there are always many who have the time to harken to speeches of any kind, and many of these were listening now, some with a great appearance of interest, even after he had done with the glories of other days and was descanting on the news of the present.

Loues did not present himself to Euripides then, even though it was six months since his godfather had visited him in barracks; this because the old man had become deeply engrossed in his subject and was holding his audience in such good humor that to interrupt him then were to interfere with one of his greatest passions; and so after a pause on the edge of the crowd, the lad held on to the home of Marie.

Now though it was two years since Loues had last set eyes on Marie, yet he was backward in approaching her. He knew not why, but so it was. Hence, instead of repairing at once to her home, he walked back and forth on the hill side nearest that part of the village, in the hope that some business or other would bring her outside. But nothing like that happened, and after an hour or more of dilly-dallying he made bold to approach the house. It was dusk then—it was possibly the falling darkness that lent him courage—and in the night-shades as he neared the cottage he passed a stranger, a young man, tall and free-striding. Something impelled Loues to turn and look after him, and, looking, he found that the other had also turned and was returning the scrutiny. They were perhaps ten paces apart, a trifle farther it might be than men might well measure one another in the after-twilight, and hence it was difficult for Loues to determine just what manner of man this was, whether from the north, the south, Larissa, Trikala, Messenia, or where, whether he was dark or light, ill-looking or handsome; but certainly he was of resolute bearing, a tall man who stood firmly yet lightly on his feet; an exterior that should have made for an attractive man. And yet something about him there was which Loues did not like.

Troubled in mind, Loues continued on his way. In a moment he was at Marie's door. He knocked, but so timidly that he had to knock again ere the bolt was drawn and the door swung back. It was Anninoe Perigord himself, Marie's father, and there being no light within, he evidently could not at once make out his visitor, but saying, "What, back again, Vanitekes? Welcome indeed, welcome, my friend from Megara"—whereat Loues said, "It is not Vanitekes of Megara, but Loues—Loues of Marousi, and stepped within.

"Oh!" said Anninoe in disappointment, and then more heartily, "Welcome, lad, welcome," and in the next breath, "Who would know—you have shot up so! And how have you been?"—and so on, and gave Loues a seat, and rolling a cigarette, offered that also to him.

Loues took the cigarette, and though he never in all his life up to that hour had smoked one, except to take a pull or two of one when a young boy, and that out of

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curiosity merely, yet he now smoked this, because it was Marie's father and he craved any excuse whatever to linger until he should see Marie.

Now Loues liked Marie's father, though he understood little of what mind the father held toward himself. He felt that the father knew what he would be at, although never in their lives had Marie or himself spoken—nay, nor even hinted, after the manner of many young people, at love. Even at this time it was not so much claiming Marie's love that troubled him as that he desired to be near her. When he was near her he knew that he forgot everything else, when away from her that nothing went right. Of late he had become a changed youth, never still, quick to lose his temper; they used to say of him that he was the most restless man in his regiment. And now he was restless to see her of whom he had had no sight for so long.

He heard her step on the stairs at last. An hour he thought it must have been since he came in, but looking down he saw that his second cigarette was not yet consumed and knew that scarce two minutes had passed. He had been puffing furiously especially when he heard her descending step on the stairs. She stepped into the room, and then for the first time in two years he saw her.

She had sprung half a head taller, and was much larger every way. Where before was a child's slimness was now a young woman's roundness; and yet not large or bulky—and her beauty had flowered like a rose-bush in May, and thereafter it needed not the cup of oil to light the room for Loues—through the gloom her eyes shone on him, and nothing else did he care to see.

There was no lover's greeting between the two; for there had never been a word of love spoken between them. When Loues left home she was but a slender girl, and he had no thought of what love was, nor had she; but now Loues knew that whatever Marie thought, he would never be at ease again till he knew Marie loved him.

Nor was there any chance to speak of love that evening, even though they had been both so minded; for, ere he had become well accustomed to her presence, her father, inventing some shrewd pretext or other, sent her on an errand upstairs, from which apparently she should have soon returned; but she did not return. Her father, excusing himself, shortly followed after, and returning in a few minutes said, "All day Marie complained that she is tired—she will go to bed, she said, and made me bid you good-night for her."

In the good-night was no hint that he should call again, and Loues' heart fell, for in other days she had been kind enough.

In silence then they sat, the father and Loues, for a space of perhaps five minutes again, he filling his long-stemmed pipe the meanwhile, and passing his tobacco and paper with which Loues essayed to roll a cigarette, and, having made it, bunglingly enough, to smoke it though it might choke him; for he had no mind to leave the house so long as there was kin of Marie to whom he could talk.

"Loues," said Anninoe suddenly, and only the glow of the tobacco-bowl to mark his position in the darkness, "Loues, how old are you?"

In the heart of Loues were dim forebodings, but he answered with calmness, "Twenty-one—nearly."

"H-m—almost twenty-one? And have you ever thought of what you are going to do?"

Loues had not, and so said; and saying it was of a mind to add that in Marousi it never seemed to occur to the young men to plan for their future living—they took whatever came along. And some were luckier than others. Loues even hinted of that last thought to the glaring spark in the darkness.

"H-m-m—" sniffed Anninoe, evidently without even removing his pipe from between his lips. "And did you ever think you might like to marry?"

"Why, n-no, sir."

"What!" snapped Anninoe; and thereby understanding that the answer surprised Marie's father, Loues ingenuously began to explain that of course everybody married in time, and doubtless he should in time; but now, only this very hour, he had been thinking, and——"

"But," Anninoe quickly interrupted, "that's it, you have thought of marrying; but what have you ever done to show that you had any thought of the future in your head? Nothing. What are you even now? No more and no less than you have been all your life—an idler. Aye, all your life hunt-

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ing and fishing over the mountains, singing and carolling, with no more thought of what was to become of you than the birds in the trees above you, or the wild game you hunted in the woods about you. Once when you might have done something, when Simonides, the rich merchant, a friend of your dead father, and of me, offered through the love of his dead friend to make something of you, what did you do then? Nothing, but ran off to the army. Is it not so?"

"It is true, but everybody thought at the time there would be war with the Turks, and Greece had need of men."

"War? And was there war?"

"But how was I to know?" asked poor Loues.

"How were you to know? It matters not. What we do know," thundered Anninoe, "is that you are a soldier and upon a soldier's pay. If any silly girl were foolish enough to marry you, she might be able, if she were a careful and provident wife, to buy shoes upon your pay."

"But I am no longer a soldier. My time has expired, and here is my discharge. It is an honorable discharge," and Loues drew it out and tendered it toward the glowing pipe in the darkness. But from behind the pipe came only a pitying laugh, and again after the pause, the voice, saying, but now with a shade of softness, "and only a boy's thoughts are in your head. Put aside all thoughts of marrying until you have something to show in the way of worldly goods, or some prospect of being able to support a wife."

And so Loues left him, without having had with Marie that private word in hope of which he had walked sixty miles that day.

IV

Loues went out into the night and, much after the fashion which Marie's father said was his crime, heedlessly wandered over the great hill near Marousi. But it grew so lonesome at last that he came back to the village, having in mind to seek out his godfather, but also to pass Marie's house again on the way.

As he drew near, he saw, to his surprise, that a light was streaming through the windows, which impelled him to pause at the corner of the paling which surrounded the house. From there he could see her father and a stranger—the stranger, tall, spare but broad shouldered—the dark and wilful-looking young man. He and Marie's father seemed now to be chatting like old friends. Even as Loues stood there disconsolate he heard the young man ask, "But your daughter, is she not coming back?"

"Aye, she will come," and raising his voice, the father called, "Marie, O Marie!"

"Yes, father," and then Loues made off. But he came back when the lights were gone, except for one which streamed out on the porch, and by that he saw Marie and the tall young fellow—or their shadows perhaps it might be more truthfully said—but enough of her head was in the light to disclose that in her hair was a red rose, stuck above her ear; and he was bending over her, a little more closely than Loues liked, and once more he ran away, now in a rage. And yet again he came back, and this time, everything being dark, he lingered, and presently for very lonesomeness began to whistle an old air, very popular with the army—"Sons of Greece" 'twas called, an invocation to the younger and more daring spirits of the country, and as he whistled came a noise as of a shutter softly turning. "Anninoe Perigord," said Loues to himself, and (another look to where Marie's room might be) was about to make off when he felt something fall lightly on his upturned face—once, and then again something, and he groped at his feet and found them, not knowing then what they were, except that one felt flower-like and the other satiny, clinging to the fingers, nor did he discover until he came to the lighted shop-window of Euripides, when he saw that he held in one hand a red rose, and that the other token was a small blue and white rosette—and blue and white were the colors of Greece. And, too confused then to put interpretation on them, his heart beating wildly, he ran into the shop of his godfather, who seemed to be wondering whether he had best have another look at the *Echo* and read further of the programme for the coming Olympic Games, or retire.

If one could have seen the face of Euripides when he saw the lad! "Loues, Loues!" he called, and opened wide his arms. "Ah, but how long you have been away from your old godfather! But you look dejected. What is it, my Loues?"

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"Oh, nothing, godfather, nothing."

"Oh, nothing, and you say it as if your very heart were bursting. Out with it. Am I not your godfather?"

"Truly you are that, and more. You are my father himself now and my best friend."

"Then what is it?"

"Well, this morning my time was up in the army and there being no train till night, I left for home, stopping at Athens only long enough to drink a cup of chocolate and eat a bit of bread. This evening I arrived here. I went at once to see Marie, but 'twas her father I saw most of. He told me to give up all hope of her."

"And Marie, Loues, what did she say?"

"She said nothing, but looked at me as she passed from the room. From her look at departing I gathered but slim hope and from her voice, as she said good-night, small comfort. But from beneath her window as I came away—these. What does it all mean?"

On his Socratesian nose Euripides replaced the horn spectacles to get a better look at what Loues held. "H-m—a red rose, and the colors of your country. H-m—Loues, she gives you these, and yet you lament. Loues, truly you will always be a boy, as her father has often said while you were away. Love and country, and yet you lament."

"Love? You think that, godfather? If I could but discover this was the same rose she wore in her hair."

"And if 'twas?"

"It would mean that she cares for me and will yet marry me, or she has become in two years a loathsome coquette."

"Why, Loues, such talk?"

"Does a young girl wear roses in her hair while talking to a young man, one who is favored by her father—and, who knows? maybe by herself, too—and who would be, it may be is, her accepted lover? Would she wear any rose in her hair at such a time—the shades of night, the added shadow of an arbored porch—unless that rose was given by a lover?"

"By one who *would* be her lover, Loues."

"*Who would* be then—but what matters your correction if she accepts and wears the rose?"

"Ps-s-t—what an intolerant child you've become since the army. Loues, Loues, would you have her inhuman? Like fire to you and frost to all else? The loveableness that has won you you condemn the practice of. Can't she be warm-hearted and virtuous too? Would you have a young girl refuse a rose when a young man offers it?"

"And wear it in her hair—stuck above her ear?"

"Where else would she stick it—inside her ear? Tut, tut, my Loues."

"Then you *do* think 'twas Vanitekes gave it?"

"Who knows? And what if he did?"

"There—if he did—'twas his rose, by what right does she give it to another?"

"Even to you—her old playmate?"

"Even to me, godfather—but no longer her old playmate."

"H-m—" Euripides pondered. "H-m—there is something in that."

"Surely, godfather, what one lover gives, to another lover must not be given. Not by a good girl, at least."

"H-m— Then the rose you hold there, Loues, was never plucked by Vanitekes, for Marie is a good girl. I know her. Hardly a day during all the time you have been away that she did not come in to see me, to talk with me, and an old man doesn't see a maid every day but if a change should come he would see that too. Have no fear, Marie is the same Marie that you knew."

"But has she been here every day since the coming of this Vanitekes?"

"Why, no, but that is but a few days."

"Then it is not me she loves, nor is it me she will marry."

"No, it is true, she may never marry you, then what?"

"Then she is a coquette."

"Tut, tut, she may love you and be no coquette and yet never marry you. There is her father to consider. His views must influence a young girl. Love is beautiful, but life must be sustained. And this other youth, don't doubt but what he has passion too. What do you intend to do, Loues? You wrote me of certain wild notions. Tell me your plans."

"I do not know now. I thought of going to Piræus and there sign for a voyage to some other country. There are ships for America, where——"

"Ps-s-t—child—remain at home. Sit by me. Draw near the light and listen."

Euripides picked up the newspaper that

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had dropped to the floor and began to read. And Euripides was ever a masterly reader. Loues's eyes became moist and his cheeks colored. So noticeable was the effect that Euripides could not but see it. He dropped the *Echo* and laid a hand on the boy's shoulder.

"And do you see now, Loues, what I would be at with you? The Marathon run—for the honor of Greece—what do you think, Loues?"

Whereat Loues exclaimed: "Why, the Colonel of my regiment spoke of something like that before I came away. 'Twas I, godfather, carried the long messages—eighty, a hundred, even more—sometimes one hundred and twenty kilometres between dawn and dark over the hills."

"And you found it weary work or no, Loues?"

"Why, no, it was but repetition of the long tramps of those days when I had nothing to do but roam the hills, hunting and fishing."

"And what heed did you give your Commander, Loues?"

"I'm afraid, godfather, I had no ears for it."

"No, Marie was filling your poor mind. Well, keep her in your mind. You will but run the better for it. Listen. For years, Loues, you have been preparing yourself for this test, though you did not know it. Tramping over the hills and into the valleys, fishing and hunting, eating sparingly and living cleanly, an image of something unattainable always in your mind, here you are arrived at manhood, with the body of one of Phidias's gods and the mind of a poet. You need only the incentive. Here is everything to hand. Enter for this race, train for it and try for it—you will win, and immortal glory is yours. No man in Greece but will be proud to claim you for his family."

"And lose, godfather?"

"And you lose? Why, you are no worse off than now. And if you have made a good try, you are still a man."

Loues stepped to the door of the shop. An instant there and he disappeared into the darkness of the road. Euripides waited patiently. The old man knew when his mind was in ferment the boy loved to be where he could see the stars.

After a time, perhaps a half hour, Loues was back by the bench.

"I will make a good try, godfather. I am ready. Shall I start now? It is but eight miles to Athens. I'll be ready for the early morning there."

"Wait—wait. Not in a minute. Sleep here to-night. And for fear I forget it—in the morning when you set out for the city, take these shoes to Christos, the merchant who has that large shop on Hermes Street—you'll know it if there were no other sign by the tourists, particularly Americans, who gather there. And Christos, he fleeces them prodigiously. 'What matters? If not one, 'twould be another,' he says. There is owing to me from Christos two hundred drachmæ. Here is the receipted bill. Do not let him put you off. It is not much, but with that you will be able to live in Athens until the race. And now to bed. Tut—tut—what thanks? Are you not my godchild?"

Euripides drew the shutters, locked the door, put out the lights and retired to the back room, where he would have given Loues the cot and himself the floor. "What matters it about me?" explained Euripides. "My old carcass—what harm if it grows lame? But you—you must keep supple and strong for the great event. The glory of Greece may yet repose in you. Who knows?"

But Loues would not have it so. "The nights I've slept on the mountain side—are they of no account now? Even if we were of one age, you would shame me, who, above all, is proud of it that exhaustion never overcomes him."

"Yet you have been tired enough to sleep many a time, Loues?"

"Ah, but that is different, godfather. One may be so tired that he can sleep standing on a march and yet, if need be, march another hundred kilometres without pausing. Fatigue and exhaustion—they are not the same," and Loues threw himself on the floor, with a sheepskin from the shop for bedding. But not to go to sleep for a long time; and when sleep did at last come to him, it was in the form of dreams that were peopled altogether with heroic figures.

V

THE sun was barely risen next morning when Euripides, after a warm embrace, packed Loues off on the road for Athens.

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"Your name and fortune are before you. Overtake them." Such confidence did he put into his tones and so influenced was Loues by his text, that a dozen times on the road to Athens he found himself running furiously after people as if his sole business in life thereafter was to convince all strangers that no legs were fleeter or more enduring than his.

And Athens looked gay and bright to him as he entered within its walls that morning.

It was half-past nine, and Loues had finished his business with the merchant Christos, and was turning into the square that faces the royal palace when he overtook a tremendous figure of a man, one who loomed so colossal in the crowd that people after passing him invariably turned to look on him again—even if it were no more than his back they saw. And he was a satisfying sight. A handsome, cheerful face he had, with smiling eyes, gleaming teeth, and a skin deep-bronzed where the great beard did not cover it. This colossus was proceeding much more leisurely than Loues—like one taking the air indeed; and his was plainly a temperament that did not shrink under admiration.

To Loues the wide back was reminiscent. He looked again— "It is—" and running ahead to face the giant—"it is surely—but grown over with huge——"

"Gouskous!" exclaimed Loues.

The great man stared. A second stare—"Ah-h—friend of my youth—my Loues—embrace me."

"Gouskous, but how you have grown!"

"Grown? Pff! Was I ever so small?"

"And how strong you look! You have been off with your ship to foreign countries?"

"Yes, my Loues—arrived in Piræus yesterday; but to-day I am free for two months."

"So? And how is that?"

"The Olympic Games."

"You, too, Gouskous?"

"Aye. And you also Loues? Good—Once more embrace—" which they did, after which Gouskous wiped his perspiring face, and continued: "The Admiral is afire about these games."

And to get the full effect of his words, one should have seen Gouskous, the giant, gesticulate in that crowded square of Athens. "The Admiral, he never tires of talking of the great games. 'Gouskous,' he says to me, or 'Diagoras' it may be—according to his humor—and calls me into his private cabin where only the notables go—" Gouskous touched his friend's shoulder and repeated in a whisper, "Where only the notables go. 'Gouskous,' says my Admiral, and he offers me a glass of wine, very fine wine, my Loues—" The eyes of Gouskous glowed. "My soul even now rejoices to contemplate the memorable flavor of it. And showing my extreme satisfaction in the absorbing of it, doubtless, he poured out a second which also I did not refuse, drinking this time to the nation, the first having been to his health—my health also by him. Ho, ho, my health, which now I must take care of. Ho, ho, good health, good wine, good food hereafter that we may keep our bodies well nourished for the great strife. Was ever a more beautiful invention, short of Heaven itself, more calculated to beatify the soul, Loues——?"

"But what said the Admiral?"

"Ah, yes. He said, 'Gouskous, it is for the honor of the nation to whose health you have drunk. You who are so strong, the strongest man in all the fleet, you must try—the discus-throw, the heavy-weight lifting, you must try. What say you, Diagoras?' This Diagoras was a large and divinely shaped victor in the ancient games, I understand—and wondrous powerful. And I said, 'Admiral, my strength it is for my country,' and I raised my hand aloft and—it is true—the tears came surprisingly to my eyes, and my Admiral—great man—leaped to his feet. 'Gouskous,' he said, 'leave of absence for you for sixty days. Enter the games, and if you do well, who knows what rank you may attain in the navy.'

"'As to rank, my Admiral,' I answered, 'it matters not.' Whereat, he filled me another glass of the wine, and, on my soul, my Loues, it tasted better than the other two. You smile, but no, no—it was not that. They were but small glasses, Loues, not above half-litres each. And so I came to Athens, Loues, and I am even now on the way to the Stadium to see the director. And you, Loues?"

"To the Stadium also. I am to run in the long race."

"Hello! once more embrace me. We go together then. Truly, Loues, a pleasant cruise—naught but fair winds, smooth seas

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and sunny skies do I anticipate. A most agreeable cruise—stand by, good heart—" and arm in arm, with the giant sailor rolling like a ship in a sirocco, they resumed their way to the Stadium, which presently came into view; and truly at this time, well on toward completion, it well merited the admiration of Gouskous who, fresh from a long sojourn at sea, was stirred before it as by the discharge of a broadside.

"Ah-h—Loues, but this is magnificent. Surely the whole city might sit here without crowding, and of such a completeness. See the black running path level as the deck of the flagship, and these seats of marble, sacredly white, rising tier on tier like rolling billows, high almost as the immense billows of the mighty north Atlantic. And the matchless statuary, and the flagstaffs—all to fly bunting no doubt when the time shall come. And look aloft, the one great flagstaff, tall to its top as any maintruck in all the fleet."

"Aye, Gouskous, from that—I read of it in the *Echo* this morning—from that will fly the colors of the nation of each victor. And should a Greek ever be fortunate enough to win, Gouskous!"

"Should ever, Loues? And why not?" Gouskous expanded his immense torso.

"With athletes from all the world over trying to wrest the victory from us? Ah, Gouskous, it will be a severe test."

"Severe? Surely, surely. But what are they who cannot conquer? Hah, Loues, centuries ago did not our ancestors compete on this very spot where we stand, on the banks of this very Illisus? And seated about were the great men of Greece—poets, orators, sculptors, Pindar, Phidias, aye and Pericles and Æschylus. And such odes! and plays! and statues! Of such excellence that the world has been trying in vain to equal them ever since."

"My, my, Gouskous, but Euripides would like well to hear you! At whose feet have you been sitting lately?"

"'Twas the Admiral, no less. He said many other things of which I shall recollect another time and tell you. 'Come back, Diagoras,' said the Admiral, 'with the crown of wild olive and the bay of laurel and you shall see, you shall see.' And with the crown I will come back or burst a blood vessel, my Loues."

"Hush, here is the director himself."

To the director they introduced themselves, and in the eyes of that specialist they found favor, more especially the gigantic form of the sailor. "Truly you are tall and strong—as Prince George himself, and he, they call him the strongest man in all Europe."

"H-m—so it is said. It may be true—His Highness and myself *are* of the one height—two metres, lacking four centimetres. But in weight he is comparatively slim, one hundred and ten kilograms, and I one hundred and forty. To be sure, thirty kilos—it is hardly worth discussing."

"And His Highness was in the navy also?"

"Aye. I am in his old ship."

"And on her he was considered the strongest of all in the Navy's roster?"

"H-m-m—bar one, I think so."

"And that one?"

Gouskous smiled enchantingly. And the director, looking into the face of Gouskous, smiled also; he could not help it. "And you have been practising with the weights?"

"For three months I have done little else on the Admiral's flagship. My duties have been lightened that I might have time wherein to practise."

"Good. You will go, you and Loues, through the tunnel there and on to the dressing-room, where an attendant will provide you both with a cabinet wherein to disrobe, and clothes for the exercise of the Stadium."

They found the dressing-room of the Stadium to be a marvellously attractive place, consisting of a gravelled court, enclosed by innumerable little booths or closets, over which were hung the flags of various nations which were expected to send contestants to the games (but the flag of Greece always predominating), and in the centre of the court, two long tables, attended by benches of corresponding lengths, and, convenient to either end of the benches, a refreshment booth.

It was this last item which pleased Gouskous. "Ah-h—" he cooed, and on the spot ordered two bottles of Copenhagen beer of large size. "You will have one?" he asked Loues. "No? Great soul, but you must nourish the body. However, I thought as much; you were ever abstemious. And yet, good beer is good beer—it

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must not be allowed to go to waste—" and placidly drained the second bottle.

"And now for these arduous drills, these exercises of the arena," he announced, and, as if he had been officially appointed to the position, assumed the leadership of the column which filed through the tunnel to the Stadium. It seemed the most natural matter for the others to fall in behind this overshadowing figure.

The candidates divided into various squads and performed the exercises most suited to their ambitions. Loues was one of those who this day were to practise on the road outside of the city, as most nearly resembling the actual labor of the long race to come; and it pleased him that it was the road to which his feet were well accustomed, rather than the unvarying treading of the track of the Stadium, where it was ever the crunching of the same black cinders under foot, the same sharp turnings at each end, and always the monotony of the rows upon rows of almost empty seats enclosing the track.

Somewhat fatigued was Loues, when after that first afternoon's exercise, he returned, perspiring, hot, dust-covered, to the dressing-room of the Stadium, where he encountered Gouskous, who, as he failed not to make clear to his friend, had also been hot, perspiring and dust-covered; but now sousing himself under streams of cold running water which poured down from above on his immense person.

Turning his glowing body this way and that, exposing now one shoulder, now the other, again the expansive back, and now holding one mighty leg after the other to the purifying water, Gouskous was delivering himself of the various complaints engendered by the morning's performances.

"Ps-s-t—such toil! Toil? Aye and torture, nothing less. That devil of a director! What does he know of a man's limitations? 'Again,' he said, 'again'—twenty, forty times that 'again' and 'once more,' like some eternal recorder from the lower regions. Ps-s-t—the blood I sweated this day, my Loues, under the rays of the outrageous sun! Like cataracts, like the very stream from the pipes here, it was poured off me as I left the field, but not cool, blessed water like this. Ps-s-t, no! but hot brine down my face and scalding steam down my poor back. Never in the navy did we do such things. Wait till I see my Admiral! D'y s'pose now he'd countenance such tortures of his favorite seaman? Not the good Admiral."

"But it is so with all of us the first day, Gouskous. We must do it to accustom the system to the coming strain. Lungs, heart, stomach, the nerves, the muscles, the wind, the very soul——"

"Lungs, nerves? Aye, and so you should for your gentry that are to do such monstrous things—forty-two kilometres is the distance? Whew! 'Tis long enough to think of rowing that distance with twelve good sweeps in a smooth-bottomed gig; but to run it, to lift one leg, so"—Gouskous elevated and lowered one enormous thigh—"and so"—he elevated the other—"for forty-two kilos! I say also that you should have tireless wind for such unnatural deeds; but wind for a man who lifts a great dumbbell, who has only to bring his arm aloft and thence hurl a two kilogram weight as far as he may? And there—two kilograms! Who invented such a weight? It is like a feather. The noble Phaylos, most renowned of all the discoboli of old, I warrant he never bothered with such a trifle. It is no more than a breath of air in the palm."

"Then you will cast it all the farther, Gouskous."

"Cast what offers no resistance? Ps-s-t, no. Here—" he turned to the attendant—"be good now and pass this towel over my back. These wisps of runners can twist and turn and rub their wand-like bodies, but I can't reach half around. Arms should, by right, be adjusted to one's proportions, but it is never so. It is rather as with ships, the other way. The lean ones carry the longest yards. Come now, like a good fellow. And fear not to lay on."

"But I will bruise the skin."

"Pf-f—fear not for the skin. The winds of five oceans have tanned it."

"And now that we have had our bath Loues—" Gouskous was returning to his dressing booth—"shall we be rubbed with oil, say? And then for something to eat? Yes, something to eat, good heart. Truly it is fatiguing, this training for glory. On my Admiral's flagship there was nothing like it."

(To be continued).

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A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIPS

By Will H. Low

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM HIS COLLECTIONS

SECOND PAPER

ENTER R. L. S.

I HAVE spoken of the plaster lion which guarded the doorway leading to the painters' studios at "eighty-one." Since his brief hour of glory in some long forgotten Salon exhibition, the noble animal had encountered many vicissitudes, and suffered much indignity at the hands of a lawless generation, in his long career as sentinel at our door. Bereft of his tail, with pencilled moustaches and many scrawled inscriptions covering him, it was left to my ingenious friend Bob to discover that by beating this king of beasts with his cane, the reverberations of his hollow plaster interior made an excellent substitute for a gong. This my friend put to use, rather than climb the stairs and knock at my door, when he desired to communicate with me. Thus summoned, one spring evening in 1875, to my window, I looked down to find Bob arrayed for the street, intent upon a walk and a dinner afterward somewhere on the heights of Montmarte where we infrequently ventured, for which he desired my company.

Descending to the courtyard I joined him, and in passing we paused at the porter's lodge to inquire for letters. There was one for Bob, which he tore open and, after scanning it, passed to me, saying, "Louis is coming over." I read the brief note; it was the first time I saw the handwriting which was to become so familiar to me, and by whose medium the world was to gain so greatly. I fancy I can see it yet, the blue-gray paper with the imprint of the Savile Club in London, the few scrawled words to the effect that the writer was "seedy," that the weather was bad in London and that he would arrive the next morning in Paris to seek sunshine and rest, and at the end the three initials R. L. S., which now are known the world over.

I had heard much of this cousin, of the life which Bob and he had led in Edinburgh, where their revolt against the overstrict conventionality of that famous town had been flavored with the zest of forbidden fruit. I had heard in detail of escapades innocent enough, the outcome of boyish spirits, in which both had shared, and of which, Bob, philosophically enough, had borne the blame of leading the younger cousin into mischief. I had also heard that Louis was "going in" for literature, but this had not interested me particularly, for in those days we were all "going in" for one thing or the other, and so long as it was not banking, commerce, politics, or other unworthy or material pursuits it merely seemed the normal and proper function of life. I had heard enough, however, aided by my hearty affection for my friend Bob, to be keenly interested in the advent of the cousin, and I awaited the morrow with some impatience, for it was at once decided that we should meet the newcomer on his arrival at the St. Lazare station.

The morrow dawned, one of those days which fickle Paris gives in the spring to atone for her many climatic misdeeds of the winter. A filmy sky, the sunshine softly veiled, the trees in the fresh glory of their new attire, and the life of the streets partaking of the joyousness of the *renouveau*, as the old French calendars name their spring. It was a good day to undertake anything, better still to journey across the beautiful city, loitering on the bridges or through the courtyard of the Louvre, and, best of all, to meet a new friend: to add to one's life another link in the chain of friendship, the most enduring of human ties.

At the appointed hour there descended from the Calais train a youth "unspeakably slight," with the face now familiar to

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us, the eyes widely spaced, a nose slightly aquiline and delicately modelled, the high cheek bones of the Scot; a face which in repose was not, I fancy, unlike that of many of his former comrades in his native town. It was not a handsome face until he spoke, and then I can hardly imagine that any could deny the appeal of the vivacious eyes, the humor or pathos of the mobile mouth with its lurking suggestion of the great god Pan at times, or fail to realize that here was one so evidently touched with genius that the higher beauty of the soul was his.

The appearance and the sense of youth he kept through life, though this was perhaps more discernible in conversation with him than from the published portraits. An early one of these from a photograph taken in California, though some years later than our first meeting, preserves much the same aspect as that he had when he stepped from the Calais train on the memorable spring-time morning in 1875.

One other detail of personal appearance I mention, for we hear much in his latter life of his long black hair. His hair never was black, though it grew darker with advancing years and became brown of the deepest hue, but at the time of our first meeting, and for some years later, it was very light, almost of the sandy tint we are wont to associate with his countrymen. In proof of this I have a little color sketch painted in the Autumn of 1875, which shows him with his flaxen locks; "all that we have," as his wife once said sadly, "that will make people believe that Louis's hair was ever light."

Of his dress my memory is less vivid, he may have worn a velvet coat or a knit jersey in guise of waistcoat; I have known him to do both at later periods, unconscious that for the boulevards, at least, his costume was less than suitable, but I aver nothing. Later he laughingly recalled that I appeared to him that morning in a frock coat and a smoking-cap, but if his recollection was correct; if I had, knowing that I was to meet one free from Gallic prejudice, temporarily resurrected my seal-skin *toque*, which in any case was not a smoking-cap, it will be seen that my taste in dress was sufficiently eclectic to condone any lapse from strict conventionality on his part.

The formalities of introduction were soon over, the formalities of intercourse never weighed heavily upon us in those days, nor indeed with Louis in after time; his luggage was dispatched to Lavenue's hotel, contiguous to the restaurant, and consequently near our studios, and light handed and light hearted we proceeded to retrace our steps across Paris.

And then began a flow of talk which, as I look back, seems to have been an irresistible current flowing through our lives not only on this occasion but whenever, in Louis's frequent sojourn in France for the next few years, we three met together. Talk, even of the quality of which my two friends were past masters, is a light wine that can be neither bottled for preservation nor decanted, and if I were able to here faithfully report the abundantly flowing discourse of that day, doubtless it would appear of no great import. There would still be lacking the atmosphere of spring in Paris, the growing interest of three sympathetic yet widely differing natures and—above all—the brave outlook upon life from the vantage ground of youth. For we were very young, Louis Stevenson three years my elder, and his cousin three years his senior, but our combined ages were scarcely more than the threescore years and ten allotted to man in which to acquire wisdom.

Wisdom, therefore, we had not, but we had ideas and were not chary of their expression; we had insatiable curiosity upon all subjects pertaining to art and letters and to life as well, though in the restricted sense in which by representation art sought the expression of life or was in turn influenced by human conditions.

Hence it is no great loss that few of the many words uttered on this day of our first meeting have lived beyond their birth, but it was good to be out in the pleasant sunshine, in the city kind above all others to our kind, to be at the threshold of our lives, and even the certainty, which probably we all felt, that what we were saying was important, that possibly the whole course of art and letters was waiting expectantly for our decision before determining its final direction, may be pardoned us.

Again, I must qualify my words. We had the strong, the ordinary convictions of

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youth, but we had also some of its modesty. One who, like Louis, had such a hearty respect for his craft, so great a solicitude from the first to master his tools before essaying to use them, never, even when he had made himself master to a degree attained by few English men of letters, conceived his individual effort to be important. This in the quasi-solitude in which he had lived in his native town, he had taught himself. As for the other two: if Paris teaches much that is worthy to the practitioners of art, she teaches nothing more worthy, nor more thoroughly, than the lesson that art is long; that to reach the heights of definite performance the route is stony and difficult.

Therefore, on that spring morning, we already carried as ballast to the clippership of our speculative theories upon the inexhaustible subject of art the sobering conviction that our individual effort was but 'prentice work, and that before we could count as accepted workmen in our several crafts much water would run under the Bridge of Arts on its way to the sea.

Our wandering steps had brought us to that Pont des Arts which, bridging the Seine from the Louvre to the Institute, is most appropriately the only bridge in Paris over which you must walk: no easy progress in a carriage is possible for he who follows that path. Here we loitered in the sun, looking up to where the boat-shaped Cité swims upon the current, bearing the proud towers of Notre Dame. To the left we could follow the long façade of the Louvre and to the right stood the Institute where, as we knew, forty antiquated gentlemen sat in judgment upon æsthetic France; a judgment which we were prepared to question, an institution we were equally prepared to overthrow, though to-day forty gentlemen, some of the same, still more antiquated, and others replacing those gone to their academical reward, still continue to govern æsthetic France, while another generation of brash youths continues to question its judgments.

We remained basking in the sun for some time, talking of many things after the manner of the Walrus and the Carpenter, until at the approach of noon we discovered that we were hungry, and forsaking the pathway of the arts came down to earth, hailed an open carriage and rode in state to Lavenue's. This was Louis Stevenson's first visit to the restaurant of our predilection of which he in turn became a votary; in his letters and his published works its name is often mentioned and its praises sounded. The mendacious divinity who presides over the bad quarter hour of payment, Mademoiselle Fanny, will to-day aver that she remembers the cousins well, and certainly for a number of years they were frequent visitors to her shrine.

This morning, in honor of the occasion, we had a better déjeuner than usual and, scorning the *vin ordinaire*, we drank to our better acquaintance an excellent Beaujolais-Fleury at two francs fifty centimes the bottle, a vintage of which Louis wrote to me four or five years later, after my return to the United States:

"Lavenue, hallowed be his name! Hallowed his old Fleury—of which you did not see—as I did—the glorious apotheosis; advanced on a Tuesday to three francs, on the Thursday to six, and on Friday swept off, *holus bolus*, for the proprietor's private consumption. Well, we had the start of that proprietor. Many a good bottle came our way and was worthily made welcome."

Here after our lunch with coffee and cigarettes we sat, as we did so often on later occasions, until four or five in the afternoon. Before, during, and after the meal, we talked, and here I was to encounter for the first time a whimsical instance of my new friend's sense of fitness in language. We were deep in a discussion about some detail or character of Balzac, the particular point we sought to elucidate I have forgotten, but at the time Bob and I were deep in the wonderful reconstitution of the life of France from Napoleon to Louis Phillipe, which the master-romancer had fashioned, and Louis we found was no less interested than ourselves. Suddenly, without a note of warning, Louis changed from the language we had spoken up to that moment, which of course was our native English, to French. Now Bob spoke French somewhat hesitatingly, choosing his words with care, but with excellent knowledge of the idiom; Louis's French was not unlike his cousin's, and mine, picked up in a more constant frequentation of French companions than is common among foreigners in Paris, but was sufficiently fluent. I forbear to characterize our accents; having

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indeed to this day reasons for avoiding that thorny subject in so far as I am personally concerned.

Up to the time of this change of language not one word of French had been spoken, and for all that Louis knew I might have been helpless in that polite tongue, but as we continued I soon realized that for our particular discussion of characters, events, and of style, which were all French in essence, my new friend was not ill inspired, and that we three English-speaking youths could better analyze the subject before us in French than in our native tongue. Speaking of this long after, I found that Louis had quite forgotten the incident, and I think it probable that at the time he was hardly conscious of it, his sense of the proper word and the fit phrase leading him into this excursion into a foreign language.

From Lavenue's we sought the garden of the Luxembourg, where we sat long into the twilight, taking our dinner somewhere near and adjourning to a café afterward. Here with our café a cordial, chartreuse, or curaçoa was brought in a small decanter accompanied by the usual small liqueur glasses, and here the impish extravagance of my new friend, which was at the bottom of so many of the youthful escapades in Edinburgh and which, conducted with an enthusiasm worthy of more serious objects, had more than once caused dire prognostications of his future to be drawn, became manifest.

"I wonder," he said suddenly, while sipping his cordial, "why this sort of thing is always served in such small glasses?" and calling for an ordinary water glass, he half filled it with the cordial and drank it. I exclaimed in horror that it would make him ill, but enjoying my surprise he declared that it did not matter, because "I have come to Paris to rest, and to-morrow I shall lie abed all day." This was the first reference to his feeling "seedy" which his letter had mentioned, and indeed throughout his life, except when it was forced upon him by actual physical prostration, beyond the precautions which he later learned to observe, there was no allusion to, no apparent realization of, his delicate condition. At this time and during the three years that followed, I was never conscious that he was more than a little less robust than most of us were.

At Barbizon he was among the foremost in our long walks over the plains or in the forest of Fontainebleau, and in the summers of 1876–1877 at Grez, where he led a semi-amphibious life, on and in the river Loing, he never seemed ill, and as youth is not solicitous on questions of health, it never occurred to us that his slender frame encased a less robust constitution than that of others. "My illness is an incident outside of my life," was his watchword later, and I need not enlarge on his brave attitude in that respect.

At the close of this eventful day we sauntered leisurely up the Boulevard St. Michel, entering for a few moments the Bal Bullier, which we surveyed philosophically; as prudent youths taking their pleasure otherwise, and having small interest in the riotous scenes enacted there. Thence, descending the Boulevard Mont Parnasse, we escorted Louis to the door of his hostelry, where we left him, appointing a meeting for the following evening, in order that he might carry out his plan of resting through the day undisturbed.

At the appointed time he reappeared, feeling, he assured us, much refreshed, and the morning after the two cousins departed for Barbizon. I was urged to accompany them, but I was busy upon a picture which was to be my first offering to the Salon. Could I have foreseen the cruelty of the jury of admission some days later I should have foregone this exhibition of Spartan virtue and, accompanying my friends, would now be able to describe the first impression which the smiling plain and shady woods made on Stevenson; who for several years was to find in Fontainebleau and the adjoining villages of Barbizon and Grez fields for work and play, influential at the time, and to which in pleasant memory he often reverted, until the end came in the far South Seas.

COMRADES AND CAMARADES

The summer was yet young when Louis rejoined his cousin in Paris. This time he slipped so naturally into our easy intimacy that he soon became known to all the little circle in which we moved. The exodus from town was approaching. The long-suffering color men were supplying their different clients with canvases and colors

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for the summer work; and, as in only a few instances current coin of the republic was exacted in these transactions, and as the hotel keepers of Barbizon, Cernay, or Pont Aven were known to be equally liberal in their disposition to extend credit, art for art's sake seemed less an illusory dream than any one of these young painters were likely to find it in their after careers.

This summer was to see assembled at Barbizon most of our intimates in Paris, some of whom, pupils of the *atelier Duran*, had elected a preference for the society of Bob, even as I had, rather than for what I presume considered itself the more orderly element among the English-speaking pupils of the master. First and foremost among these was Henry Enfield, of whom I have already spoken. His studio was on the same floor as that of Bob, at eighty-one, and through the winter these studios had been the common meeting-place in the evening. During a portion of the winter, in fact, Bob had been afflicted with what he, in common with us all, had considered the infantile malady, known as the mumps. Confined to the studio, but not suffering particularly, this illness had served us an excuse for dispensing a rough hospitality to the intimates, in which the little kitchen attached to his studio had come into play. Here on merry evenings numbers of the men congregated, and I recall a beefsteak supper where our invitation bore the admonition to each guest to bring his beefsteak with him. Fire, and the adjuncts of a comfortable meal were provided by the hosts, and a surprising variety of steaks were brought, and various conflicting theories as to the best manner of preparing that delicacy were put into practice.

By this time also Theodore Robinson had come to Paris, and again, one who for many years was the best of friends, appears to me as he appeared then. Frail, with a husky, asthmatic voice, and a laugh that shook his meagre sides and yet hardly made itself heard, timid and reticent, saying little yet blessed with as keen a sense of humor as any one I have ever known, Robinson was received at once into our little circle with the highest favor.

At first he seemed almost negative, so quietly he took his place among us, but once the shell of diffidence was pierced few of the men had thought as much or as independently, and the knowledge which he possessed he had made so thoroughly his own by some innate faculty that a truism uttered by him had a flavor of originality.

His work partook of the same qualities of originality from the first, though it was to be many years before it shed a certain dryness, and under the influence of the impressionistic school blossomed into color and achieved popularity of the kind which the painter occasionally vouchsafes to his fellow. Popularity with the collector and the general public he never attained during his lifetime, though I am glad to think now how much it appealed to me from the first, and how when his day of recognition arrived, though day had closed for him, it brought to me no element of surprise. Robinson though born in Vermont had been taken as a child to Wisconsin, which seemed to many of us quite remotely Western, and we shared with our foreign friends the mingled sense of strangeness and appropriateness to the life which we fancied typical of our Western States, when on turning over the leaves of one of Robinson's sketch books we came upon a hasty scrawl and, half guessing at its purport, asked for its meaning. "Oh that was the hanging of a horse thief that I saw out in Colorado," was Robinson's nonchalant rejoinder.

In my intimacy with Bob, which was so promptly shared by Louis, I served as a means of procuring for them occasional glimpses of the life of the French student. Nothing could afford a stronger contrast to our essentially Anglo-Saxon group than the two men who were chief among my Gallic companions, unless it was the contrast between these men themselves.

Adrien Gaudez was of the purest French-Burgundian type, something, like the bouquet of the rich, generous wine of the country from which he came, emanated from his presence. He was an artist to his finger tips; no expression of art was to him negligible and few were unfamiliar.

A grave and even tender solicitude for the young American confided to his care made him in those days more than a comrade, and to some degree my mentor. For that matter, though little older than the other members of his immediate following, he was by that little company its unchallenged leader and by no assumption of

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superiority on his part; none of us, though we used freely the *tutoiement* and addressed each other as "thee" and "thou," according to custom, used these familiar terms with him.

One of his most inspiring qualities was a courageous optimism and, though then and later we shared rather more than the usual hardships that fall to the impecunious follower of the arts, I never remember him being cast down or despairing. To any one who knows intimately the life of a sculptor in Paris, there are few careers where the rewards are less and where the intervals between opportunities for employment or production are greater. Of course, this was more marked in these early days, for in his later time my friend became, for a French sculptor, almost conspicuously prosperous; but, in direst poverty or temporary affluence, Gaudez worked with a stout heart and an unfailing confidence that gave courage not only to himself but to his intimates; all of whom to a large degree shared a common purse, with no perceptible effect on the fluctuation of the money market.

The second of these friends was a type more common in fiction than often met with in life.

Arthur Cocles, such was the classic surname of one who realized more truly the existence, the character and aims, or the lack of aim, of the traditional Bohemian, than any one of the many students with whom I was thrown. Many of these unwittingly lived *la vie de Bohême;* some few perhaps consciously, if unwillingly, did so; and fewer still tried with a brave show to flaunt their indifference to conventionality before the world—in a world that was placidly indifferent to their existence. In all these cases, however, it could be felt that the morrow would possibly change one and all, that condition and not nature was the reason for the existence of all these Rodolphes and Schaunards. But as the gem is to the imitation, so was my friend Cocles to the psuedo-Bohemian. Born on a canal in the north of France, the child of a poor boatman, how and why he had drifted to Paris when a boy I know not, nor where he had acquired his curious substitute for an education. On some subjects of the most usual character he was densely ignorant, upon others, ofttimes of an unusual cast, he was extremely well informed. A voracious reader; rarely without a book in his pocket and creating for himself abundant leisure; in fine weather he would seek the Luxembourg Gardens. There, first carefully perusing the daily paper, as he gravely held it to be the duty of every one to keep himself informed of the state of politics and the general progress of the world, he would with a cherished volume pass the long afternoons in reading. For a time he shared the studio with Gaudez, who for many years had been in more ways than one his friend. It was due to his influence that Cocles had consented to study for a time at the École des Beaux-Arts, where he had displayed considerable talent, and on leaving the school Gaudez had found work for him as an assistant to one of the older sculptors of the time, Salmson; who had befriended him in many ways and whose studio, when all else failed, was still open to him as a refuge. Work for other men, intermittently enough, gave him the little he needed to live, and he busied himself with projected masterpieces of his own at intervals. I would not venture to count the number of such works that I have seen begun. None were ever finished, the mood changed, an inspiring model was not obtainable, or a newer subject presented itself to the detriment of the half-finished figure; though some of these beginnings were of more than usual promise, for we all accorded the possession of talent to the dreamer. These continual failures did not in the least disturb my volatile friend:

"*N'insultez pas une femme qui tombe,*" I remember him quoting wittily, as he destroyed one of these figures; for Victor Hugo's verse was frequently on his lips, while he could quote whole pages of Alfred de Musset.

As singular in appearance as in manner, he was in any company a marked man. Of skeleton thinness of figure, his long legs were encased in the tightest of trousers, and his beardless mask was invariably surmounted by an opera-hat; which on entering a room he always flattened and held by the rim, daintily, like a dish; occasionally waving it, as much gesticulation punctuated his talk. When Gaudez and he took their walks abroad, the thick-set,

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replete figure of the former and the extreme tenuity of Cocles, with a long coat flapping about his meagre shanks, enforced an extreme contrast which was further accentuated in their characters, for in Gaudez a substratum of strong common-sense and acceptation of the hard terms on which an unsympathetic world alone tolerates the man preoccupied with problems of art, was present even in these insouciant years, while Cocles then and thereafter steadfastly refused to strike his flag to the *bourgeois*.

But while the society of Cocles was a constant delight in the city, where at each turn some unexpected sally of wit or semi-profound philosophy bubbled from his lips, it was in the country, in the presence of nature, that he was at his best. With some predisposition to accept as truth all "doubtful tales from faery-land," it was not difficult for me, in my long rambles with Cocles in the woods of Clamart, Chaville, or later at Fontainebleau, to believe that I had unearthed a faun. His running comment on the most trivial of the multitudinous events, which transpire to the observing eye on a country ramble, were inimitable. Throughout the whimsical comments ran a vein of poetry ringing true inasmuch as it was quite unconscious; and, though from his untrammelled, undirected existence from childhood in Paris my friend had not escaped scathless, here in the woods he was as innocent as a child. I have seen him tête-à-tête with a toad, or scaling a sunny rock, scattering green, glittering lizards in all directions in their vain pursuit, or baring a long, lean arm to plunge into the burrow of some animal in the hope of finding its denizen at home. All this fearlessly, while, the mood changing, after nightfall or in the long twilight of the woods he has walked clinging to my arm in quite visible alarm—the simple terror of the city child before the solemnity of nature.

Nor must I fail to recall his delight in the mimic life of the stage. In those days we had of the best, we saw Delaunay brave "in green ribbons" playing "Alceste," despite the weight of years carrying conviction through his finished art; we saw the young Sarah Bernhardt, heard the "voice of gold" before long declamation had marred its lustre, and saw the pale star of her genius rise in the glorious constellation of the Français of that day. We were modest frequenters of the *parterre*, but with true nobility, urged thereto by Cocles, we sternly refused the not uncommon practice of the students, who gain entrance for a trivial sum by lending their applause to the *claque*. This useful institution exists in all French theatres and its leader by preconcerted signal leads the applause at designated moments. The reduced fee for entrance was a strong temptation to our modest purses, but Cocles argued that in selling our approval or bartering our right of criticism we destroyed the value of the one or the other; so we bravely paid the full price of admission, which in the *parterre* is fortunately small, and many a delightful evening we spent, occasionally together but more often with others of the "bande."

Before resuming the erratic course of my narrative, I must tell the sad fifth and last act of my whimsical friend's tragi-comedy of life. This was enacted in the years that lapsed between my student days, my return home, and a second sojourn in France in 1886. On occasions, in mood of sentiment, Cocles had spoken of a young girl whom he had known since childhood, who lived with one of the few relatives that he possessed, and who, he averred, was to crown his life with happiness in that future when some great work achieved by him had brought fame and fortune. Fame and fortune—sorry jades—lingered; when, a short time after my first departure from Paris, the young people did as so many young people do and concluded to await the arrival of the tardy sisters in company. The marriage of Cocles spurred him, as it has done many an honest man, to greater effort, and under this influence he completed a group of sculpture, which in some measure justified the expectations that his faithful friends had so long maintained. Already, however, the privations which his course in life had brought were beginning to tell upon him, and the Salon medal which promptly rewarded his first ambitious effort was of the third class only, when his hope had been for one of higher grade.

It is the curse of official recompense to art in France that these rewards so often fail in their object. Their chief value is in

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provoking means for further production through government orders, and of course the lowest grade of medal comes last when the distribution of official work takes place.

After so much laughter, the progressive illness and the disappointment at the result of his effort changed the character of my friend, and, for the few years remaining, he avoided and distrusted his former comrades and did little or nothing to add to his first partial success. When the end came—an end lightened by the knowledge that his wife, fortunately, was possessed of skill in a trade where, left alone, she would be abundantly able to support herself—there was a brief transitory revival of the spirit of former days. On the last morning—as it was tearfully told me—he called his wife to his side, and with fast-failing strength recalled many of their pleasant excursions and long rambles through the country. At last he asked to be lifted in his bed and as she stooped to help him he burst into a verse of Murgers's song:

"Tu remettrras la robe blanche,
Dont tu te parais autrefois,
Et comme autrefois—le Dimanche—
Nous irons courir dans les bois."

And as he sang—as he had lived—he died, "babbling of green fields"; not perhaps a heroic figure, but one consistent and upheld through life by the courage of his convictions.

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

The irregularity with which these random recollections come back to me is perhaps sufficiently indicated by the inclusion of a long description of two of my French friends who were not particularly identified with our life in Barbizon, where they both, however, made short apparitions. Now, however, before going on with the memories of the summer of 1875, I must go backward to the two previous summers, for during my first sojourn there I made the acquaintance of Jean François Millet, and even so slight a contribution as mine to the knowledge of the world of so great a man is not without importance.

When, after reaching Barbizon by the roundabout route of Recloses, as I have already described, I found myself with Wyatt Eaton domiciled in a couple of rooms and a studio, which a thrifty peasant had built over his house on the village street, and realized that a few doors away this, to me, greatest of modern painters lived; the desire to know him rose uppermost in my thoughts. Eaton, who had been longer in Barbizon than I, was no less desirous but was less hopeful of our being able to accomplish our purpose as he had heard many stories of the great man's inaccessibility.

The great painter never came near Siron's where we took our meals, and in fact I rarely saw him on the village street; his garden communicating with the fields and the forest in which he walked by preference. His son and namesake, a painter of about our age, was, however, occasionally at Siron's; his acquaintance we made, and to our request that we might know his father, he consentingly promised to arrange a meeting. Before this, however, I had in my journeys between our lodging and the hotel frequent glimpses of Millet in his home, through the window which opened on the street. This room was level with the ground and served as the dining-room of Millet and his numerous brood, and the picture presented to the passer-by might well have been of the composition of the master who, seated at the head of his table, seemed the very prototype of the patriarch. It was a pleasant first sight of one whose miseries, pinching and true enough at times in his career, have been given too much prominence in Sensier's otherwise authoritative biography.

Millet, whose great uncle was a priest who, at the abolition of his curacy at the time of the French revolution, had returned to the cultivation of the soil, was more fortunate than many, for at the hands of this good man he had received a solid instruction in letters, tinctured even with the classics in Latin. His parents indeed, as may occasionally be found among the peasants, were superior in mind to their class and when, driven from Paris by the cholera in 1848, he came to Barbizon there was nothing in common between him and the peasant inhabitants of the village. He and his family were looked upon as *bourgeois* from the first; and to be of that class without an assured income is to be viewed with suspicion in any French

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village. Hence the very genuine hardship by which the whilom peasant and his family were assailed, for the sturdy commonsense of the father demanded good and plentiful food for his growing family, of which there were eventually nine children, and caused them to be regarded as demanding luxuries without the ready money to pay for them. But it must not be forgotten that Millet's industry, even at the small prices which his work then commanded, brought sufficient at most times to support his family in a comfort unknown to his neighbors; and we find in Sensier's life many letters of the master which show purchases of engravings, photographs, and the like, necessities of his craft it is true; but not likely to be acquired by the half-starved peasant of the legend which has grown up about Millet.

At the time when I first went to Barbizon the family had long outgrown the suspicion and jealousy from which they had suffered, and though living scrupulously apart not only from their peasant neighbors but from the few resident artists, they were universally regarded with respect. The Millet house, its gable to the street and its entrance through the garden, by whose wall it was joined to the studio, was a structure of a single story, picturesque and cosey enough in appearance; I remember at the time thinking it an ideal home for an artist; but from a modern hygienic stand-point, rheumatism and perhaps graver ills lurked in its recesses.

It was, and has remained, a memorable day when the green gate into the garden was opened to me for the first time by François Millet. Entering, I turned to the left toward the studio. The son hurriedly explained to me that his father was suffering from one of the headaches to which he was subject, but had insisted on rising from his bed to receive the young American student. Naturally I drew back and protested against intrusion on his father at such a time; but, as I spoke, the elder man advanced.

He was of large frame and medium stature, the eyes of an artist, deep set with the frontal bone well developed, a strong and prominent nose and abundant beard, which did not entirely conceal his mouth; firmly drawn yet gravely kind in expression. A drawing which I endeavored to make some time afterward, from one of the rare photographs taken of him (loaned me by one of his brothers) is not unlike him; although it gives an aspect which he only had when dressed in city clothes, as on his rare visits to Paris. Clad in a knitted coat, not unlike the Cardigan jacket which was familiar here at one time, closely buttoned to the waist and well-worn trousers, his appearance was that of the peaceful provincial in France who, secure from the public gaze behind his garden wall, dresses for ease and comfort. The legend of the peasant's sabots worn by him has only this much of truth that in the heavy dews on the plain, or in bad weather at any time, he wore sabots out of doors as most country people do in France, as a foot covering that, after a little practice, is not difficult to walk with; which protects from dampness, and is easily slipped off on entering within doors.

Between my timidity, the little French I possessed, and the master's evident suffering, our first interview began badly enough; my chief preoccupation being to find an excuse for withdrawing quickly. But as it progressed the interest of Millet grew as he would display, from canvases stacked against the wall, pictures in various stages of progress. There were many of these, for it was his habit to begin many things, often as a memory of something he had seen would arise, and lay them aside to be taken up and carried further, then laid aside once again as his interest was given elsewhere. His method almost invariably was to indicate a composition lightly in charcoal, seldom, at least at that time, having recourse to nature, and never from a model posing; his work from life consisting generally in a strongly accented drawing almost in outline. When the composition was finally arranged to his satisfaction, he drew in the figures and its principal lines, using a thick quill pen, with ink. Upon this, with semi-transparent color, he would prepare the dominant tones of his picture. A canvas thus prepared he would set aside to dry, returning to it later with more direct painting in opaque tones; gradually refining its color and rendering its effect to the point of completion.

An art student at the point of advancement, which was mine at the time, is a creature filled with half-digested beliefs

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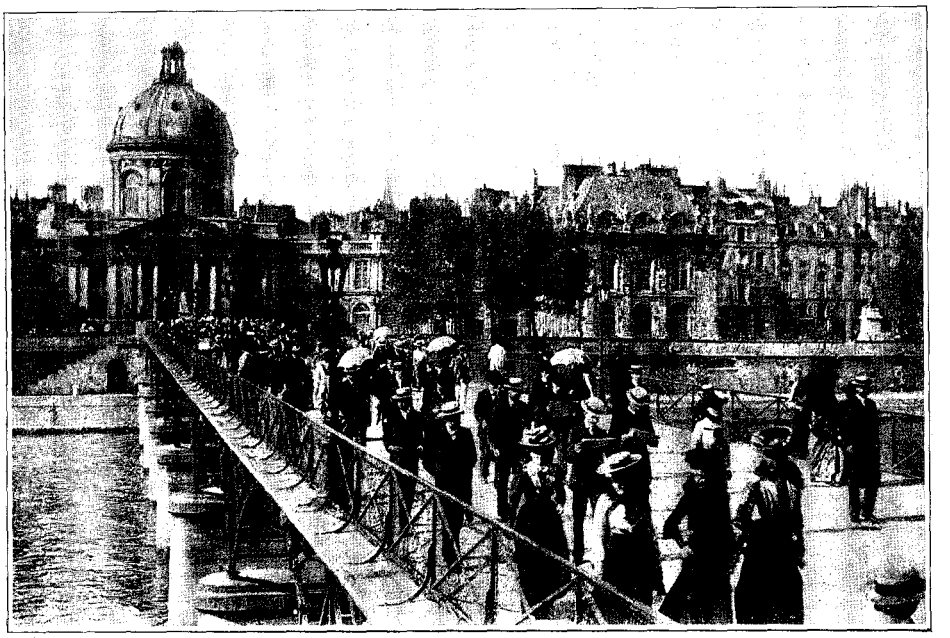

Le Pont des Arts, Paris, the Institute in the background.

and crude principles, absorbed from limited experience; and I remember questioning to myself, although I warmly approved of the result, if the means employed by this great painter were those which were thought consistent with the best modern practice. Slavish adherence to nature was then and after the watchword of the school, and, as many do, I confounded the practice of the school with that of the mature artist; forgetting that in one is learned the handling of the tools, and that the other represents the result of such study in the production of the master-craftsman. Some question of this kind I ventured to make, asking how in the studio lighted by a single window he could study the model as the figure would be lit out-of-doors. For reply he showed me a drawing, a mere quick sketch, as I fear even other zealous followers of Gérôme, among whose pupils I was numbered at the time, would not have hesitated to judge; but now, to my better understanding, appearing, as I remember it, to have the indication of all the essential construction of the figure that the master with his knowledge of form needed to work from. The answer to my question appeared to me, however, enigmatical, and Millet, speaking slowly and with much emphasis, explained that a figure arrested in movement and with muscles relaxed demanded at the best on the part of the artist a memory of the appearance of the figure in action; that for him the weary imitation of a posed model seemed less true, less like nature, than to follow a sketch retaining the action of life with added truths garnered from a long and close observation; aided by the memory of the relation between a figure and its background under certain effects of light.

In my own efforts, especially during the two years in New York in drawing for illustration, I had noticed that I could frequently draw a better figure from memory than from nature; or, at least, by discarding a drawing made from a model, could repeat the drawing from memory and infuse it with more life than my first study possessed. I ventured to speak of this, and Millet said: "If you have that faculty it is fortunate, and is one that you should cultivate; but perhaps it is best for you at present not to depend too much upon it; you tell me that you are in the *atelier Gérôme*, there or wherever you work think only of rendering the model as truthfully as you can; it is by such practice that you will familiarize your eye to see and your

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mind to retain the construction and the proportion of the human figure, and later on you will be able, through such knowledge, to be the master and not the slave of the chance individual model who serves you; and give to your work the typical rather than the accidental character of nature." If I put this answer in quotation marks it is with no pretence of repeating Millet's exact words; on the contrary that great man, for the benefit of the humble student unfamiliar with his language, took the trouble to repeat his phrases, to speak slowly, to vary the form of what he said when he saw that I did not thoroughly understand. I have always felt that something of his earnestness, in a partially hypnotic fashion, penetrated my understanding despite the unfamiliarity to me of the language which he spoke; though it had then been for some months my only medium of communication with my new-found French friends.

A youthful portrait of R. L. Stevenson.
Preserving his aspect in the days here described.

By this time I own I had forgotten the headache from which Millet was suffering, and so, in my own excuse, I am certain had he, for he continued as he talked to show me various pictures; once, I remember, saying reflectively, before one of them, "Not so bad; it is a good thing not to see your work for six months," denoting the time that that particular picture had been turned to the wall, perhaps in temporary discouragement.

I saw that day many of the pictures which formed the collection sold at the Hôtel Drouot after the master's death eighteen months after—some of them left as I had seen them, others carried to further completion.

Upon an easel, during all this time, my glance had rested from time to time on what was evidently a large picture covered by drapery thrown over it. At length Millet asked me to step back, placing me behind a curtain hung to a rod which projected at right angles to the window, so that to a person standing there the window was entirely hidden. Then he removed the drapery, allowing the light from the window to fall directly on the picture; and a surprising thing occurred.

Ever since I have had consciousness of life, I believe that I have been looking at pictures, at that time I had seen many, and since then, many, many more; but before or since no picture has produced upon me the exact effect of that which I then saw. I looked out on a plain with apple trees in blossom on either side of a tortuous road which ran to high woods in the distance. The plain was in mingled light and cloud shadow and the wooded distance strongly illumined showed bright against a clearing storm sky, a portion of which was traversed by a rainbow.

The picture is well known; is now in the Louvre, where on many occasions since I have studied it with continuing admiration; but with no trace of the amazing sensation I experienced on that day. For then *I did not realize that it was a painted canvas*. As a picture it has little of the stereoscopic realism with which some painters have endowed their work, it has nothing of the factitious relief which the French term *trompe-l'œil;* such as we know in the familiar panorama or the clever scenic realism of the stage. Nor

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Sketch in oils of Robert Louis Stevenson, in the Bas Breau, Fontainebleau, Autumn of 1875.
"The only proof we have that Louis's hair was ever light."

was my feeling exactly that of looking on a real scene so much as that I was, by the magic of the painter's art, lifted out of myself and made to realize the poignant sensation of the reawakening of nature in the spring. To one who compares the picture reproduced in these pages with what I here endeavor to describe, my words probably convey but little meaning, and I can only say that I was so moved, so shaken in my entire being that I made at the time no effort to describe my feeling to the painter, as, barely able to control my emotion, I left him.

I have since endeavored to explain to myself this episode, unique in my life's experience, by the plausible reason that throughout the afternoon, in my tense desire to follow from one beautiful work to another the great painter's intention, I had fairly surrendered all my sentient nature to his effort.

When at the last this master work was shown me, the method of its production faded before my mind; and the evocation of the spirit of the scene alone remained.

Before returning to Paris at the end of the summer, I again sought Millet: this time for advice to resolve a question which had an important bearing on my future, and which was presented in so flattering a manner that it was most tempting; though my better reason sought strength to put it aside by confirmation from Millet.

The early success of Munkacsy in the Salon, with his "Last Day of a Condemned Man," was then comparatively recent and had been repeated in some degree in the succeeding exhibitions. Immediately after the war the Paris Salon opened its doors to many foreign painters and of these Munkacsy though of German training was by far the most favored.

Like all students a Salon success counted for me in those days as a permanent title to fame and, as his later career gave ample confirmation, the Hungarian painter had many of the qualities that go to make the great artist. I was therefore considerably elated when, of his own volition, a few days after his arrival in Barbizon that summer, he came to see me in my little studio and

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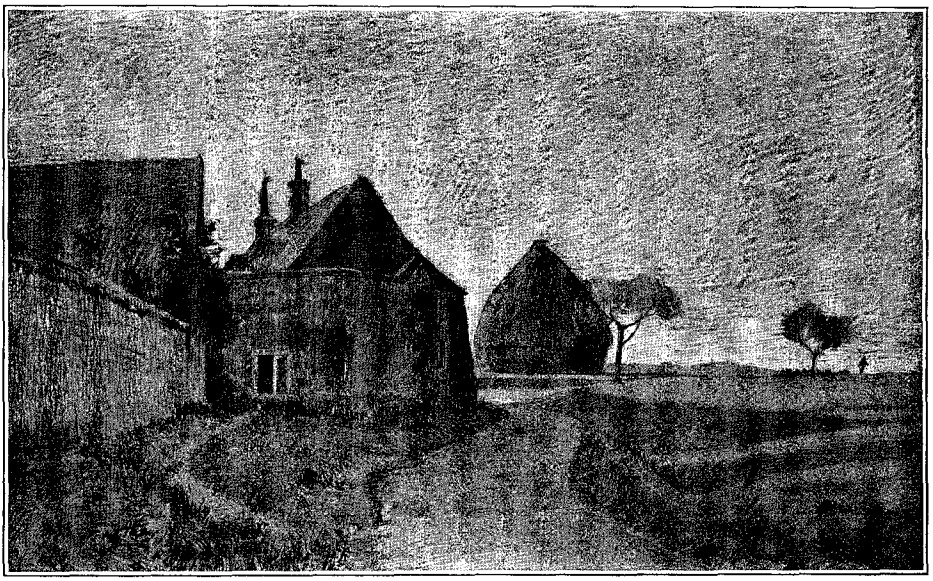
gave me valuable criticism upon my work. He accompanied his strictures with praise which even then appeared exaggerated, though I did not at the time appreciate as I do now that it was a part of the impetuousness of manner, which was marked in his every word or action. Thereafter he made me frequent visits and of course we saw each other constantly at the hotel.

It was then my intention to return at the close of the summer to the *atelier Gérôme* and, with many shrugs of the shoulders and protestations that my master might be a great artist, might be this or might be that, might be all that I claimed him to be, "but not a painter, no, not a painter, *de tout, de tout, de tout,*" he essayed to dissuade me from returning to study with him. Naturally his words had weight, and when later, with much earnestness, he assured me that with my faculty for composition I would do better to take a studio and produce pictures, arranging my composition so that every element could be closely studied from nature, and in this way acquire by constant practice the knowledge which I sought in the school, the proposition seemed most alluring.

The vision of a place of my own, the possibility of arriving at my desired result in my own way, and my absolute ignorance of the many difficulties material and æsthetic of such a course, made the prospect distinctly enchanting. Fortunately I had a residuum of common-sense and I finally put the question to Millet. I found, rather to my surprise, that he was absolutely ignorant of the position which Munkacsy had already acquired; the Salon in his isolation occupying him but little. But upon the main point of my problem he was almost vehemently emphatic in its condemnation. "What would you think of a poet arrested in his composition by a question of grammar?" he inquired. "The school affords the easiest way of continually studying from nature. The casts from antique statues stand still for you to learn the structure of the human figure, the models, trained as they are, are almost equally in the same manner at the disposition of the student, who must laboriously acquire this knowledge. It does not matter so much who the master may be, every one should listen to the dictates of his nature and follow them"—here perhaps he was thinking of his own revolt in the atelier Delaroche, where, reproached with studies apparently hewn out of wood, he had retorted that the figures of the more approved students of the master were made "of butter and honey"—"but continuous study from nature is the only salvation. Look at the antique, study the masters in the Louvre to see what



Old farm, Barbizon.
From a pencil drawing by W. H. Low.

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L'allée des Vaches.—Entrance to Barbizon, from the Forest.
From a painting by H. R. Bloomer.

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House of the Belle Clarisse, Barbizon, 1875.
"La Belle Clarisse" was a charming young girl, a relative of Mme. Siron, whose person and habitation were thus christened, quite without her knowledge.

these men have done with the knowledge which they have gained by their study—the elements of style, the suppression of detail which is detrimental to the typical character which you must endeavor to always bear in mind when you are trying to make a picture; but, when you are making a study in the school, copy slavishly all that is individual, even that which you may think ugly; and, from the accumulation of such information as you gain of the varieties of the human form, you will learn what will best serve you when you wish to express your own individual view of nature."

This time I fully understood—though again I only repeat the sense and not the textual words of the master as they were then crystallized in my memory—and with a wiser head, though perhaps not altogether a lighter heart, prepared to again take up my studies in the school.

STENNIS AÎNÉ, STENNIS FRÈRE, AND WALTER SIMPSON

Of the two cousins, whose names and relationship were thus misstated in the accounts which Siron kept, Bob was at this time easily the dominant spirit. Louis held his own, indeed we all did, in the constant flow of talk; but in our dissonant orchestra the baton of the leader was in the hands of the elder of the cousins. In all his sympathies he was, to use Gautier's

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phrase, a man for whom the visible world existed; and the world of fancy, illumined by the light that never was on sea or land, was then, and remained with him forever, the debatable ground. Hence his after allotment to Velasquez of the supreme place in art, and the lesser sympathy easily discernible in his writing for the effort of the Italian masters. His tastes in literature were of the same order, and in the many discussions where Louis upheld the claims of the poets and the more abstract writers, and where I sided with Louis, Bob would in the end dismiss the whole contention as one beyond his ken; granting them their place, but insisting that Flaubert or Balzac was much more his "game."

One instance of a small victory over Bob worth recording, as in matters æsthetic few who ever frequented him have victories in argument to their credit, belongs to the autumn preceding Louis's first visit to Barbizon; where my intimacy with his cousin first began; and when Millet was still alive to be, unknowingly, the convincing factor in a hot discussion between two English-speaking art students.

The time was out of joint for my friend. The great men were not only dead but their influence was lost; the age had turned to science, and though, he admitted, art was, in the country where we sojourned, held in high esteem and ranked with the most important avocations of man, it was merely a perfunctory survival of habit. I protested, and cited Baudry, of whose devotion to his great work in the decoration of the New Opera I had heard, though its result was only to become known to us later. But Bob argued, with some truth, that one who, like Baudry, affronted his task in so submissive a spirit as to spend four years of preparation in copying Michel Angelo and Raphael, proved the paucity of original initiative in our day; demanding if I believed that Veronese would have devoted an equal amount of primary energy to the preparation for any work conceivable. Rather worsted in my contention, I quietly arranged through the painter's son a visit to Millet's studio; where Bob had never been, but of which there had already been question between us.

Cocles, in the Luxembourg Gardens.
From a pencil sketch by W. H. Low.

When a time was appointed I reverted to our talk, cheerfully assuring my pessimistic friend that I had a knife concealed in my sleeve for him. The interview with Millet, if conducted on terms slightly more familiar than the first which I have described, was sufficiently impressive. In a nature so keenly appreciative as that of my friend, the gradual realization that we were in the presence of one who, here in our own time, was close kin to the mighty dead—that this figure with the

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heavy shoulders and slow tread, in the studio simple almost to barrenness, showing his works without assumption of primacy; yet evincing authority in his craft by every simple gesture, in every word he spoke; and making good his preëminence by every work shown—was well worth observing. Fluent, and even flippant as Bob could be, here he was neither one nor the other; but, visibly moved, the few words which he spoke to the master were tinged with emotion. We left the studio, and with one accord turning down the village street, we were well out upon the plain before either of us spoke. Then Bob, with a droll surrender in his look and tone, turned to me and said: "Do you consider it fair play, in a conversation between gentlemen concerning minor poets, to spring Shakespeare on your opponent?"

"The young Sarah Bernhardt" to whose "voice of gold" we listened in 1873.

Louis, as I have said, if not more reticent (I fear we none of us practised that virtue to any considerable degree) took a less conspicuous part when our talk turned on painting, as it naturally did much of the time. He was also much with Walter Simpson and, as I had for a time work to do in the forest, the two friends would often accompany me. Here, while I worked, they would lie prone on the ground basking in the sunshine, or, from my station, would take short walks, returning late in the day, when we would walk homeward together. It was then that I learned from Simpson some of his experiences. The son of the well-known physician, who was the first in Europe to employ anæsthetics, he had, with the strain of seriousness which is a common trait of Scottish youth, some years before decided that it was an evasion of duty to remain at home at ease, enjoying the advantages of the wealth and social position which his father had won. Reasoning that every one should be able to earn his livelihood, he had applied for and obtained a clerkship—I think—in Liverpool. Here, for a year or so, he had worked, living within his salary, which was pitiably small, until, by an equally ingenious course of reasoning, it occurred to him that he was filling the place of a man poorer than himself, who might need the money which he was earning. Relinquishing his position he returned home, and by all accounts profited largely, by a revulsion of feeling, from all the advantages which he had theretofore despised. He had read law, as had Stevenson, and was admitted to the bar as an advocate about the same time; though, like his friend, his practice counted for naught. With his considerable fortune, a sincere desire to do something in the world for himself, without apparently any very definite idea as to how he should apply his not inconsiderable abilities, he passed through life without making real any of the dreams that, in the days of which I write, were common property with us all. His character, about this time, has been well described by R. L. S., in a fragment written in San Francisco in 1880.

"The fourth of these friends was Sir Walter Simpson, son of Sir James, who

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Door of Theodore Rousseau's House, Barbizon, 1875.
From a painting by W. H. Low.

gave chloroform to the world. . . . His was a slow-fighting mind. You would see him at times wrestle for a minute at a time with a refractory jest and perhaps fail to throw it at the end. . . . He was shy of his virtues and his talents, and above all of the former. He was even ashamed of his own sincere desire to do right. . . . Simpson would show himself not only kind but full of exceptional delicacies. Some of them I did not appreciate till years after they were done and perhaps forgotten by him. I have said his mind was slow, and in this he was an opposite and perhaps an antidote to Bob. I have known him battle a question sometimes with himself, sometimes with me, month after month for years; he had an honest stubbornness in thinking, and would neither let himself be beat nor cry victory."* In our association I chiefly remember him as ballast for our clipper-ship, whose sail plan was a trifle excessive for the hull and caused us at times to steer an erratic course; yet no one was more ready than he to lend a hand and a heartfelt interest in all our activities.

*"Life of Robert Louis Stevenson," by Graham Balfour. Page 106, Vol. I.

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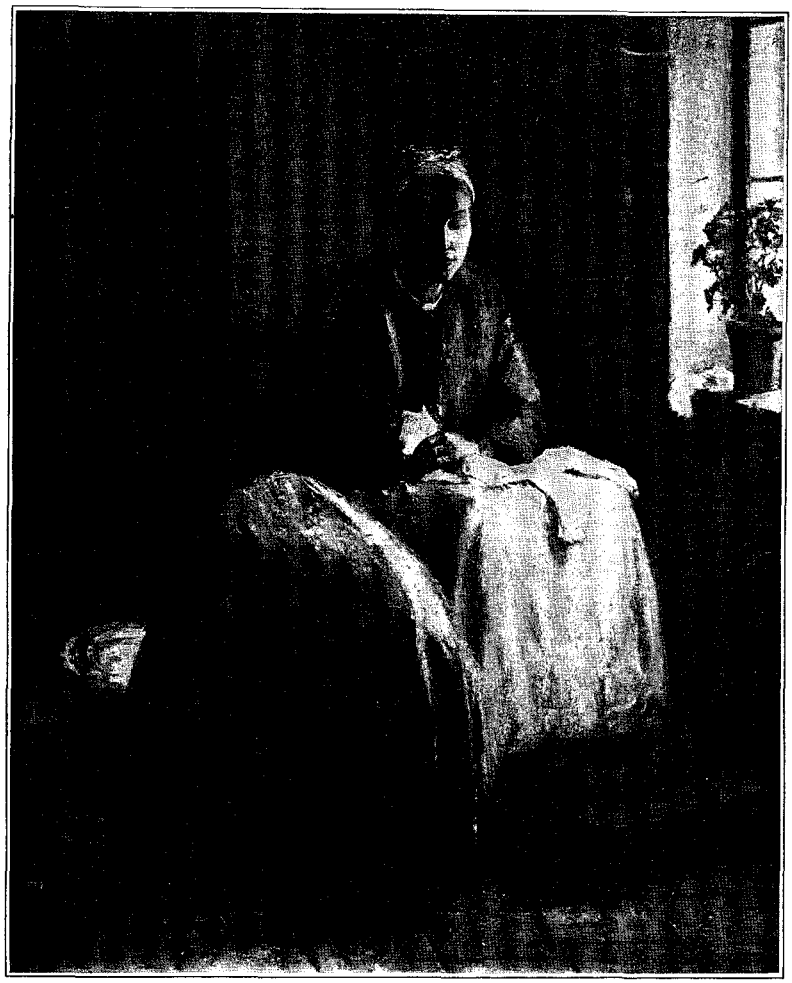

Maternal cares.

From a painting by W. H. Low in the possession of G. H. Thacher, Esq., Albany, N. Y.

This, my first work in France, was the picture on which I was engaged at Barbizon in the Autumn of '73, and which caused Munkacsy to advise my desertion of school work, as described on p. 44.]

As Stevenson has described Barbizon as he knew it, Siron's hotel was less an inn than a club. Like any other club, the edicts of non-admission were based upon principles difficult to explain; but, as we all of differing nationalities dwelt in harmony, so, in common, by various means, an unwelcome guest was made to feel that there were other quarters of the globe where his presence might be more desired. With one such sentence of eviction Simpson was actively concerned.

The stage one evening had dropped at Siron's door a dapper little man whose London raiment proclaimed him English, but whose general inconspicuousness effectually concealed the fact that he was a cad; as a verdict delivered before a day had passed unanimously declared him to be. We were in no degree intolerant and had borne, with true appreciation of certain good qualites, the society of a youth from the British Isles, who wore at all times when visible to us a field-glass strapped to his person; for all the world like 'Arry on 'is 'oliday; who cheerfully murdered the King's English whenever he spoke; and who had recently departed, eloping with one of Siron's maid-servants under a mistaken idea that it was the proper thing to do in France. He had, however, in some mysterious way escaped this deadliest of all classifications. The deadliest, we were all agreed, for while France and my

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L'ami Gaudez, 1875.
From a sketch in oil by W. H. Low.

own native land, as we Americans were not infrequently reminded, can produce many varieties of the objectionable person, England seems to have evolved the type of the cad and to retain him for her own.

Immediately after the first dinner where the new arrival took his place and remained unnoticed during the somewhat noisy meal, he approached me in the court-yard, gave me his card, bearing a name which I have forgotten, and asked that I should present him to my friends.

This I cordially assured him was entirely unnecessary, that the unwritten law concerning intercourse at a French *table d'hôte* permitted his joining in the conversation and addressing whomsoever he pleased, with the certainty of receiving polite consideration. The next morning at coffee, and again at the mid-day meal, my advice was followed with so much satisfaction to the stranger that by dinner time there had grown an undefined suspicion that he might be a trifle cheeky. This his talk at dinner confirmed; how, it would be difficult to describe; but by the time that cheese and coffee had appeared the poor man had not a friend in the world.

Worse was yet to come, however, as a number of the intimates gave themselves up to innocent horse play in the court, vaulting over chairs piled one on another and performing various other feats of agility, where the lithe and nervous Bob

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Spring.
From the painting in the Louvre by J. F. Millet.

excelled. As he concluded some such feat we clapped our hands; whereat, in answer to our applause, he removed his hat and, with his hand on his heart, bowed low, in mock acceptance of our plaudits. As he replaced his hat the newcomer, who stood behind him, moved by a most mistaken sense of humor, struck the brim, causing the hat to fall to the ground. Bob's figure became tense and, though not tall, he appeared to tower as, with a perfectly even *white* sort of a voice, he said, "Pick that up," indicating the hat which had rolled away on the ground. The offender did so. "Now dust it off." It was done. "Replace it carefully on my head." By this time our silence had become intolerable, and the mistaken humorist, having obeyed these commands like one in a dream, at once broke out in clamorous excuse. He had been told that there was no ceremony at Barbizon, everything he had been assured was free and easy. He had intended no offence but simply wanted to join in the fun. He was allowed to finish and then Bob, who had hardly relaxed a muscle, with the same even voice from which the restrained anger relapsed gradually to patient scorn, replied: "Perhaps some time—though not here, I trust—you will learn that where the greatest latitude prevails the utmost nicety of conduct must be observed. You can do things in church, at home, that you can't do in Barbizon." Abashed, but not enlightened—a night's reflection had not brought wisdom to the unhappy wight—when meeting Simpson at coffee before any of the others had appeared he lightly turned off the occurrence of the night before and then volunteered the information that as a student of character we appeared to him a "rum lot," but that he had "sized us up" entirely to his own satisfaction. "Indeed," said the slow and patient Simpson, luring him to the edge of the precipice, "it would be curious to learn if your 'sizing up' was correct." Thus urged the artless youth detailed his conception of the various characters of those sojourning at the inn. Exactly what he said, Simpson, who had his own sense of humor, never told, averring that it "was

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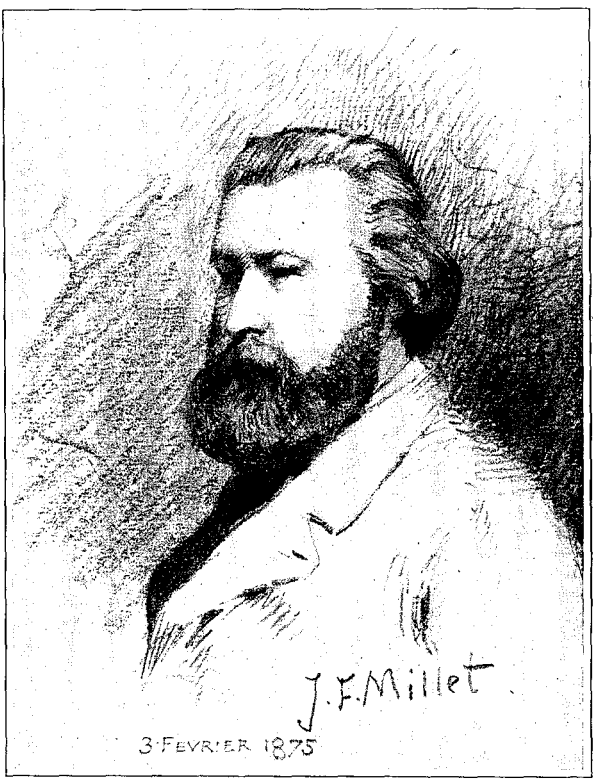
quite too dreadful," but at the last he had begged that he should be favored with a portrayal of his own characteristics. "Oh, you, it's easy to see through you," bleated the unfortunate, "you're the all-round British sport." Nothing occurred during the day after Simpson had related the morning interview, and the artless prattle of the condemned went on through the time of dinner.

It so happened that after dinner we had arranged to make a nocturnal visit to the Caverne des Brigands, one of the show places beloved of tourists where (possibly) at one time robbers may have foregathered. It is a tolerably capacious cave with a rude fireplace of rocks in one corner and a vent by which the smoke of a fire may escape. During the day it was occupied by an old man who drove a fairly profitable trade in selling lukewarm beer to visiting tourists, but at night it was deserted. Here we would repair with the necessary ingredients for preparing punch, and when the lurid flames of the brandy we burned in an old black kettle lit up the interior of the cave the effect was sufficiently picturesque. The walk to and from the cave was the best part of the expedition, and when, as now, the moon was at its full it was one of the "things to do."



J. F. Millet.
From a drawing by W. H. Low.

I had suggested this particular excursion and our smaller coterie had been extended by my invitation and that of others so that we numbered perhaps twenty strong as we advanced down the moonlit aisles of the forest. Suddenly some one said, "Do you know that that cad has come along?" We were at the head of our little procession, Simpson, the Stevensons and I, and acting as the host I at once proposed to read the law to the intruder.

Quite eagerly Simpson put me aside. "No, let me," he said, his accent becoming, as it would under stress of excitement, quite broadly Scotch. With him I retraced my steps to where, following in the rear, walked our enemy. "It's a fine night," quoth Simpson, whose accent I shall not attempt to reproduce. "You appear to be walking; may I ask where you are going?" "To the Cavern of the Brigands," answered the luckless one, "I've never been there and so I thought I'd just join." "Ye'll not go there to-night," bluntly responded Simpson, "for the place will be quite filled with a *private* party, and if ye wish to walk I'd suggest that the *grande route* to Fontainebleau is open to ye." Standing transfixed under the cruelty of his sentence, we left him. We saw him no more, for he rose with dawn, and fired *not* with hope he vanished, and Barbizon, the abode of law-restricted lawlessness mourned not his loss.

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"Of course," Karge declared irritably, "I'll not sign what I didn't paint."—Page 55.

THREE BLIND MICE

By Eleanor Stuart

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. WALTER TAYLOR

I

IN the year of grace 1904, I accepted an invitation to visit Paul Karge, well known as the master painter of sun and shadow; the inventor, as it were, of the modern treatment of darkened foreground and glowing vista.

It had taken me five years to procure his invitation, and it was only by placing this important person under real and fancied obligations to me, that I at last obtained it. But Hector, Comte du Belsoze, is not easily discouraged, and although the summons to Karge's house came faintly just at first, I kept recalling it to his mind by constant refusals, until he at last became pressing to insistency, when I telegraphed my intention of coming to him at once—as a good cook will lift broth from the fire as soon as it boils. It is well to deal subtly with artists.

In spite of London's depressing charac-

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ter, I was conscious of the pleasantest anticipations, as we drove from Charing Cross to Kensington, and I stood in the street to admire Karge's front door, while my man unloaded the luggage from the top of our four-wheeler. This doorway had been removed intact (like the appendices of many Americans) from the house of some tasteful Florentine of a day gone by, and a brazier stood in one corner of the vestibule filled with those large and deep-hued violets which always speak kindly to me of Fiesole. The enchantment of April, obvious even in England, recalled a hundred hours of happiness.

This door flew open suddenly and Karge drew me into the house with compelling hands.

"Welcome," he cried in his nervous fashion, "I have knocked off work early to greet you."

Immensely flattered, I followed him to his studio, where the wonder-light of spring well became the beauty he was creating. A few portraits of prominent people were in process of cold-blooded construction, but his portraits have ever been an income rather than a "métier."

Two Bombay chairs, curiously carved, were drawn up before a brilliant fire and we threw ourselves into these to talk together in a room surcharged with interest for me, who had heard of it so often. I did not smoke lest I disturb the odor of violets—the perfume of my past.

"Your news," I enquired, "is good?"

"Oh, yes, quite good." He laughed as though the enquiry embarrassed him, scanning his finger-nails critically as his habit is when thoughtful. "I am a little disturbed by a curious circumstance," he added presently. I looked at him, fully expecting him to say that he was obliged to dine out and leave me alone. I remember how angry I felt as I jumped nimbly to this conclusion.

"Do you remember," he continued, "that your tuneful cousin, Rondel, bought a picture last June, which he thought was mine?"

"A glorious picture!" I interjected. He looked at me wistfully. "Yes," he said, "it's good, painfully good, but it's not mine," he finished with a wry face.

"Not yours!" I screamed at him, "Why? but this is calamity. It cost him nearly two thousand guineas, and everyone told us it was cheap."

Karge nodded. "I know," he said sadly; "it was unsigned and the dealer was deceived. I know him; he's honest, for a dealer."

"I should have sworn anywhere that the picture was yours," I cried again hotly.

"It is exactly my manner," Karge said reluctantly—"I'll agree to that, but I will not sign it. Rondel sent it to me to sign—'not,' he wrote, 'that he should value it more' if I signed it, but because that hospital he has left his money to could realize more on signed work at his death."

"Rondel is so cheery," I interrupted smiling—for this was more like him than his photograph.

"Of course," Karge declared irritably, "I'll not sign what I didn't paint. But think what it is to me to have this creature about who paints like me. The awful part of it is that he doesn't imitate without surpassing me; that "Aurora Borealis" thing of Rondel's is too good, Monsieur le Comte—too good by a good deal."

He broke off indignantly to busy himself at a tea-table his man had placed before us, and I looked closely at him, for his sensitive face was remarkable, but scarcely more so than his efficient, self-effacing servant's, which wore the sadly contemplative look of those who know no human condition but suffering. He touched Karge's least possession as though it were an holy thing, and I divined depths of faithfulness and heights of affection in his nature by prolonging my study of him. He poured arrack sympathetically into my tea.

"Your servant loves you," I said when he had gone.

"Who? Doyle? Yes, he loves me, I almost believe. He's a clever steward, puts his heart into the account book, and saves me everything. You should hear him criticize pictures!"

"Can he?"

Karge regarded me with a momentary contempt. "No," he answered baldly, "but he thinks he knows all about painting, attends exhibits and buys catalogues—he is fearfully funny."

The door opened just there and Doyle entered very gently.

"Mr. Ranneken, sir," he announced, "has called to ask you to inspect his por-

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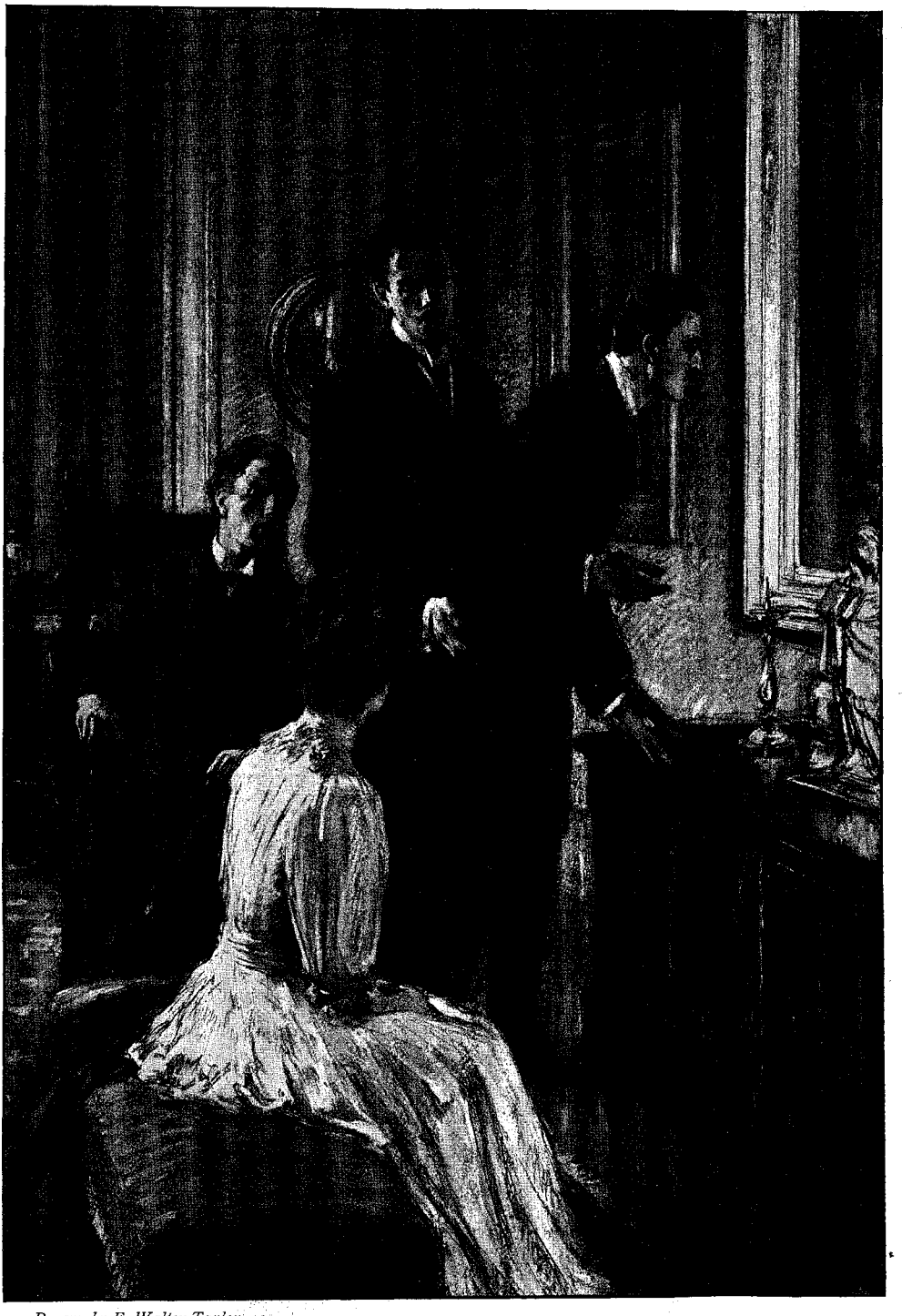

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"I never painted it," he avowed wearily.—Page 58.

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trait of Mrs. Bley. He has her carriage with him, sir, if you care to go."

"Do you?" Karge asked indifferently.

"I should very much like to meet Ranneken," I acknowledged, whereupon he rose and we passed again to the stone hall.

II

RANNEKEN was a Dutchman, whose nose and nearsightedness were more apparent at ones first meeting with him than his wit—of which I had heard even more than his talent. He possessed a hearty hand-clasp and a leisurely manner, as I observed in passing from the house to the carriage. He was evidently much amused with Mrs. Bley, who sat hours before her own portrait, admiring it with profoundest egoism, but his certain admiration was reserved for her artistic appreciations, himself included; which in more than this one instance chimed with his own. I learned thus much before we stopped at her house in Prince's Gate.

"She is American," Ranneken said as we were alighting, "typically so, of good family but poor digestion—like all the smart American ladies."

Her house was exceptionally pleasing; the lighting was well arranged, and colors melted into one another with the perfect blending a trained sense of color achieves. A little fountain splashed amiably in some precinct of potted palms, and all the clocks had nice voices in which they sang the four quarters of every passing hour. Someone beside the upholsterer had thought of the ensemble in this house, and one became aware of it almost before the door opened.

Mrs. Bley received us in a small room, perfectly French, if a little too true to its Louis-Quatorze type to be interesting. She herself was pale, with most of her polish upon her fingernails. Her accent was distinctly distressing, although, like many American ladies while abroad, she feared comments on her native, nasal voice to the extent of conversing in confidential whispers. Much as I admire the women of her country I found Mrs. Bley less fascinating than her sisters.

She gave many orders to the servants abusing priceless articles about her that our attention might be drawn to them. It was impossible not to feel annoyance. Declining tea, we proceeded at once to the portrait.

The world knows now that it is a masterpiece, but I knew it before the world, as I stood there on that suggestive and spring-like afternoon to gaze at our hostess in shining black, her white and luminous face empty of all expression except such as was given it by her eyes, which met my glance like two searchlights, probing the price of things. I was wounded by the blaze of enquiry which shone from them. One of her hands crumpled a fine lace handkerchief and the other spread itself upon a marble pillar, to the advantage of her shapely fingers.

Karge was delighted, sitting before the picture and chuckling with inward chuckles of appreciation. When he did not laugh, he sat devotionally still as one before a shrine; Mrs. Bley whispered with Ranneken.

"Show it first to M. le Comte," I heard him say; "if Karge should make any comments on my work it might be useful to hear them."

Mrs. Bley advanced upon me somewhat coquettishly; and, with her head a little on one side, asked me if I should like to see what she considered one of the greatest pictures of one of the greatest painters of to-day.

"I thought we had just now that privilege," I rejoined, bowing politely to the portrait.

She whispered to me with great archness, "In spite of Mr. Ranneken's subject, this other picture is greater than his." I followed her from the room.

Her just pride in her house so mastered her that she led me over an immense number of rooms and corridors which an infant might have perceived were not on the direct route to the picture gallery.

There was no special feature, architecturally, in this room, whose walls were covered with gilded gunnysacking. An ornate and wonderful lectern supported the best ancient quarto of the "Paradiso." I was ungallantly wondering if she had ever read it when she pointed majestically, as Balboa might have pointed to the Pacific, "silent upon a peak in Darien."

My rather bewildered gaze followed the direction of her indicating forefinger to a painting alone in its true glory on the far wall. I sympathized with the triumphant quality of her voice as she announced her satisfaction with the canvas before us.

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In truth, I was astonished at its beauty, and recognized the picture instantly as Karge's work in his happiest creative moment. Deep in a darkened recess of background, glowed the forge of a smithy, upon which a half clothed, Titanic being blew with a distended bellows. In the foreground, blocking the stream of firelight, sat three little children, reading by the tactile senses in their tiny fingers from huge, raised letters, such as are commonly used for the training of the sightless. Even without this indication of their condition I should have known that they were blind—the listening look on their pale faces, their pointless gaze, told the story of that great privation. Every stroke that laid them living on the canvas was made with a tenderness that was like a mother's touch.

We stood before it in wonder, knowing it to be infinitely greater than the portrait down-stairs. We looked through the dark foreground which was the alcove of a great cavern, to that glowing fire and to the sunshine beyond that. I had never appreciated the light of heaven before, or the gift of sight. The idea of blindness struck home with a smart blow, bringing the tears with it. I had never dreamed Karge capable of such passionate pity, such parental sentiment; I seemed to see with his eyes—the violets of which these children would know nothing but the perfume, the chill wonder of the moon, shining on them in vain, or the swift sympathy of old eyes agaze on young faces.

"This is marvellous," I whispered; "Karge is supreme in this effort."

"Yes," she answered with a glance of comprehension, "his subject has inspired him to a tiny change of manner. You will observe that the figures are bigger than in any other picture of his. The thing is called 'Three Blind Mice'—and don't you adore the little fumbling hands, spelling out words in the darkness. Poor lambs! what can nouns mean to them, who may never see a person, a place, or a *thing?*"

Their deprivation, through a painter's genius, affected me keenly. The thought of their inability saddens me as I write.

III

When at last Karge came to us in the gallery, I saw that he was as profoundly moved by the picture as we had been. He drew up a chair and studied it with a sort of envious sympathy, but he spoke not at all. Changing the electric lights to suit himself, he passed me to turn one out, whispering that the differentiated qualities of fire and sunlight were marvels.

I agreed cheerfully.

"In what year did you paint it, Karge?" Ranneken asked easily.

"I?"

Another light dawned on him slowly: he went forward and took in every detail of the canvas as it stood, and then moved back toward me.

"I never painted it," he avowed wearily, "but I wish from my soul I had. It's a great achievement and I should like it to have my name for a finishing touch."

"It's too palpably yours to need your signature," Mrs. Bley interjected anxiously.

Karge rose absently, and put out a limp hand for anyone who would clasp it in farewell. "This is the second picture," he said in a voice which showed him to be deeply grieved, "which has been sold for mine when I've never put brush to it. Both paintings are better than I can do, and I know I'm a bit sick at being beaten at the only game I can play; still, Mrs. Bley, I *am* beaten, and I'm sorry for it." I followed him down the wide stairs, agape at their gilding and at the strange eclipse which threatened Karge's fame.

He was silent to the verge of gloom as we drove home behind Mrs. Bley's horses and I dared not intrude dispassionate comment upon such painful reflections as I knew his to be. Had he been a Frenchman I should have touched his hand; a woman, and I should have held it. But as he was that least expressive entity in all the range of God's creative activity—an American born who dwells in London—I kept tightly to my corner of the brougham, wishing him of mine own people.

I was further surprised that he began to discuss this great trial at the dinner-table, but perhaps Doyle's wicked little cocktails moved him to speech, or perhaps the "*ensemble de mènage*—so perfect in intention and expression—suggested the supreme comfort of complete confidence. I rose in my own estimation as I saw how complete his confidence was. The scene was one of luxury directed by a master's taste. One felt that the lace cloth was laid for people of

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sufficient taste not to catch their forks in it, for the gross feeder may not use lace tablecloths. In his eagerness to consume food he breaks the web of beauty with an arduous fork. Pursuing such casual reflection, I felt myself a master of all finesse. As I faced Karge I knew that his grief was the crude, unsparing, unthinking disappointment of a beaten man. "I shall never paint again," he declared without heat.

Such a statement, after the modicum of monumental vintage we had consumed, struck me as very serious. "I feel," he continued—"belittled, and—in a way—so very sorry for the genius who crouches behind my manner, and dare not sign either his own name or mine."

I laughed with false cheeriness: "I pity him only if Mrs. Bley catches him," I answered. "She doesn't buy pictures—she invests, and just for a moment she fears to lose her money."

A plate crashed on the stone floor; Doyle had dropped it in his calm transit from sideboard to dining-table. It was a charming plate and I mourned its loss loudly. Not so Karge; his mind was grappling with its own sorrow, he sat back in his chair and looked through me; I took it as a sign of Doyle's absorption in his master that he seemed to have taken on a like mood of oblivion, and served us as if he were a sleepwalker, while Karge's voice came from a far state of trance.

For a moment I seemed to think with him—to keep step with the trouble in his mind. I could see that he felt his art to be mastered by another hand while he himself was vanquished by an impostor.

Presently he made a strange exclamation, pushed his chair from the table and left me without the faintest excuse. I could see that his chagrin was unendurable.

This gloom affected my own spirits. He had long been the idol of skilled painters, and it seemed unjust to me that he should be crushed to silence on the very day that I had achieved an entrance to his usually inaccessible presence. I had counted on quoting his wisdom in crowded gatherings, on being momentarily great with his greatness.

Doyle, too, was wretched. His eyes were wide and frightened, and I saw that he had divined the situation with the satanic readiness of a personal servant. I could not pluck him from my consciousness, the smoke of my cigar could not obscure him; I went to bed weary with Karge's crucial misfortune and with Doyle's too apparent sympathy.

My host made no sign throughout the evening and I respected his aloofness with my whole soul. It was impossible for me to detach my mind from the many changes of the day and to dispose myself favorably to sleep.

I lived over again our embarkation at Calais, I endured once more my servant's excitement at seeing London, the swift and swaying train rushing over a perfect roadbed; and then I recalled Karge's hand-clasp of welcome and our delightful hour. Ranneken and the scenes at Mrs. Bley's golden house returned upon my quickened senses, and the day would not begone. At first I read, and then lay still in darkness, with many words of impatience a-quiver on my lips. I took a little Cognac, and just as I was about to sleep, the dawn pointed at me with a ghostly finger—a long ray of English daylight penetrating a broken slat in the shutter. I got up and bathed; and, with an insomniac's relief that the night is really over, sat by the open window, wondering if Karge were lighter hearted than when we had faced each other at his dinner-table.

The street was filled with perfunctory people; milkmen, boys attending bread barrows and emitting shrill whistles, newspaper distributors, and window-box waterers. A young man fled by the house in evening clothes and evident confusion, two sick-nurses chatted gaily of the last moments of their last patient, and I could catch the grim things they said in their pretty voices. A jaded cab horse saved his sore feet as he lagged his way back to the stand. The early hours of metropolitan day are atrocious; the sleeping world turns over on its seamy side for one last nap. It seemed less awful to be blind as I gazed on ugliness than when I had seen the glorious and dancing lights in the pictured cavern at Mrs. Bley's, and realized that the three children's eyes were forever closed to them. I leaned out of the window suddenly, for a strange figure caught my eye.

A girl, not over fourteen, turned the corner and faced my window. She wore a scarf tied tightly over her streaming brown

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hair, and a shawl, fastened more tightly still, across her strong shoulders. She hesitated, turning first to the thoroughfare and then to the quieter street in which Karge dwelt. In the course of her hasty veering, I saw her face clearly, a countenance of shining peace and imperturbable content. I had never seen its like.

She stepped to the railing of a great house at the street corner, and ran so light and swift a hand over it that it seemed like a flying thing, distinct and separate from her other members. She paused—listening for something, and then quietly crossed the street.

When she reached our house she felt for the bronze column at the base of the steps, and then sat quietly down at the servants' entrance, directly beneath my window.

Watching these people in the street made me long to be with them; I dressed, turned the great key in the Italian door, and breathed the stinging air of an English morning. Sauntering on, I found myself under Karge's windows; the shutters were tightly closed, and, with the feeling that one intrudes, which ever comes in the presence of sleep or death, I strode quickly toward the thoroughfare. In an instant I came sharply upon the child, swathed in shawl and scarf.

"You wait patiently," I observed.

"I am too early," she answered. "The houses are never opened until the window-box sprinklers are finished, and I hear their hose now, playing on the flowers."

The faint sound of sprinkling seemed to jump at me from the silence. I was appalled at the preternatural sharpness of the child's hearing.

"Are you one of Mr. Karge's maids?" I enquired.

"I? No." She laughed as if the idea of such occupation amused her. "My father was his steward, but he came home too tired every night, and now he's too ill to come any more."

"Is his name Doyle?" I asked to make sure.

"His name is Espey," she said firmly; "he sent me to say that he is too ill to work. If you know Mr. Karge and would tell him, I could get away back, before there are so many horses up and about. Tell him that father's ill, I mean."

I promised to tell him.

She thanked me. And I wondered that her wide-open eyes had never sought my face.

She rose and turned toward the thoroughfare. I kept abreast of her and as we reached the curb, she paused to listen in the perfect stillness.

"It's all right," she declared briefly, "no wagon's near."

I cried out: "Your hearing is phenomenal!"

She faced me quietly. "That is because I am blind," she explained. "We're all blind but father. My two sisters and I have never seen. In Paris—where we felt the gayety we could not see—we were called 'The Three Blind Mice.'"

She bowed, with a grace beyond her years, and stepped serenely away from me, through the bleak serenity of that English morning.

But what a tribute to my birthplace! "We felt the gayety we could not see." She had said it sincerely, since she could not see that I am French.

IV

KARGE'S housemaid was shaking a rug on the doorstep as I returned, shaking it as a terrier shakes a rat.

"Doyle is not coming back," I announced quietly; "can you make Mr. Karge comfortable without him? His messenger left word with me that illness forces him to give up his position here."

The housemaid was deeply astonished. "He is so fond of Mr. Karge, sir," she said timidly, "that he'll come back directly he's well again, no doubt, sir."

I saw her later, moving about in the dining-room, taking up Doyle's duties with a clattering of cups and plates which emphasized the loss of the household.

When Karge strolled in for breakfast I determined not to tell him of his servant's departure until he had had his coffee. To restrain a communicative impulse at first is often not to tell one's news at all, and I was heartily glad of my restraint when I saw how his housemaid shocked him when she said that Doyle was gone.

"Doyle, gone?" he asked amazed. "My wits will be leaving next!"

"He was ill," I explained, "too ill to

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work. You will remember he was seedy last evening."

"Upon my word," Karge replied, "I was too seedy myself to notice him. Misfortunes never come singly. I've lost my artistic prestige and the only perfect servant in the world at one throw."

"Your prestige," I cried anxiously, "is conspicuously unimpaired. "Doyle has *la grippe*, and all persons in the early stages of that illness entertain excessive views and behave like so many wildcats. Moreover, all servants are impossible when ill; you will have observed that they make all the trouble possible; observe also, that when Doyle's fever abates he will return to his post. In the meantime, tell me where he lives."

"I don't know," Karge declared; "probably some of my people know. If he's ill, Du Belsoze, I want him to have the best advice. I suppose that no one can suffer more than I suffer to-day, and I think all that makes me tender toward Doyle. People say you can't love a servant, but I love him. He was such an amusing chap, all the claptrap he talked about art! Perfectly disgusting bunkum, cheap, plutocratic rhapsody, about genius and the quality of color. He used to be taken that way after we'd had a tea-party here. I think, as he stoked the ladies with food, he caught some of the nothingnesses the dear things were saying."

"Doubtless," I rejoined amiably. I was not quite sure of it.

Mr. Ranneken had asked me to call upon him, and although I was convinced that he would hardly expect me at so early an hour or upon a day so near to our first meeting, I determined to seek him at once. I enquired of everyone in Karge's dwelling for Doyle's address, but none of them had the least idea of where he lived. One maid knew that "it was about an half mile to the left of us, or beyond it," and another believed his house to stand "in a bit of Bloomsbury, or maybe to one side," so I proceeded at once to Ranneken, without any clear idea of why I sought him, but hopeless of finding Karge's paragon by any direct method.

The Dutchman's house was a model of beauty and neatness, set in a perfectly slummy precinct. Stables breathed on me and infamous odors of elementary cooking vied with those of the mews. Bright brasses winked facetiously as the hall door opened into a very Dutch interior, and a cross Amsterdam butler told me that the painter was at work.

"Of course he is at work," I agreed urbanely, "but my business is urgent, and therefore I disturb him. Beg of him to receive me; I promise to be brief with him and liberal with you."

After his long absence above stairs, I went with him to a little lift, which creaked in toilsome ascension to the topmost floor. I stepped from it to a marvellous salon, where mediæval furniture of great beauty was judiciously grouped with flourishing shrubs. The sun streamed into one corner of the apartment, making the effect of this London room strangely exotic. I observed this in following the testy servant to a side door, where he tapped with the authority of a policeman.

A great voice cried out in Dutch and I crossed the threshold of Ranneken's studio to find him reading Hans Andersen's "Bildebuch" and eating scrambled eggs.

"I am so busy this morning," he annouced without shame, "that had it been anyone other than you, I should have had to deny myself his society. I am desperately interested in this strange freak of Karge's, this swearing he never painted what he alone can paint. He always was an extraordinary goose of a genius."

"Do you think," I cried, "that he painted that picture when he swears he didn't?"

"Who else could paint it? Of course he did."

"Of course he didn't," I answered mournfully. "Why, he would have given worlds to have painted it."

Ranneken took the topmost note from a pile of unopened letters, and thrusting its corner into the flame under his tea-kettle, lit his pipe before speaking: "Do you think Karge sane?" he then enquired cheerfully.

"Yes," I said, "I do."

"I don't," he cried crudely; "he's as mad as a hatter."

I leaned back, unconvinced, and watched him smoke.

"Did you ever," I asked finally, "meet a painter called Espey?"

"I have seen his work in the old days in Paris," he answered. "Some fearfully

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strong portraits; but I rather think he's dead, for no one has heard of him in ten years."

I rose; "I see how busy you are," I said graciously. "I have, oddly enough, an idea, and I shall now leave you to pursue it. Good-day!"

He called after me that Mrs. Bley was furious, believing as I did that Karge had not painted the picture.

"Women guess well," I called back in a voice of thunder.

V

THE accomplishment of my idea developed difficulties after the first thrill of its dawning had flooded the situation with light; for I had determined to find my blind and radiant messenger, and to let her lead me to Doyle, who should clear up all which pained Karge and perplexed me. It had seemed wonderfully easy, as I had watched the scrambled eggs disappearing in Ranneken's studio. Without—in my sorry cab—it assumed the characteristics of a needle hunted in a haystack. I suffered premonitions of defeat.

Being near to Charing Cross station, I bethought me of ways and means to reach la France again, and directed my morose driver to the terminal, with the desire men often have of letting detail divert them from real duty.

The "guichet" was besieged with sharply articulate Americans, and I found myself obliged to wait while they chaffed the ticket seller. I felt annoyance. On my right was an almsbox for the benefit of The Long Nosed Widows of Blackheath, on my left a like receptacle for Lord Phutliver's Favored Orphans or the Destitute Minors of Kent, beyond was a tin box whose pennies were for General Booth, and beyond that again a tiny standard was raised on behalf of the Chelsea Educational Establishment for the Deserving Blind.

The idea was reinforced; I forgot schedules and tickets. My blind girl was probably of Chelsea where her father worked; also evidently her tactile sense was instructed. I ran from that station like a little boy and hailing a smarter cab set off, excited, to the Establishment for those Deserving Blindness.

The approach to that institution is bordered by attenuated poplars and I was pondering the distressed effect they presented, when my eye was arrested by a desirable brougham affixed to a pair of capable and shapely horses. A face flashed greeting, and a look that was something more, at me just as the vehicle passed my own. It was Mrs. Bley's face and its expression was anxious. In a moment, I divined her mission and with the prompting of expediency took out my card, which reads "le Compte du Belsoze."

I added to it in pencilled writing "Director of the Armagnac Blind Asylum." I have not been in Armagnac.

Mrs. Bley, too, had thought of searching for the models of the "Three Blind Mice!" Had I not said that women guess well?

She was standing within the building at a mammoth office desk, as I approached, and her whole appearance bespoke mental anxiety and excessive care of her person; every hair was disposed to the best advantage, and the faint, artificial color on her cheeks was laid there with a consummate touch.

She was talking excitedly to a bearded official, a passively offensive person, whom merely to see was to detest. Bowing to them both, I presented my card to him; he became attentive to me on the instant, drawing me aside after motioning Mrs. Bley to a chair.

"It is not our custom to show this institution except on Thursdays," he said in a loud voice, "but to you," he added softly, glancing again at the self-imposed dignity upon my card, "it is open at any time. Just step into my office until I rid myself of this determined lady."

I obeyed.

Mrs. Bley was not in the hall as I left the office with Mr. Rook, the superintendent, at whom she had evidently charmed with intent to kill, but in whom she had raised mere indignation. By nature confidential, he told me that his visitor had been insistent. I remember being embarrassed by his dropping h's, which sounded loudly in my ears and in the long and silent halls.

"My special interest in your institution," I proclaimed largely and at last, "is caused by a child called Espey, whose charming appearance and radiant manner have interested all of us who sympathize with the privation of the blind."

"The three Espeys," Rook answered,

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"are marvels. Laura is now the most promising. She is the eldest one. We teach her by herself, hindividually, do you see. I'll show her to you. Why, she's actually composing hepics for the birthdays of Crowned 'Eads. She's the Hay One specimen of the Gifted Blind in the United Kingdom. She could be in the daily paper every week. But her father is what the Americans call a crank; he won't have her picture published. Not but what he's a good father, paying liberally for her separate tuition. He's probably an ignorant fellow, and there you are, sir!"

I have no surviving impression of the class-rooms—rows of desks at which the sightless groped a handicapped course along the toilsome way of letters; and ever my aching heart responded to the pang of the Three Blind Mice, and I thought with veneration of a burning genius who had forged the style of his adoration for them and had, moreover, in the same cause, I doubted not, served tea and soup for them at Karge's. I was unbearably perturbed by the whole matter.

"Would you care to see the Espey now?" the superintendent asked me, taking out a big watch. "She'll be nearly through with lessons, sir, if you'd care to peek in on her."

"By all means," I nearly shouted, as we moved down a long hall, ill-lighted and depressing.

He opened a door but the merest crack, through which he invited me to look in dumb show. As I crept forward in response to his gesture, I was conscious of an excitement so great that I felt ill and giddy.

But the sound of Doyle's messenger's sweet voice roused me. She was reciting in a hesitant, appreciative way, her two hands flying like white birds from letter to letter in the raised text before her.

She read:

"Only reapers, reaping early,"
"In among the bearded barley,
Hear a sound which echoes clearly——"

"I hear a sound, Miss Babbitt," she declared, "and the door is open."

The full light of day with its glory so pathetically denied her, bathed her, exquisite and expectant, in its fullest brilliance. I tried to picture one's life without sunlight, but the effort hurt me: "Little Messenger," I said, "it is I to whom you gave your father's message this morning. I want to ask now how he is."

Her instructress dismissed her and she came to me as directly, as if she saw: "I don't know how he is, quite," she answered; "I am going now to see."

"I will go with you," I replied, and turning, made my adieux to Mr. Rook. He asked me for the Annual Report of the Asile d' Armagnac and I booked his address that I might not forget to despatch one.

VI

THE child had put her hand in mine quite trustingly, and we moved along together like old friends. If the oak really loves the ivy, it may feel as I did when those supple, interrogative fingers—human tendrils—twined themselves upon mine. Every bachelor treasures the moments when children turn to him in trust.

We moved quietly onward until within a few paces of the glass doors which gave on the street. Laura ran lightly forward then, and pushed the door wide.

It was hard to believe her blind—her memory and other faculties tried so hard to make up for her lack of sight.

When I put her in the hansom I had no idea of what to do next.

I spoke Karge's address automatically, as one will say anything that has lain a long time in the mind and knows its way to the lips, as it were. The cabby repeated what I had ventured with business-like precision; and, in an instant, we were on our way.

"I have never gone in hansoms before," my companion said quietly; "please tell me about them."

I described them—fore and aft. I had gotten as far as the pin beneath the cab's body upon which the vehicle rests when not in motion. I had described just how it takes the weight from the horse—when we pulled up before Karge's door. He was standing in the vestibule, watching a flower-man fill his brazier with fresh violets.

"Karge," I said, "No one can help Doyle but you; he is ill; come."

He stepped to the cab without question, but stopped suddenly, eyeing its occupant. A wave of angry color went over his face, but the child's sweet serenity checked his first impulse to speak.

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"Who is it?" he asked.

Snatching at my sleeve he forced me away and said to me with rage—"A nice creature to bring to me. It is a blind mouse, I tell you—the high light in the nest of them."

"Yes," I answered blankly, "she *is* blind. Jump in, old friend. I pay this cab by the hour."

He got in and the child sat quietly compressed between us. Karge's eyes never left her face, his glance was sidelong but intent as he squeezed himself unhappily into his corner to accomplish a continuous sight of her.

I wondered what we could do next. I had given no direction to our driver who fumbled at the window above our heads.

"Your number?" I said to the child.

She gave it and we drove off rapidly, but only a moment before Mrs. Bley's carriage drove up to Karge's door. I was thankful to have escaped her.

It transpired that Doyle's rooms were near at hand, in Mrs. Partington's Model Mews—light, airy, and noisy with the voices of her prize-winning dogs. There was a big stable under his apartment and a long flight of steps leading up to it. There was something birdlike in Laura as she mounted them.

She did not knock, but opened the door with a key, and we followed close at her heels, finding ourselves in a big, bare room with a great window opposite the doorway. Two little girls were playing at "Cats-cradle;" and, on a lounge in the corner, Doyle was miserably huddled, his face buried in a pillow. He stood up as we entered, but catching sight of Karge, turned slowly away—his whole bearing tragic with shame and with despair.

I went to him and touched him as pitifully as I dared: "Espey," I said quietly, "don't be afraid to tell us everything. Just get these nice little girls out of the way first, though."

"Laura," he commanded, "take your sisters into your room."

Karge was silent. We sat facing one another until the sound of their light steps gave way to stillness.

"They were born blind?" I enquired, as lightly as I could.

"All three," Doyle answered. "Mr. Karge," he went on in a voice not always steady, "when I was your pupil in Paris for the only season you ever taught, I never meant to forge your style, or be your butler, or do any of the things I've done that are so beneath me."

"I suppose not," Karge assented—his voice was cruel.

"I remember"—Espey looked at me with pleading eyes—wild for mercy—"that you wrote me a letter, Mr. Karge, about my portrait of Graf Grönfeldt. You said it was a noble portrait; a great promise, which only a great career could redeem. Well—Grönfeldt's executors wouldn't pay for it, although his son got a foreign embassy by giving it to the National Museum."

Doyle paused, and shot a glance at Karge's face, which had not softened.

"I was very nearly in despair," he continued, "when they put off my payment, because I'd begun to educate our children rather lavishly. I thought I was a great painter and I made myself liable for a lot of money. Just then I got an order from General Pridereau—to paint him for the arsenal at Toulon. Gentlemen, you can never know the joy that letter brought me. I went to Paris at once, and found that he had been killed in a balloon ascension on the afternoon of my arrival."

"H'm," was all that Karge said to this, but there was mercy in his tone. Doyle looked at me as he told his tale, and I eyed Karge.

"Then I came back to London," his voice was a mere shamed thread of sound. "I painted that Aurora Borealis thing that Mr. Rondel bought, not because I was imitating criminally, but because I was thinking of you, Mr. Karge, I had you always in my mind. Your praise had heartened me. One day Lumm, of Bond Street, saw the picture, and told me I was too poor a man to hang on to such a good example of your work. He offered me a thousand pounds for it."

"The swine!" Karge interrupted, "if only as my work it was worth more——"

I felt encouraged.

"I was glad to let it go," Doyle answered, but his voice had more hope in it. "I didn't tell him it wasn't yours. Buyers demand names, and I forged yours as much as if I'd written it. Oh, I realize that I'm to blame. But when I heard what that Vienna Doctor

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"Is his name Doyle?" I asked to make sure.—Page 60.

was doing for blindness, I forged again. I think," he burst out, "I should have kept a rag of manhood to cover my misery if I'd signed 'Karge,' as you do. I could have done it. They gave me more money for 'The Three Mice,' but the children can't see a thing for all that. Oh, Mr. Karge, they're the best little girls in the world and their father must drag about with them in hiding, afraid of a hand on his shoulder and the officer's voice in his ears."

"Did you not"—Karge's voice was so stern that I hated him momentarily—"enter my service expressly to perfect yourself in my style?"

"I did not, I did not," Doyle cried heartbrokenly; "I went to your house to tell you what I'd done, and when I was shown into the studio you said—without looking up from your work, "Do you want to be the butler? All right, come on Wednesday." I planned to tell you every day that I was in your service, but I never could——"

"You used to get near it in those art talks of yours," Karge observed bitterly. "You don't appreciate my position," he added;

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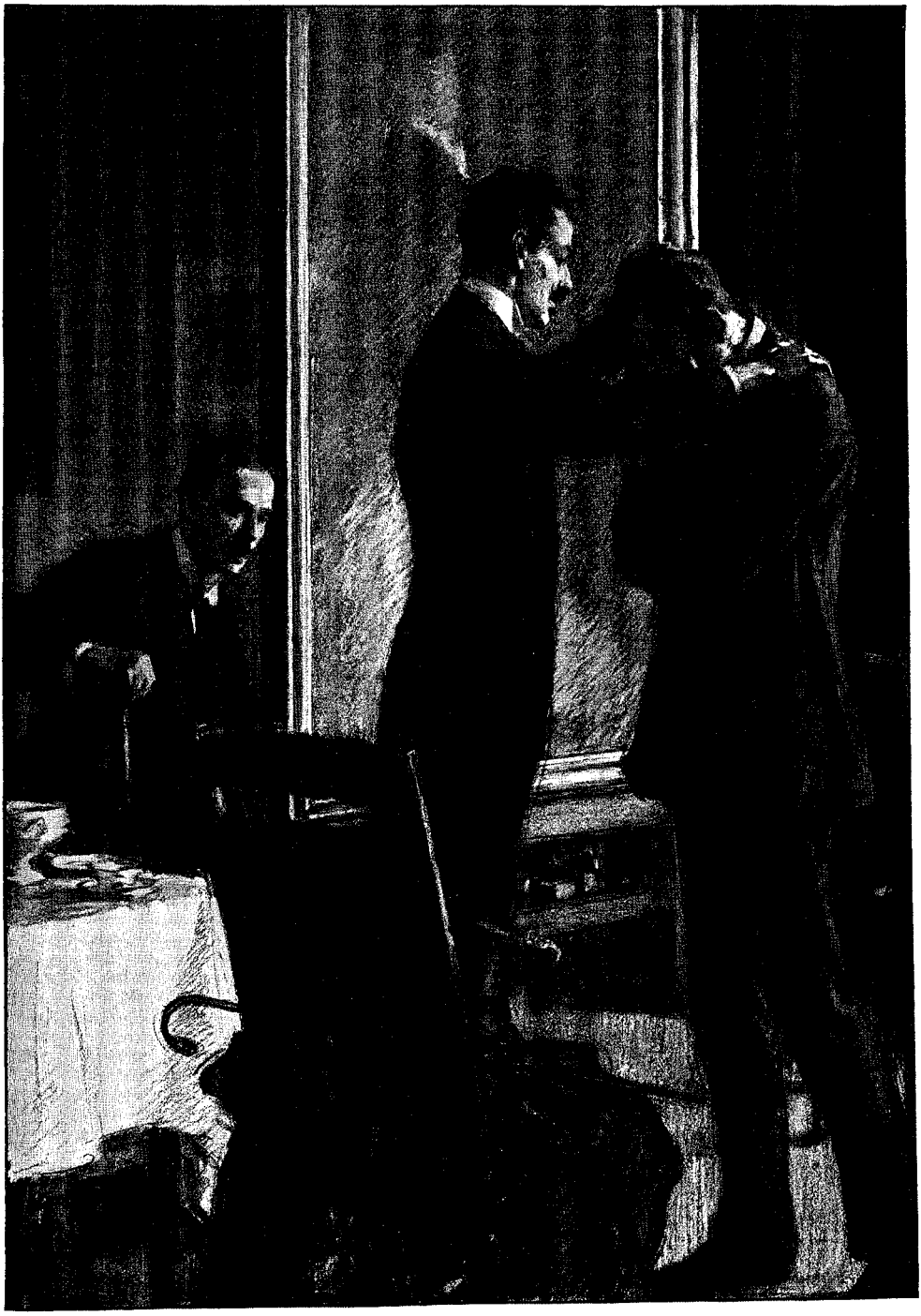

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor.

"I saw the elder painter's hand rest like a forgiving father's on his head."—Page 67.

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"it will soon be known that some one can paint like me, but better than I can, and I shall be beaten at my own game, while your fortune will be made. I'm in the past, and you've pushed me there——"

"I swear," Doyle almost screamed, "that I'll never paint like you again. I don't enjoy doing it. I think this is my knack, gentlemen."

He pulled down an old green cloth that looked like a slinking portière, and we looked at the portrait disclosed—speechless with admiration and astonishment. It was Karge's portrait, grave Karge, Karge the personage—his alert eye, supple hand, and graceful figure. On a chair, near by, sat Laura Espey demurely knitting, enwrapped in sunny calm. A little bush of gardenias flowered whitely against her rusty hair and Karge's portrait of his Mother blessed him from a darkened background. The thing was inimitable, and I said so, and then silence fell upon us.

Karge broke it. "I have seen three great pictures since this time yesterday," he cried, "and, by ——, Doyle, two of 'em are yours."

We took chairs and studied the portrait, none of us feeling it absurd that two persons should be painted together, who had met only in the fancy of a painter who bore them constantly in mind.

I took Doyle aside and talked with him earnestly. I told him a little plan I had made and saw that he liked it. It hurt me to think that he had served me at table and had witnessed my gastronomic weaknesses. I watched him as he pleaded with Karge, and presently I saw the elder painter's hand rest like a forgiving father's on his head.

"We are going to Mrs. Bley's to have another look at the Mice," he said turning to me, "and no one but us three is ever to know its history."

We went below to the cab. Laura was singing above and sweetly, and Mrs. Bley's carriage passed ours again as we turned toward her little palace in Mayfair.

VII

She greeted us just within her doorway.

"Is it not remarkable," I cried, "that I know but one lady in London, and that it is my privilege to pass her equipage three times in one morning."

"Yes," she said sharply, "and the little girl you had with you was one of the mice."

"Yes," I replied, but suavely, "I met her at Mr. Karge's. I think her as charming as he did."

"May we see the portrait again?" Karge asked quite humbly, "Mr. Espey is the proud father of these charming children, and I want him to see that I did them justice——"

"Then you don't deny painting it?" Mrs. Bley's eyes were round with wonder.

"My good woman," he cried crossly, "can't you take a little joke? Where were your eyes? We were chaffing you. Take off your hat, put on your pince-nez and come look at the bellows in the picture—please do."

We went like three conspirators to her gallery and while I watched the door, Karge pulled a tiny knife from Espey's pocket. He scraped "Karge" on the bellows in the pictured Titan's hands and handed the little implement back again. And then the father of the Mice became gracefully hysterical; he kissed the hand which held the knife just as Mrs. Bley swept in.

"I hope you'll pardon the liberty we took in jesting with you," Karge said to her gravely, "and I hope you will show your pardon by coming to see Mr. Espey's portrait of me painted with his little daughter. Mr. Espey," he added, "will shortly prove himself one of the strong painters of this century."

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Mr. Blashfield's decorative painting at the College of the City of New York.

—The Field of Art.—Page 125.

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THE PRAYER OF PAN

By William Hervey Woods

"But I, I have no soul!"—
The voice arose,
Man's tone, but with an intake spent and slow
And shuddering, like a child's; while twilight gray
Between the dawn and day, when old men die,
Wrapped the wet woods, and made the ruined shrine
And that goat-footed shape that huddled there,
Shadowy as dreams.
And startled night-folk shy
With poisèd foot and doubting senses heard
The prayer of Pan.
"Wilt thou not let me be,
Thou harrier of Olympus? All are gone,
Gone and forgot who once kept court with Jove,
Save only me, and me thou followest hard.
I know thee, who thou art, and whom thou madest
Thy messenger; for once in Jericho's
Fig-orchards hiding, all unseen I saw,
(Unseen of men, but naked still to thee,)
Saw Him whose name thou wilt not let me speak,
Stoop down and take from woman-arms a babe,
And knew him mother of all motherhood,
By what dread names so e'er in other worlds
They throne him. But for me, he will not look
On me. I have no soul."
He paused, and still
The drear autumnal rain forgot to drip,
And winds of daybreak, on which passing souls
Go winging hence, were dumb: they had not known
Till now what wailing meant.
"Why must I die,"—
Again the pleading voice—"who am not man,
And yet not all a beast, but, beast or man,
Wholly thy creature's creature, and not thine?
I have not fought against thee, but of old
Believed and trembled; yea, thou pitiful
To all but me, be judge if poor old Pan,
Goat-hoofed, goat-hearted, piping in the wood
His silly tunes, e'er set himself for ill
To aught of thine? And yet thou bidd'st me now
Die, and be done. Be done! No more to see
How silently the earth puts on the day,
And with what conscious majesty the stars
Into their kingdom come; to hear no more
Converse of growing leaves, and winds at play,
And silvery-laughing streams, nor aye at dusk
When dewy breezes o'er the copses sigh,
To scent the flowers of night. To die, to cease,
And mid quick Nature's teeming turmoil, lie

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Mere earth, a clot of trampled ooze! Alas,
Would I had been thy beast, thy sparrow small,
The worthless, happy thing that, falling, knows
Its Maker by, and watching. Kind art thou,
Yea, kind to all thine own; but I am Pan,
The beast, outcast, unowned, and dying."
Then
A sudden wind arose, and ceased: a sound,
A sense of some great footstep coming, shook
The bristling wood: all earth was ear: ev'n stones
Listened by curdling brooks, and 'neath the hills
The dawn itself stood waiting. He who prayed
Had now an unseen audience.
"Lo, I go,
As Jove went and his compeers," thus the voice,
Now but a whisper low; "yet, ere I pass,
One boon I crave, who have not asked before
Or gift or grace:—Thou unforgetting God,
Forget who calls thee now, and smiling down,
Think me a man, thy foolish, erring man,
Who, childlike, oft hath brought his bruisèd heart,
And cried thee, 'Oh, and Oh, my Father!' Yea,
As such an one appraise me; yet, not now
Send help or pity, but for once, ay, once,
Give me to praise. Lend me a human soul,
And teach me hallelujahs!"
Was it heard,
That pagan prayer? Who knows? But sweet, Oh, sweet,
The charmèd air that now, not sound alone,
But ripest harvests of each single sense,
Thrilled on the ear. Moonlight was there, and dew,
The violet's fragrance and the thrush's hymn,
Grace of the fawn, and touches silken-soft
As moving shadows' kisses, married all
In that one throbbing psalm. Yea, and white dreams
That lonely haunt Himalayan peaks remote
Of Manhood, things too high, too faint, too far,
For spoken prayer or praising, in that strain
Poured forth their worship, till the dreary wood
Seemed Eden ere the first star-songs of dawn
Lapsed into silence.
Thrice the music soared
And sank. And last, again that sobbing breath,
"My Father, Oh, my Father!" broke and ceased.
And day's red lances pierced the silent shrine.

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THE WAGES OF HONOR

By Katherine Holland Brown

JUNE sunlight, dimmed to silver by drifting morning haze, lay broad on the great campus, and chequered the flagged Elm Walk with flickering arabesque of twig and leaf. The thick young grass was still fleeced gray with heavy dew; the banners and bunting which draped the gaunt college doorways, and wreathed the flamboyant arches, that rose at intersecting paths along the Seniors' line of march, hung moveless in the warm, sweet air. The day above was calm as sleep. Yet through it swung a great quickening pulse of expectation. This fragrant morning silence, with its green peaceful vistas, its blue unfathomed depths of sky, seemed merely the background, admirably planned, set with wise thought and fine unswerving skill, for the climax of some gracious play; for the last act of the long college year.

The President viewed its beauty placidly as he stepped from his decorous threshold and walked down his shaded garden, then across to the Old Main Portico. Already the broad green spaces were filling with an eager crowd. It was not yet nine o'clock; yet there must be five or six thousand people on the grounds, he considered. Another hour, and the great lawns would be a living flood. He narrowed his tired old eyes against the sunlight, and reflected. There had been barely five hundred in the audience at his first commencement in this college, thirty-six years ago. And five hundred had seemed a majestic assemblage in those days. However, thirty-six years was a good while back; a long while.

From the top step of Main Portico, the point of outlook deferentially accorded him, he could look across the campus, east, north, south, to the three great groups of departmental buildings: medicine; engineering; law. Their lank walls, too raw and new for the sheathing ivy which softened Old Main, flaunted gay with flags and college colors; their broad steps, and the oval plots below, were crowded with Seniors in cap and gown, already falling into irregular frolicking line. From the Library front rose suddenly the clamor and thump of the favorite college quickstep, played by the college band. The students joined in, with uproarious vim. Even the President caught himself humming the jubilant air. Then he checked himself, and turned with grave official courtesy to meet the first detachment of his colleagues, who, in unwonted and perspiring pomp of mortar-boards and doctor's hoods, were taking their stand on the steps around him.

"Fine clear day for the Seniors, isn't it?" The Dean of the School of Mines nodded to the President, smiling. His handsome cordial face was flushed and beaded from his rapid walk; his deep voice rang with a sonorous mellowed note. "Though for my part I can't remember a Commencement Day that wasn't clear—and hot, too; hot as blazes, 'specially my own." He laughed out, tugging at his billowy exasperating sleeves. "Twenty-one years ago to-day, by Jove! Our class, '86, was the first to reach the hundred mark. How cocky we were, to be sure! And here this year's class grazes the thousand! Remember our class, Doctor?"

The President nodded, absently. He did remember; not only the class, but the boy who, in these twenty-one years, had grown into this bluff recognized authority. A lean, scared, awkward gangling cub, with feet several sizes too big for his lank ankles, with brawny red wrists sprouting from the skimp sleeves of his shiny black coat, with a rough-hewn honest young face, and a voice whose gruff, shy tones already held the note of steadfast dominant purpose which had ruled all his staunch useful years. Certainly he remembered. He recalled, too, that it was upon his urgent recommendation that the youngster had won his first chance, as a staff assistant, to prove himself.

A slow smile bent the President's clean-cut old mouth. There had been other boys of his choosing. Ballard, of '79, for instance. Ballard, who, starting in a yellow-headed stuttering hobbledehoy of

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twenty, had built up the School of Engineering, year by year, until, from a listless fumbling course of mathematics, alternated with straggling hours of drawing and half-hearted shop-work, it now stood systematized, thorough-going, powerful, a centre of service to half the continent. There was Curtin, of '80, whose infinite capacity for hard work, and whose boundless gift for bullying, had wrung from a stiff-necked and rebellious legislature appropriation after appropriation, till his laboratories rivalled the great European schools in equipment and in efficiency. There was Pope, slow, humorous, gentle, always a little behind-hand, who had spent the marrow of his working years in reorganizing his law courses, but who now stood secure in the knowledge that no department of the University could excel his own, in solidity of fundamentals, in perfection of detail. Not a man among them but had accomplished some definite service for his college. They were all born masters; able, resourceful, confident; picked men. And he himself had picked them, each for his work, with unerring sight.

The harsh disheartened furrow across his forehead yielded a little. Throughout these thirty-six years, his own work for the college had been a thing of shreds and patches. He had never found time to build up one department, to plan one single course. But at least he had known how to choose the men who could achieve. At least he had accomplished that much for his University. Although that was little enough. Year after year, he had planned some one complete and rounded undertaking: year after year had sped past, each day crowded to the farthest hour with the myriad scattering duties that left no time for the one real achievement. He had had to learn smatterings of twenty professions in order to fill one. He must be teacher, architect, orator, financier, diplomat, in turn. His record was all odds and ends; here, a method learned from some earlier educator; there, a promising theory, adapted and developed. He had never originated, never created; although he knew that, had he once put aside these clamoring lesser needs, and given himself peace and leisure, he could have created, and superbly. The hand of the maker was his, he knew, by unfaltering instinct. Instead, limited in resources, harassed for time, he had built up his school painfully, bit by bit, with the borrowed labors of other workers, with the borrowed thoughts and plans of others wiser than himself. His whole life had this borrowed aspect. Even his commencement address to-day, he reflected, with irritation, would be a Joseph's coat; a patch of quotation, an historical parallel, a resounding although battered platitude, a gilded fringe of poetical allusion, the pilfered thoughts of other men, pieced together into a motley jumbled whole. . . .

He straightened his lean old shoulders with an impatient fling. Thirty-six years! He smiled, a bit grimly, to remember how, in his commencement addresses of those earlier days, unable to find time and heart to originate, he had toiled to make his quotings and his truisms sound fresh, inspiring. He saw himself, with whimsical pity, that first year of his presidency, a tired over-strung man of forty, entering upon his new work in a mood half-prayerful, half-desperate, weighed down to terror by the vastness of his undertaking, its merciless responsibilities. There had been ninety-one Seniors in the graduating class in 1871, his first year. He chuckled as he remembered how heavily the burden of those ninety-one young futures had hung upon him; how he had slaved, night after night, already dull and witless from his long day's work, to give them some message which should go forth with them, a guiding memory. His second self, that quiet impassive bystander, stood back and looked at his life, amused, yet with compassion. Here he stood, a very tired old man, still in harness, though he had long since passed his allotted span. He was living and working on borrowed time—forever a borrower! . . .

He felt a sudden ugly envy of these others, his subordinates. Douglass, with his School of Mines; Curtin, with his laboratories; Pope, with his law courses; even old John, the head gardener, with his clipped hedges, his velvet lawns, his idolized rose-gardens. If he himself could only point to one building, one course of study, one flower-bed, even! And the final sting lay in the knowing that, even could his life be given back to him, to shape again, he would be powerless to undertake its re-

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building. True, it was only a mass of fragments, a scrap of mosaic; but it was so intricately set, so fitted into the bends and turns of other lives, so framed into the structure of the school itself, that of his own will he could never dare to ask its change. His hour to create, to give of his own soul's inheritance, had slipped through his hands. The years to come would be as the years gone, a narrowing caravan of hueless days. Yet his soul hungered with the deep inarticulate hunger of every other human soul, to wrest some one achievement that should be absolutely his own: to leave some mark upon the trodden road of his own time. . . .

A blare of music crashed across the lawns. Down the long path came the Senior procession, an endless double line of straight young figures in wide-flowing black, of flushing faces and gay eager eyes, of stately young heads held high. The President looked down on their brave pageant with a vague quiet gaze. Past these nine hundred crowding faces he seemed to see, dimly thronging, innumerable, the faces of those thousand, thousand others, the boys and girls who had marched down that blossoming path through the years so long gone. For the moment, his look shadowed, dully. Then he turned to the procession again.

The Engineering Class swung now into view; rank on rank, keen, clear-eyed, spirited, confident, with their eagle look of concentration, early learned, their striding gait of the outdoor world. He met Ballard's proud eyes upon them. No wonder. Then came the graduates in medicine, Curtin's boys; he caught Curtin's deep-drawn stealthy breath of satisfaction as they tramped cheering by. Then Pope's law class; he need not look across the portico to see Pope bend toward them, red spots on his gaunt cheek-bones, his dull eyes shining. Well, they had a right to their complacency, these other fellows. Every man of them had set himself a definite certain task for the University. Every man of them had attained his end, had made good his pledge. Certainly, you could not wonder.

The long morning of exercises dragged, interminably. To the President, sitting erect and tranquil on the broad stage, backed by his serried Faculty, each separate minute went on feet of lead. The huge auditorium, crowded to its walls, first with the class itself, then with the countless multitude of their relatives and friends, was a pit of smothering heat. The programme, unnecessarily elaborate, dragged its slow length through soul-wearying hitches and delays. The audience sighed and fanned, and rustled, and whispered. From time to time, exhausted groups fled, sheepishly, to the outer air. The orator of the day, a famous diplomat, could not hold the people to even a surface interest. He was a man of exceptional powers, and of charming presence; his address, scholarly, felicitous, brilliantly original, fell on his limp hearers, flawless sentence by sentence, never rousing a ripple of response. Sheer discomfort, long drawn out, had numbed them to apathy.

The President looked down on them with amused commiseration. A pet catch-phrase—"Cheer up; the worst is yet to come!" floated through his mind. The worst, indeed, was yet to come; his own speech, his Farewell to the class. It was a borrowed effort, a patchwork, as usual. He winced as he thought how banal it would sound, how obvious must be its guileless plagiarisms, its well-worn appeals, following upon the orator's fine balanced arguments, his vivid individuality of phrase, his suave engaging logic. However, it was the best that he could do. With the growing self-distrust of old age, he dreaded to risk his own judgments. Better the faded axioms of another than glittering bombast of his own.

The orator concluded his peroration with an eloquent flourish of trumpets. There followed thunderous applause. Through its reverberations one heard the heart-felt sigh of unutterable relief.

The President rose, bowed slightly to his colleagues, and stepped forward. There was a quick patter of applause, then silence.

As he looked down at his people, the man felt for the thousandth time an inexplicable sensation: the sensation which he always experienced when he found himself facing a great college audience. He had no easy illusions. He knew himself an unassuming speaker, and one without magnetism. Yet, with his first word, he could perceive, always, the instant attuning of his hearers to his mood. He could feel

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his audience swing to his hand, like a turning boat. He could never understand his hold upon them. It made him feel bored, a little foolish. To-day, as he looked out over the great suffocating hall, he could see this wave of recognition, of an understanding that was almost homage, sweep through the room, like a gust of rain-washed soothing air. Strained faces relaxed; the buzz of whispers and the flutter of fans dropped to a breathless hush. A moment the President surveyed them, with steady eyes. Then, in a silence that paid him not only respect but reverence, he began.

His speech would be short. It had that one virtue, he assured himself. His dreary dual humor was again upon him; he listened with a sardonic amusement to his own voice, carrying, musical, serene, as it swung through the accustomed round of florid generalities, of high-flown ornate exhortation. He himself stood back and viewed himself, this bland embodied Platitude, in cap and doctor's hood, pouring out his stale insipid wisdom. His scorn was not for himself alone. He owned a frank disgust toward his audience, even more toward his attentive Faculty, who were listening, not only with decorous observance, but with actual interest. That they should thus sit unflinching, hearkening with such faces of respect to all these flagrant truisms, argued better for their courtesy than for their wit.

He reached his conclusion. He halted a moment before his climax. His last trite familiar appeals echoed taunting in his ears. "Be sincere." "Give always of your best." "Serve your generation. You have no time to lose in serving yourself, one man alone." "No matter what your straits, keep faith with God and with your fellow-man."

In the brief pause, he felt again that pulse of eager assent, that curious thrill of sympathy. He looked down at the ranks of young faces, absorbed, intent. He stole a glance at his Faculty. To a man, they were leaning forward, their eyes fixed upon him. Not a syllable had escaped them. His thin mouth twitched. What witless humor possessed his audiences, that they must forever receive his borrowed rhetoric as illumined prophecy, that they must sit breathless and wide-eyed before this sounding brass of platitude? What could it mean?

Suddenly the great sunlit hall swam dusk before his eyes. His face grew very white; his veined old hands trembled on the reading-desk. Quietly, simply, as all royal gifts are vouchsafed, there had come to him a vision of the truth. Before that miracle of understanding he stood abashed and humbled, even in the white exaltation of its splendor.

To these his people, waiting silent before him, the phrases in which he chose to clothe his thought meant less than nothing. If he saw fit, he could borrow the purple and the blazonry of every orator and poet since the world began. That would not matter. They had no care for the garb of his belief. They were looking past his words, past his thoughts, even, into the life that loomed behind. To these men and women, his words were real, were vital; for they could receive them, not as mere amiable advice, but as the speech of experience, tested in the crucible of daily living. He stood before them a man whose whole life had showed forth the very principles that he professed; a man who had upheld, through seventy years, the very precepts that he now urged upon them. He was commanding them: Be sincere. Give always of your best. Well, he dared command. For he himself had held himself to sincerity; he had given always of his best. He dared set forth these laws, for he himself had proven them. So far from speaking platitudes, he had spoken only truth, as he had lived it. And as truth made visible, compelling, his people now received it.

He felt himself swept past his world on that torrent of sublime and terrible realization. Truly he had measured out his best to life, overflowing. And in the measure that he had meted, it was now meted to him again. To him was vouchsafed the supreme immemorial requital: that he could dare to look back upon his own life without shame: that he could dare to judge his own days—and be content. With all his might and all his talents, he had served his generation. True, he had built up his college as he had built his own days, from shreds and patches. But it would stand: for it was set upon the living rock of his integrity. Of his own life, by

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all its crowded days, its heart-sick nights of vague success and heavy failure, he had made his gift to his time. And, even in his passion of humility, it was now granted him to understand: that this his life, his record of stainless daily toil, should be forever to his college its richest treasure, its noblest heritage.

He lifted his gaunt old head. Something of the brave radiance of his self-forgetting days pulsed through his voice and illumined, as with the immortal light of his own being, the final borrowed words:

"'Oh, young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.'"

Late that evening, young Prentice Keith, a favorite lieutenant of Curtin, '80, dropped into his chief's study for a moment's chat. Keith, a recent graduate of a small but venerable Eastern college, was new to this Western university, as well as to the West itself. Arraigned before his severe young judgment, this huge rough-cast modern school presented flaws and solecisms which impressed him regrettably. And he took his own impressions very seriously indeed.

His errand concluded, he stood looking out on the dark gleaming Campus, a shadow-garden, lit with rainbow lanterns, surging with a vast merry crowd. The college band forsook its marches to romp through popular airs set to rag-time; the Seniors walked no longer in scholastic state. Instead, they went ringed in a fond body-guard; fathers, mothers, sweethearts, aunts, winsome young sisters, and whooping small brothers. The scene had all the picturesqueness of a garden party, all the naïveté of a county fair. It was academic to the eye of faith alone.

Curtin, '80, viewed his pensive subordinate with a commiserating eye.

"Rather crude, aren't we?" he said, kindly. "Remember, we're still young, and inclined to cavort a bit. Even if our capers are elephantine, you'll have to make allowance. How did you pull through this morning?"

"I just did pull through—barely," admitted Keith. "It *was* rather awful. Really, now!"

"All of it?"

"All. Except, perhaps, the President's address. That was different. Decidedly too florid, too emotional. Yet it seemed to fulfil the occasion, somehow."

Curtin lit his pipe.

"Exactly," he agreed. "The President always does fulfil the occasion. You couldn't put it better."

Young Keith concluded that he had been unduly magnanimous.

"Although, as I say, there was too much. He dragged in every grand sentiment and glorious aspiration ever voiced, from Socrates down. Chunks of erudition, oodles of ideals. Embarrassment of riches, don't you know."

"Yes. Yet we need it. All that accumulated wealth of ages, and more, too." Curtin stood up. His powerful body bulked huge against the shaded light. His massive face took on lambent intelligence. "We're the laborers of the earth, mind you; we pin-feathered surgeons and teachers and engineers are making ready to bend our backs to an almighty heavy load. We need all the food and training and knowledge that's coming to us, to make us fit. And we've fed our bodies, and disciplined our minds, and now, Prex gives us something that will make all our slaving and failing and succeeding worth while." He halted, with comical Anglo-Saxon panic at finding himself suddenly near great depths. "'If there be no vision, the people perish.' See?"

"I see." Keith nodded. "Yet why all this mass of such diversified exhortation at that? Would not an address of more specialized interest, narrower, perhaps, but more logical, have made a higher appeal?"

"He can't afford to risk leaving out anything," returned Curtin. "We've got to have the best, and all the best—oodles of it, as you say. Can't you understand, kid, that we're the wheat, the ground-work of the nation, the embodied commonplace? Leave your specialized interest, your rounded periods, to the older schools, of slow leisurely development. We can't wait. We mustn't stop to split hairs. We've got to settle into the collar, quick, but we must have a star to watch, to keep us from settling too far down in the collar. We need

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all the ideals we can carry. And Prex gives us the very best. Not his own little particular one-man make, either. It's the heaped-up treasure of all time. And Prex is the one man who is big enough to give it."

"He certainly is bigger than anything he says." Keith granted it generously. "Curious, though, your ground that the common people should need, not only the most thorough discipline, and the soundest training, but also the highest ideals—and, as you say, the most of them."

"Considering that they're the bed-rock of civilization, you'd naturally want to see them pretty solid, and clean-built, too, wouldn't you? And come to think of it," —Curtain wheeled on him with a spark in his eye, "What about you, yourself? Aren't you one of them? Aren't you shoulder to shoulder with us, right with the crowd? Where else do you belong?"

Keith, the aristocrat, hesitated, almost sulkily, under his chief's shrewd gaze. Then he turned, with a quick boyish gesture of shame-faced laughing assent.

"Precisely where I belong. Right with the crowd. No doubt about that."

"And a good place it is, too," nodded Curtin through his smoke rings. "Which reminds me—who was it said that the Lord must love the common people, He had made so many of them?"

A PILGRIM SONG

By Charlotte Wilson

Ah, little Inn of Sorrow,
What of thy bitter bread?
What of thy ghostly chambers,
So I be sheltered?
'Tis but for a night, the firelight
That gasps on thy cold hearthstone;
To-morrow my load and the open road
And the far light leading on!

Ah, little Inn of Fortune,
What of thy blazing cheer,
Where glad thro' the pensive evening
Thy bright doors beckon clear?
Sweet sleep on thy balsam-pillows,
Sweet wine that will thirst assuage—
But send me forth o'er the morning earth
Strong for my pilgrimage!

Ah, distant End of the Journey,
What if thou fly my feet?
What if thou fade before me
In splendor wan and sweet?
Still the mystical city lureth—
The quest is the good knight's part;
And the pilgrim wends thro' the end of the ends
Toward a shrine and a Grail in his heart.

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PAPA AND MOTHER

By Evelyn Schuyler Schaeffer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. G. WILLIAMSON

SOME years ago my friends the Brownlows experienced a partial change of nomenclature. This happened when Emily came home from school one day with the announcement that Poppa and Momma were childish and undignified appellations and that henceforth her parents were to be addressed as Father and Mother. Emily was the youngest of the Brownlow children and had, as one of her schoolmates put it, "stacks of character."

Her family followed her lead up to a certain point. Mrs. Brownlow was no more Momma, but Mother. "Mother," however, had a gentle persistence which was sometimes a match for Emily's enterprise. Her husband had been "Papa" from the day when their first child was born, and except on the rare occasions when dignity forced a difficult Mr. Brownlow from her lips, she had never spoken to him or of him by any other name. The children might use what titles they liked, but for herself, she had no thought of changing. Not that she ever said anything of the sort. She simply continued to say "Poppa," and the children followed in the easy path of old habit. Even Emily gave up after a while and acquiesced in the unusual combination of "Papa and Mother."

"Mother and I used to have names of our own," said Mr. Brownlow to me one day with a laugh; "but we passed them on to the children and took up with being just parents. Papa seems a trifling name for a man of my size, but if Mother is satisfied, I am."

He is a large man, Mr. Brownlow; not fat, but tall and broad and extremely good-looking in his unconventional way. He has a remarkably gentle voice and keen gray eyes with a twinkle in them; and a humorous, tolerant smile lurks behind his gray moustache. Mrs. Brownlow is at first sight simply an insignificant little woman of a usual type. Hair just gray enough to be dull, brushed smoothly down on each side of her face and put up in a tight little knot behind, a complexion which must have been indeterminate even in youth, commonplace features and a flat figure. But her dark eyes have the brightness of youth and she looks as good as she is—which is saying a great deal.

In the course of years the usual changes have taken place in the Brownlow family. Frances has married and gone to a Western home, whence she returns at intervals with an ever-increasing brood. Frances is much occupied in multiplying and replenishing the earth. John, too, is married, but has set up his household in his native village. He is his father's right hand in the business and Netty is scarcely second to their own children in the parents' affections, while they enjoy to the full the peculiar joy of grandparents—all of the pleasure and none of the responsibility. And then there is Emily. The rest of the children died young and Mrs Brownlow has their pictures—dressed in their little old-fashioned frocks and jackets—hanging in her bedroom. They are well-to-do people, these next-door neighbors of mine, and live in great comfort in a big old house, with a pleasant front garden and a spacious back yard, but for some years past they have lived there alone. For Emily has had her Work—always in Emily's mind spelled with a very large W.

She was always an Earnest Girl, was Emily, taking herself seriously even when she was in the primary department of our village school. She was clever at her studies and the family were immensely proud of her. "She'll grow younger after a while," her father used to say, and meantime spoiled her as much as the rest. She passed admirably through all the grades of the public school and then went off to Smith College—the happy hunting ground of the Earnest Girl. She used to come back for her vacations bringing her friends with her—intellectual young women, but on the whole, less serious than she. They enjoyed being

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feasted and coddled by Mrs. Brownlow, and some of them even grew chummy with Netty and admired her smart hats and gowns. Poor Netty, who would so gladly have taken an interest in Emily's clothes, but was always rebuffed.

"It's simply maddening," she used to say, "to see a girl so fundamentally good-looking make such a fright of herself."

The most incongruous element in Emily's life was her faithful adorer, Freddy Adams; and to do her justice, he was an element that she always tried to eliminate. I never could see exactly what it was in her that attracted him. There were any number of girls whom one might have expected him to prefer to her; but however it came about, his affection for her had never wavered from the time when they sat in the same room at the primary school, he with his hair hanging in the golden curls which his mother couldn't bear to cut off, she with her tightly braided, dark pig-tails. He wasn't brilliant, poor Freddy. Even in those days she despised him for a dunce, but he took her snubs with such imperturbable good-nature that she finally gave up taking even that amount of notice of him. Meantime the curls were cut off, and by the time she entered the High School he was growing into a big, handsome young athlete, very stupid still at his studies, but the champion of his class at foot-ball and base-ball. In due course of time his rich and doting parents sent him to boarding-school and to college, where by dint of private tutors, popularity, and his great prestige at sports, aided by a certain amount of heavy-hearted grinding at his studies, he just managed to get along without being plucked. Although he was two years older than Emily she always kept ahead of him, but he was all the more proud of her on that account. It was at the end of his freshman and her sophomore year that he began to propose to her regularly every summer vacation. He never made any secret either of his proposals or of her emphatic rejection of his suit. His invariably cheerful spirits were so little lowered by it that Emily scornfully refused to believe him serious. I was half inclined to agree with her at first, but one day when I was on my veranda he stopped in passing and sitting down on the steps, lingered a while. He seemed a shade less buoyant than usual, but explained that it was because he was discouraged about working off a condition left over from the June examinations.

"I hate study so," he said frankly, "that sometimes I'm tempted to throw the whole thing up and ask Father to take me into the business right away. He'd do it if I said so. But I tell you what, I hate to be beaten. And then one of these days Emily will like it better if I've got my degree all right."

"Emily?" said I. "Then she is less discouraging than she was?"

"Not a bit," he answered cheerfully. "But I think she'll come round one of these days. I'll admit that perhaps I ought to be discouraged, but I suppose I don't know when I'm down and I always think it will come out right if I stick at it." And he went off with restored cheerfulness.

This was at the end of his junior year at Yale, and Emily had just graduated at Smith, having passed her final examinations with the greatest éclat—so different from poor Freddy, with his conditions. The whole family went to see her graduate, Netty superintending Mother's wardrobe for the occasion and herself wearing her most impressive clothes. They were absent a week and returned bringing Emily with all her laurels. It was a pleasant summer for her, with a trip to the sea and friends visiting her at home. Freddy also had his college friends and there were all sorts of junketings. Some of the girls were not above taking an interest in beaux and I think there was among them a feeling that Emily was not living up to her privileges; for Freddy is very handsome and shows to advantage in the occupations of idleness. When the visitors were gone, Emily unfolded her plans. To the consternation of her family she wanted to go away from home and earn her own living. But here, for the first time in her life, she encountered serious opposition. Her parents refused their consent and were unmoved by her arguments.

For some reason or other, both sides confided in me. One day Emily would come, and, sitting on my piazza in an attitude so tense and with a preoccupation so serious that my industrious sewing seemed the most inconsequent trifling by the side of her strenuous idleness, she would set forth her views on the rights and wrongs of women, with all the familiar arguments. "You don't know how lucky you are," I sometimes said to her, "not to have to fend for

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yourself in earnest." But for the most part, I didn't attempt to answer her. All she wanted of me was to listen, and it rather amused me to hear her talk.

Then Mother would come—poor Mother, with her bewildered surprise and disappointment. "All we want is to make her happy," she would say; "but in my day, when a girl left school she came home and stayed, and learned how to keep house and sew. And if some day she got married and had a home of her own, why, after all, that was the happy and natural thing for her to do, and so her parents were willing to let her go." She hesitated and the color rose in her cheeks. In some ways Mother is as shy as a girl—shyer than most girls nowadays. Then she went on. "We are perfectly willing she should marry Freddy. Papa and I have told him that we shouldn't raise a single objection. You know he spoke to us about it, which was very nice and thoughtful of him, when so many young men hardly say 'by your leave.' But there—she doesn't care for him and that's all there is to it. But I don't blame girls for not all wanting to do the same things, and if Emily wants to go back to college and take post-graduate courses, Papa and I are perfectly willing. When you have a girl as gifted as Emily you have to do accordingly. But that she should go out and earn her own living—really, my dear, we can't bring ourselves to it."

And then naturally she would give me Papa's views. "Papa says, what does a man want with the money he has worked so hard to make, if not to take care of all the women the Lord has been good enough to give him; and that she can't make herself into a man no matter how hard she tries; and that one of the things he can't abide is to see a well-to-do woman step out into the world and take the bread out of the mouth of some other woman who hasn't a man to take care of her. I never did see Papa so stirred up."

I felt a lively curiosity to know Freddy's point of view on the subject and waylaid him one day as he was passing. He looked splendidly handsome as he stood there in his white flannels, with his cap in his hand and the sunlight bringing out the gold glints in his hair.

"What do you think about Emily's latest plan?" I asked.

He was silent for a moment, looking down at the tennis-racket as it swung idly to and fro in his hand.

"I wish she didn't have this particular plan," he said at last, "but since she has it —" he raised his head and squared his shoulders—"since it is what she wants to do, why I want her to do what she wants, every time."

"And you don't think it will be worse for your chances?"

He grinned cheerfully. "I don't mean to think so. I'm her oldest habit and she can't break herself of me. Besides," he added thoughtfully, "she may get as tired of it as I get of studying." And with that he took himself off.

In the end, the matter was compromised. Emily was asked by one of her friends to join a College Settlement, and consented to begin her career in a Work of Benevolence, while hoping yet to bring her parents to her way of thinking. This put a different aspect on the matter. Putting aside her personal disappointment, her mother once more beamed with affectionate pride and her father, as usual, opened his pocket-book generously. Emily went off with a halo about her head, a good bank account and a trunk full of new clothes—which had to be finished without trying on and therefore, as Netty mournfully remarked, wouldn't fit "worth a cent."

With the approach of the holidays came the next disappointment. The Brownlows made much of Christmas, and it was then that the family reunion always took place. But this year several things went wrong. Frances's new baby was so extremely new that she could not think of coming, and her family were to remain with her. Netty's mother had fallen into ill-health and being unable to travel, had asserted her claim on her daughter and grandchildren—a claim which no one could dispute—and John had promised to go with them. There was only Emily left.

"And we must make the most of her," said Mrs. Brownlow. "I have written her to bring as many of her friends as she can get. I hope," she added, "that we can have some kind of a Christmas gathering as long as we live."

And then, after all, Emily didn't come. "It's that confounded work of hers that she thinks so important," growled Papa, stop-

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ping me in the street to tell me about it. "She says she must stay and make Christmas happy for her poor working girls. What I say is that she ought to come home and make it happy for her mother."

"It's the first Christmas since we've been married that we haven't had a child in the house," said Mrs. Brownlow, when she came to invite me to the Christmas dinner. "Even the very first year of all, Frances was a month old."

They had a few old friends in to eat their turkey and plum pudding, but there was no Christmas tree, and although we all tried to be as cheerful as possible and drank toasts to everybody, from the President of the United States down to the youngest grandchild, the gayety was somewhat forced, and I am sure Papa and Mother were glad when it was over. As for Freddy, he spent part of his vacation in New York. "It was great fun," he said when he came back. "You ought to have seen Emily bossing the whole outfit, from the old grandmothers down to the kids. We had a gorgeous tree."

"And I suppose you turned in and worked too?"

"Yes, indeed. I'm very popular down there—except with Emily. But I'll get there yet."

The family reunion took place in the summer. Freddy, who by dint of a fearful grind and much coaching had worked off his conditions and graduated with his class, made his usual proposal, to which Emily gave her usual answer. Her desire for independence had not diminished a whit, but neither had her father and mother changed their minds; and as she was now interested in the Settlement, she was willing to defer the final decision for another year. At present she had set her heart on getting her parents to spend the Christmas holidays in New York, an arrangement by which she hoped to get her own way without any tuggings of conscience.

"I tell them that it will do them good," she said to me, "and I'm sure it will, to see just what we are doing at the Settlement and to get a little out of the rut of village ideas."

I was present on one occasion when she was urging her plan on the family. No one spoke for a moment after she had said her say, and then Papa gave us a surprise.

"Don't trouble about us, Emily," he said mildly. "Mother and I are going to take a jaunt on our own account. We are going to Europe."

There was a moment's dead silence and then John burst out laughing. "Good for you, Papa!" he said. "I hope you mean it."

"I was going to talk to you about it tomorrow, John," said his father, half apologetically. "I think I can be spared."

"I think I shouldn't be good for much if you couldn't," answered John with energy. "But what I want to know is, how in the world you have got Mother to consent to go so far from home."

"She wouldn't let me go without her," said Papa with a twinkle, and you see I have set my heart on seeing foreign parts."

"I don't know but what it seems unkind to shut up the house and go away over Christmas," said Mrs. Brownlow a little anxiously, "but Frances said she couldn't come again this year and Papa said he wouldn't go to Italy in the summer."

"The house might as well have been shut last Christmas," said Mr. Brownlow.

"But oh, Papa and Mother, we wouldn't have left you this year!" cried Netty. "I told mamma we wouldn't. But I'm just as glad as can be that you're going to have such a lovely trip—and I'll see to the closing of the house and everything. You're not to get all tired out. And when are you going?"

All this time Emily had said nothing. Across the blank astonishment of her face flitted an expression of mingled disappointment and pique.

"Don't you think it's a good idea, Emily?" asked her father. "It'll get the old people out of their rut even better than going to New York,"

For once in her life Emily was unready with a reply. Her mother turned to her with a deprecating smile.

"Of course if you had cared for such things, Emily, it would have meant a great deal more to you to take this trip than to me at my age. I'm afraid things will be rather wasted on me."

"If you need me," began Emily with a little hesitation. She couldn't, with a very good grace, offer to give up the Settlement and go with them, but oh, how that girl longed to head the expedition!

"No, Emily," said her father. "We couldn't think of interrupting your work. Mother and I will just have to get along."

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Emily was distinctly subdued. "I'll do what I can to help you get ready," she said, with the air of one prepared to do her duty at all costs. And in fact, she went the next day to the village library and returned with an armful of such books as she thought suited to her parents' understanding.

"These are rather light," she said doubtfully. "'Ave Roma' and 'The Makers of Florence' don't amount to much. But perhaps it will be best to begin with them. If you don't go until the middle of October you will have time to read a good deal."

Her mother put on her glasses and took up the first volume. "I'm rather old to begin to improve my mind," said she with a sigh. "I didn't really expect to go into things so thoroughly."

"And you shan't," said her husband, gathering up the books and depositing them on a table at the other end of the room. "Mother and I are going to enjoy ourselves," he continued, turning to Emily. "We're going to be like that Empress of Russia that I remember reading about once. She didn't bother to learn to play the piano herself. She had some one else learn for her and she just sat back and let the other person play. Mother and I have got you, Emily. We've put all the learning into you and we feel that we can sit back. We're going to sit back all through Europe, and when there's anything we ought to learn, we're going to think of the Empress of Russia and remember that we've got a daughter at home who knows it all. That's the benefit Mother and I will get out of your education."

Freddy Adams.

To Netty he was more encouraging. "Get Mother to buy all the things she needs," he said. "Make her throw away the old ones. I don't mind if she has a regular trousseau."

Netty entered with enthusiasm into the preparations, but Mrs. Brownlow's thrifty habits could not be reconciled to such whole-

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sale extravagance. I happened in one morning in the midst of a discussion. Mother held in one hand a little old black velvet bonnet of a style of several winters back, and in the other a yard of duchesse lace. She was regarding them wistfully, while Netty, standing in front of her, endeavored to persuade her to give the bonnet to one of the numerous protégées of the family.

"But with a piece of good lace, Netty," Mother was saying plaintively, "I'm sure it would make a very nice bonnet for dressy occasions. Good lace always trims up anything so."

"Not even good lace can make that hat presentable," said Netty firmly. "Do give it away, Mother. With your nice travelling hat and one other, and your old one for the steamer, you'll have all you can possibly want. And be sure and give the steamer hat to the stewardess when you land. If you won't promise I'll tell Papa not to let you take it and you'll have to wear your new one."

"Oh, I'll promise that," said Mother. "But this was always such a pretty little bonnet, and I do like variety, Netty. However—" She folded the lace with a sigh and put the bonnet back into its box.

"Don't you want me to take it and give it to old Eliza for you?" said Netty insinuatingly.

"No, I'll see to it myself," answered Mother, and in the corners of her mouth lurked an expression which I knew well.

I was going abroad myself that year, and soon after Emily's return to New York I said good-by to them all and sailed with my friends. Netty wrote me of Papa's and Mother's departure and how they all went to see them off.

"At the last minute," she wrote, "Mother would have weakened and taken Emily and Emily would have gone. But Papa said no, that Emily would be the death of Mother with her conscience about seeing things thoroughly and getting the full educational value of the trip. He said that he and Mother were going to sit back and have a good time and not know enough when they came home to bore any one with their travels. Emily was rather cut up by it all, and you know how soft-hearted Papa is. He gave her a good big check and told her that he would send her abroad next year if she could find any of her friends who wanted to go with her; and I could see that he was forcibly restraining himself from making any more fun of her. Dear old things! How we shall miss them. The closed up house is too forlorn. But what a good time they'll have! I rather suspect, by the way, that Mother has tucked a few queer clothes in her trunk."

It was in Rome that I finally saw them. The day after my arrival I had gone into the Chapel of the Choir at St. Peter's for vespers. I was in time to get a seat and as I took my place on one of the benches, there they were, sitting in front of me. Papa is a man who fits in anywhere. In spite of a life spent in an out-of-the-way village, he has a cosmopolitan soul. He is noticeable, too, with his great height and breadth and his fine head with its beautiful gray hair. But Mother was surely the quaintest little figure in Rome. Netty's suspicions had been well founded. The old clothes had been brought and their owner's love of variety, as well as her spirit of thrift, found satisfaction in the wearing of them. She had on a costume which even old Eliza would have wished to modernize—though for that matter, it is only the mistress who can afford to be old-fashioned. Dear Mother's dress was of the finest dark-gray cloth, but the skirt was narrow where it should have been flaring, the coat was short where it should have been long, the sleeves were tight from armhole to wrist, whereas they should have displayed a generous fulness at the top. Surmounting this pinched costume was the little black velvet bonnet, trimmed, evidently by Mother's own careful hands, with the "piece of good lace." When I touched her on the shoulder she turned a beaming face to me, and she looked so dear and homelike that I felt I loved her all the better in her odd, characteristic clothes. Papa, too, seemed charmed to see me and suggested that we should all go away at once and have a good talk, but Mother said no.

"We'll have our talk after church," she said, "but I want to stay now that I've got a seat and all. Papa won't let me stay where I have to stand, you know."

All through the service she was quite rapt, but she turned to me with alacrity as soon as it was over. When we came out I found they had a double carriage with two horses waiting for them.

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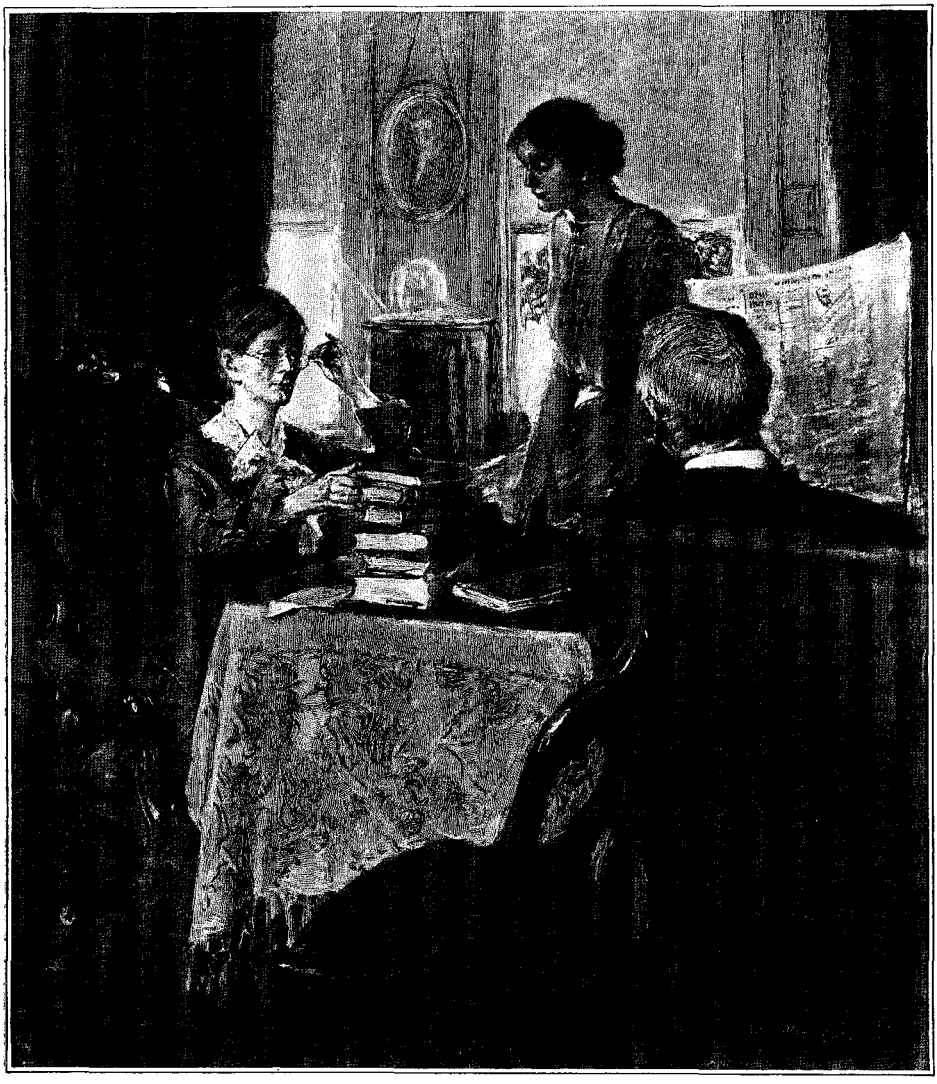

"I'm rather old to begin to improve my mind."—Page 81.

"What very grand people you are," said I, laughing.

"I never can get used to seeing one horse do so much work," said Papa as he put us in; "and every now and then I break loose and have two. Mother thinks we'll drive to the poorhouse yet."

I wondered, as we drove along, whether among the thousands of tourists scattered about the Continent any two were quite so happy as these; she so proud of him and so enchanted with his care of her, even while she assured us both that it was quite unnecessary, and he so pleased with her pleasure and so affectionately amused by her. Long habit had fitted them to one another until even their foibles were perfectly adjusted, each in its niche in the other's heart. Just as they were, they adored each other. She would have thrown away her old clothes had he asked her seriously to do so, but he never did. Undoubtedly he was more or less aware of their oddity, but her little ways, her gentle self-assertion in the face of the masterful young folk, her unreasoning small economies and her lavish generosity, were his endless amusement and delight.

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"But with a piece of good lace, Netty."—Page 82.

I found that they had been amusing themselves very well in Rome, between sight-seeing, driving and shopping. They took me to their hotel to show me their purchases and wonderful indeed they were. When the things were spread about their sitting-room it looked like a Christmas bazaar. Evidently the couple had been an easy prey. They had paid the highest prices for everything and had bought presents for everybody.

"Mother's idea is to take the children and grandchildren something from every place we stop at," said Mr. Brownlow. "I don't know how much baggage we'll have before we get through—nor how much we'll have to spend in duties. But it's all part of the trip."

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"Papa always pays what people ask," said Mrs. Brownlow; "but a lady here in the hotel said that wasn't the way at all over here. I went out with her one day and got things much cheaper," and she pointed with pride to a few articles which, in her innocence, she considered good bargains.

"Come into the bedroom," she said to me, and when I had followed her there she drew me to a sofa and sat down beside me. "I want to talk to you about Emily's present," she said. "I have a few little things for her, but not her real present. You see Emily isn't easy to get things for. She doesn't like what the others do. I wish she did. One never can be young but once and I'd so love to buy pretty things for her. But as it is—I want to take her something very nice and that she'll be sure to like. Her letters have seemed depressed lately. And I thought we'd just talk it over quietly, away from Papa's jokes."

"What have you thought of?" I asked, feeling that the choice was truly a difficult one.

"Well," said Mother, hesitating. "I don't think either Papa or I quite know how to suit her taste, but I had thought of a nice piece of statuary."

"Something small, of course," said I.

"Well—no." She looked a little shamefaced. "Of course it is much more expensive than what we are getting for the others. But it seems to me very nice."

"Then you have selected it?"

"We haven't decided, and that is why I am consulting you. It is such a sum of money to spend if it *shouldn't* be what she wants. You see we met a young girl on the steamer coming over—a Miss Boone. She reminded me a little of Emily—not her looks, but her ways and ideas—and she is a sculptress and has her studio here. She invited us there to tea and showed us her things, and, I must say, I liked them. And it seemed somehow so suitable to take Emily something that another talented girl had made. And this statue is all finished, so we could have it right away."

"What is it?" I asked, my breath rather taken away. I had heard of Miss Jennie Minerva Boone and her statues.

"It is the 'Muse of History,' and that seemed a nice subject too, for Emily. Not that it looks so very different from any other woman, but it's so nice and modest—all draped, you know. Oh, my dear, such things as we have seen in the galleries!" and Mother blushed to the eyes at the recollection. "But we haven't said we would take it," she continued. "We are only considering, and I thought I would like to talk to you about it, you know so much more than we about such things. And perhaps you would go with us to look at it."

"What does Mr. Brownlow think about it?" I asked.

"Oh, you know how Papa is. He always jokes about things, but he says he can afford it and that I may do as I like."

Poor innocent Mother! I was really dismayed, and while she talked I was racking my brain to think of some harmless and acceptable substitute for Miss Boone's "Muse of History." But I was never called upon to exercise my judgment in the matter, for the last words had hardly left Mother's lips when there was a sudden exclamation in the next room—such an exclamation as I had never heard from the deliberate and philosophical Mr. Brownlow. My heart stood still for a moment and Mrs. Brownlow flew to the door. I rushed after her and as she opened it and I looked over her head I could hardly believe my eyes. There stood Freddy and Emily! And Emily as I had never seen her before—with downcast eyes and face suffused with blushes.

"We're married!" said Freddy, looking around at us all with his usual cheerfulness. "We've come to be forgiven."

Before he had finished speaking, Mrs. Brownlow had Emily in her arms and—yes, Emily was crying. Perhaps I oughtn't to have been there, but I never thought of that until afterward.

Mr. Brownlow grasped Freddy by the hand. "My dear boy!" he exclaimed. "My dear boy!" Then with a return to his usual manner: "You had my permission long ago, Freddy, but it seems rather sudden."

"Well, you see, sir," said Freddy, "I had to do it when I got the chance. Emily got the grippe. We didn't tell you for fear of worrying you. She had it rather hard and she was a long time getting well. Netty went to her of course, and I went to Father and said, 'I want to go to New York and stay some time. Perhaps now is my chance.' And Father said, 'Go ahead. You won't be any good until you get this matter settled.

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Drawn by H. G. Williamson.

She had on a costume which even old Eliza would have wished to modernize.—Page 82.

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Stay as long as it takes and draw on me.' So I went. I went to see Emily every day. She was sitting up then, very wretched and wishing she was dead. Doctor said she must give up work and have change of air. While Netty was packing up to take her home I went out and got the license and engaged our passage and then went to work to persuade Emily. Perhaps I was taking a mean advantage of her when she was down, but anyway we were married next morning and sailed at noon and here we are. And I'll do my best not to let her regret it."

The two men shook hands again and we all sat down. Mrs. Brownlow was petting Emily as she had not dared to do since the girl had got out of baby clothes and Emily accepted it meekly. Poor dear, she was taking this as seriously as she always takes everything. Not but what it is a serious matter, but there are ways of looking at things. However, I caught a glance which she threw at Freddy and said to myself, "Thank Heaven, she's normal after all. Her heart is in the right place."

"But to think," said Mother mournfully, when she had recovered from her first emotion, "that Emily should have been married without a wedding, or a trousseau—or any wedding cake!"

"I didn't dare wait, Mother," said Freddy.

"I'll give her all the trousseau she wants," said Papa.

"And I can help buy it," added Freddy. "My taste in dress is almost as good as Netty's."

And Emily—the serious, the superior Emily actually looked pleased. "Only let me see Rome first," she said, "and then we'll go to Paris and buy clothes."

Judging by her transformed appearance when she came home some months later, Freddy's confidence in his own taste was not misplaced. What is more to be remarked, his wife seems glad to look pretty. She is now bent on elevating the tone of the village and presides at the meetings of all sorts of clubs and societies, attired in the most faultless Parisian costumes. She is very fond of her husband, who really won her heart by the primitive energy with which he married her in spite of herself—which goes to show that she is less advanced than she thinks herself.

Papa and Mother have also come home, laden with gifts on which Papa manfully paid the duties. Mother says it was a waste of money, for she is sure she could have smuggled a great many things in.

"I don't believe in the tariff," she says, "and I wasn't consulted about making it, and so it wouldn't have hurt my conscience at all. But Papa says the law is the law, whether you like it or not, and of course I can't do anything that he wouldn't think right."

The "Muse of History" was not among the treasures. "You didn't get the statue?" I asked.

Mother leaned forward and laid her hand on mine impressively. "My dear," she said fervently, "I'm glad to say, Emily preferred jewellery."

IN THE PLACE DE LA BASTILLE

By Richard Burton

On a clear day in Paris, walking where
A century ago red riot leapt
Torrent-like down the streets, I was aware
How, far on the horizon rim, there crept
Pale, ominous clouds; and listening, I heard
Dim, unmistakable, a muttered word:

The thunder's prelude and the tempest's threat.
The hour was bright with sun and jest and song
In the blithe capital—and yet, and yet,
The place was Paris and men's woes are long;
Sudden, for me, beneath that tranquil sky,
The tragic tumbrils, hark! go rumbling by!

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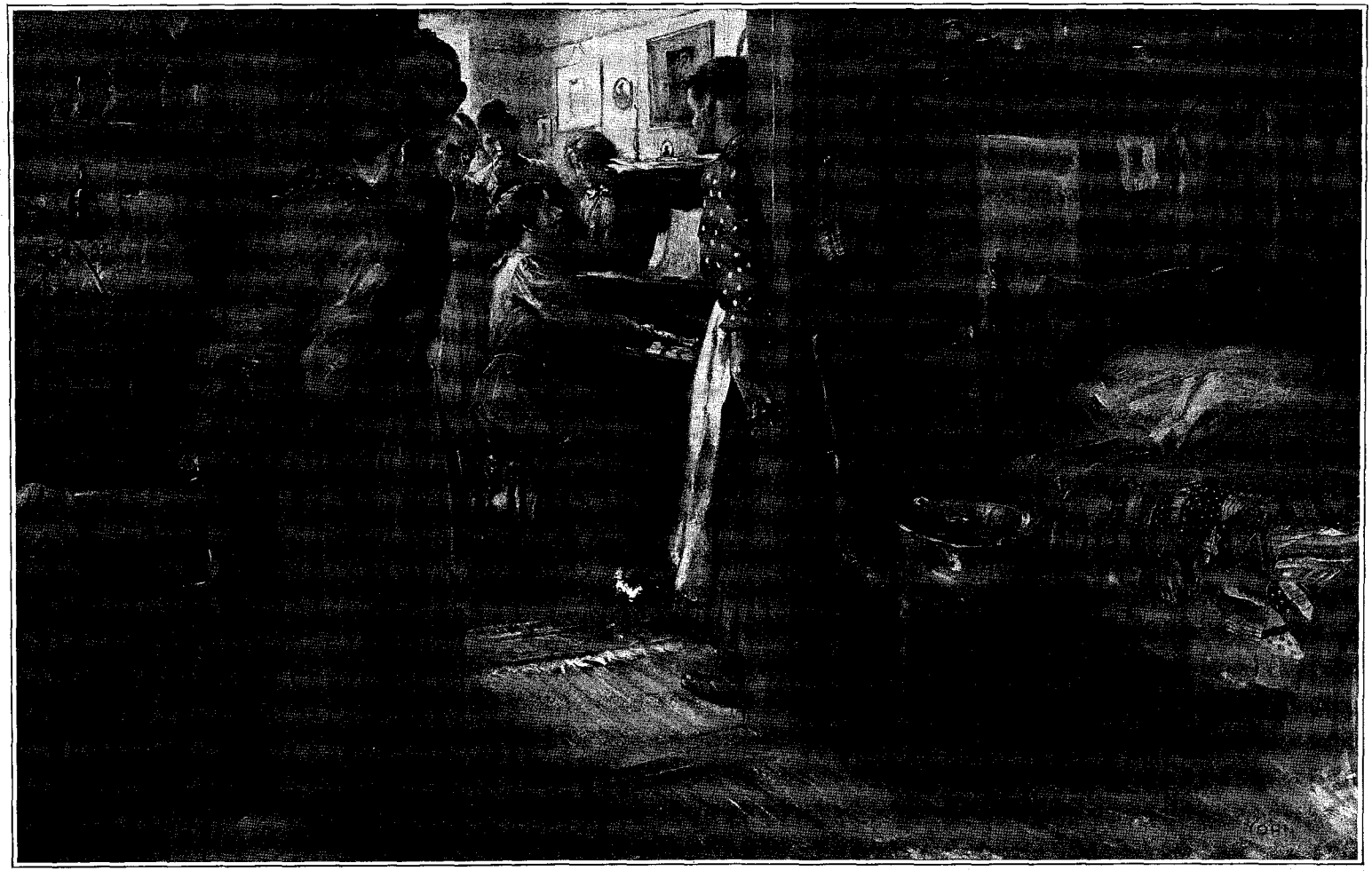

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"She shorely can holler some."—Page 98.

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THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN

XXII

JUNE sat in the little dummy, the focus of curious eyes, while Hale was busy seeing that her baggage was got aboard. The checks that she gave him jingled in his hands like a bunch of keys, and he could hardly help grinning when he saw the huge trunks and the smart bags that were tumbled from the baggage car—all marked with her initials. There had been days when he had laid considerable emphasis on pieces like those, and when he thought of them overwhelming with opulent suggestions that debt-stricken little town, and, later, piled incongruously on the porch of the cabin on Lonesome Cove, he could have laughed aloud but for a nameless something that was gnawing savagely at his heart.

He felt almost shy when he went back into the car, and though June greeted him with a smile, her immaculate daintiness made him unconsciously sit quite far away from her. The little fairy-cross was still at her throat, but a tiny diamond gleamed from each end of it and from the centre, as from a tiny heart, pulsated the light of a little blood-red ruby. To him it meant the loss of June's simplicity and was the symbol of her new estate, but he smiled and forced himself into hearty cheerfulness of manner and asked her questions about her trip. But June answered in halting monosyllables, and talk was not easy between them. All the while he was watching her closely and not a movement of her eye, ear, mouth or hand—not an inflection of her voice—escaped him. He saw her sweep the car and its occupants with a glance, and he saw the results of that glance in her face and the down-dropping of her eyes to the dainty point of one boot. He saw her beautiful mouth close suddenly tight, and her thin nostrils quiver disdainfully, when a swirl of black smoke, heavy with cinders, came in with an entering passenger through the front door of the car. Two half-drunken men were laughing boisterously near that door and even her ears seemed trying to shut out their half-smothered rough talk. The car started with a bump that swayed her toward him, and when she caught the seat with one hand, it checked as suddenly, throwing her the other way, and then with a leap it sprang ahead again, giving a nagging snap to her head. Her whole face grew red with vexation and shrinking distaste, and all the while, when the little train steadied into its creaking, puffing, jostling way, one gloved hand on the chased silver handle of her smart little umbrella kept nervously swaying it to and fro on its steel-shod point, until she saw that the point was in a tiny pool of tobacco juice, and then she laid it across her lap with shuddering swiftness.

At first Hale thought that she had shrank from kissing him in the car because other people were around. He knew better now. At that moment he was as rough and dirty as the chain-carrier opposite him, who was just in from a surveying expedition in the mountains, as the sooty brakeman who came through to gather up the fares—as one of those good-natured, profane inebriates up in the corner. No, it was not publicity—she had shrank from him as she was shrinking now from black smoke, rough men, the shaking of the train—the little pool of tobacco juice at her feet. The truth began to glimmer through his brain. He understood, even when she leaned forward suddenly to look into the mouth of the gap, that was now dark with shadows. Through that gap lay her way and she thought him now more a part of what was beyond than she who had been born of it was, and dazed by the thought, he wondered if he might not really be. At once

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he straightened in his seat, his mind made up, as he always made it up—swiftly. He had not explained why he had not met her that morning, nor had he apologized for his rough garb, because he was so glad to see her and because there were so many other things he wanted to say; and when he saw her, conscious and resentful, perhaps, that he had not done these things at once—he deliberately declined to do them now. He became silent, but he grew more courteous, more thoughtful—watchful. She was very tired, poor child; there were deep shadows under her eyes which looked weary and almost mournful. So, when with a clanging of the engine bell they stopped at the brilliantly lit hotel, he led her at once upstairs to the parlor, and from there sent her up to her room, which was ready for her.

"You must get a good sleep," he said kindly, and with his usual firmness that was wont to preclude argument. "You are worn to death. I'll have your supper sent to your room." The girl felt the subtle change in his manner and her lip quivered for a vague reason that neither knew, but, without a word, she obeyed him like a child. He did not try again to kiss her. He merely took her hand, placed his left over it, and with a gentle pressure, said:

"Good-night, little girl."

"Good-night," she faltered.

. . . . . .

Resolutely, relentlessly, first, Hale cast up his accounts, liabilities, resources, that night, to see what, under the least favorable outcome, the balance left to him would be. Nearly all was gone. His securities were already sold. His lots would not bring at public sale one half of the deferred payments yet to be made on them, and if the company brought suit, as it was threatening to do, he would be left fathoms deep in debt. The branch railroad had not come up the river toward Lonesome Cove, and now he meant to build barges and float his cannel coal down to the main line, for his sole hope was in the mine in Lonesome Cove. The means that he could command were meagre, but they would carry his purpose with June for a year at least and then —who knew?—he might, through that mine, be on his feet again.

The little town was dark and asleep when he stepped into the cool night-air and made his way past the old school-house and up Imboden Hill. He could see—all shining silver in the moonlight—the still crest of the big beech at the blessed roots of which his lips had met June's in the first kiss that had passed between them. On he went through the shadowy aisle that the path made between other beech-trunks, harnessed by the moonlight with silver armor and motionless as sentinels on watch till dawn, out past the amphitheatre of darkness from which the dead trees tossed out their crooked arms as though voicing silently now his own soul's torment, and then on to the point of the spur of foot-hills where, with the mighty mountains encircling him and the world, a dream-land lighted only by stars, he stripped his soul before the Maker of it and of him and fought his fight out alone.

His was the responsibility for all—his alone. No one else was to blame—June not at all. He had taken her from her own life—had swerved her from the way to which God pointed when she was born. He had given her everything she wanted, had allowed her to do what she pleased and had let her think that, through his miraculous handling of her resources, she was doing it all herself. And the result was natural. For the past two years he had been harassed with debt, racked with worries, writhing this way and that, concerned only with the soul-tormenting catastrophe that had overtaken him. About all else he had grown careless. He had not been to see her the last year, he had written seldom and it appalled him to look back now on his own self-absorption and to think how he must have appeared to June. And he had gone on in that self-absorption to the very end. He had got his license to marry, had asked Uncle Billy, who was magistrate as well as miller, to marry them, and, a rough mountaineer himself to the outward eye, he had appeared to lead a child like a lamb to the sacrifice and had found a woman with a mind, heart and purpose of her own. It was all his work. He had sent her away to fit her for his station in life—to make her fit to marry him. She had risen above and now *he was not fit to marry her.* That was the brutal truth—a truth that was enough to make a wise man laugh or a fool weep, and Hale did neither. He simply went on working to make out how he could

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best discharge the obligations that he had voluntarily, willingly, gladly, selfishly, even, assumed. In his mind he treated conditions only as he saw and felt them and believed them at that moment true: and into the problem he went no deeper than to find his simple duty, and that, while the morning stars were sinking, he found. And it was a duty the harder to find because everything had reawakened within him, and the starting-point of that awakening was the proud glow in Uncle Billy's kind old face, when he knew the part he was to play in the happiness of Hale and June. All the way over the mountain that day his heart had gathered fuel from memories at the big Pine, and down the mountain and through the gap, to be set aflame by the yellow sunlight in the valley and the throbbing life in everything that was alive, for the month was June and the spirit of that month was on her way to him. So when he rose now, with back-thrown head, he stretched his arms suddenly out toward those far-seeing stars, and as suddenly dropped them with an angry shake of his head and one quick gritting of his teeth that such a thought should have mastered him even for one swift second—the thought of how lonesome would be the trail that would be his to follow after that day.

XXIII

JUNE, tired though she was, tossed restlessly that night. The one look she had seen in Hale's face when she met him in the car, told her the truth as far as he was concerned. He was unchanged, she could give him no chance to withdraw from their long understanding, for it was plain to her quick instinct that he wanted none. And so she had asked him no question about his failure to meet her, for she knew now that his reason, no matter what, was good. He had startled her in the car, for her mind was heavy with memories of the poor little cabins she had passed on the train, of the mountain men and women in the wedding-party, and Hale himself was to the eye so much like one of them—had so startled her that, though she knew that his instinct, too, was at work, she could not gather herself together to combat her own feelings, for every little happening in the dummy but drew her back to her previous train of painful thought. And in that helplessness she had told Hale good-night. She remembered now how she had looked upon Lonesome Cove after she went to the Gap; how she had looked upon the Gap after her year in the Bluegrass, and how she had looked back even on the first big city she had seen there from the lofty vantage ground of New York. What was the use of it all? Why laboriously climb a hill merely to see and yearn for things that you cannot have, if you must go back and live in the hollow again? Well, she thought rebelliously, she would not go back to the hollow again—that was all. She knew what was coming and her cousin Dave's perpetual sneer sprang suddenly from the past to cut through her again and the old pride rose within her once more. She was good enough now for Hale, oh, yes, she thought bitterly, good enough *now;* and then, remembering his lifelong kindness and thinking what she might have been but for him, she burst into tears at the unworthiness of her own thought. Ah, what should she do—what should she do? Repeating that question over and over again, she fell toward morning into troubled sleep. She did not wake until nearly noon, for already she had formed the habit of sleeping late—late, at least, for that part of the world—and she was glad when the negro boy brought her word that Mr. Hale had been called up the valley and would not be back until the afternoon. She dreaded to meet him, for she knew that he had seen the trouble within her and she knew he was not the kind of man to let matters drag vaguely, if they could be cleared up and settled by open frankness of discussion, no matter how blunt he must be. She had to wait until mid-day dinner time for something to eat, so she lay abed, picked a breakfast from the menu, which was spotted, dirty and meagre in offerings, and had it brought to her room. Early in the afternoon she issued forth into the sunlight, and started toward Imboden Hill. It was very beautiful and soul-comforting—the warm air, the luxuriantly wooded hills, with their shades of green that told her where poplar and oak and beech and maple grew, the delicate haze of blue that overlay them and deepened as her eyes followed the still mountain piles north-eastward to meet the big range that shut her in from the outer world. The changes had

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been many. One part of the town had been wiped out by fire and a few buildings of stone had risen up. On the street she saw strange faces, but now and then she stopped to shake hands with somebody whom she knew, and who recognized her always with surprise and spoke but few words, and then, as she thought, with some embarrassment. Half unconsciously she turned toward the old mill. There it was, dusty and gray, and the dripping old wheel creaked with its weight of shining water, and the muffled roar of the unseen dam started an answering stream of memories to surging within her. She could see the window of her room in the old brick boarding-house, and as she passed the gate, she almost stopped to go in, but the face of a strange man who stood in the door with a proprietary air deterred her. There was Hale's little frame cottage and his name, half washed out, was over the wing that was still his office. Past that she went, with a passing temptation to look within, and toward the old school-house. A massive new one was half built of gray stone to the left, but the old one, with its shingles on the outside that had once caused her such wonder, still lay warm in the sun, but closed and deserted. There was the playground where she had been caught in "Ring around the Rosy," and Hale and that girl teacher had heard her confession. She flushed again when she thought of that day, but the flush was now for another reason. Over the roof of the school-house she could see the beech-tree where she had built her playhouse, and memory led her from the path toward it. She had not climbed a hill for a long time and she was panting when she reached it. There was the scattered playhouse—it might have lain there untouched for a quarter of a century—just as her angry feet had kicked it to pieces. On a root of the beech she sat down and the broad rim of her hat scratched the trunk of it and annoyed her, so she took it off and leaned her head against the tree, looking up into the underworld of leaves through which a sunbeam filtered here and there—one striking her hair which had darkened to a duller gold—striking it eagerly, unerringly, as though it had started for just such a shining mark. Below her was outspread the little town—the straggling, wretched little town—crude, lonely, lifeless! She could not be happy in Lonesome Cove after she had known the Gap, and now her horizon had so broadened that she felt now toward the Gap and its people as she had then felt toward the mountaineers: for the standards of living in the Cove—so it seemed—were no farther below the standards in the Gap than they in turn were lower than the new standards to which she had adapted herself while away. Indeed, even that bluegrass world where she had spent a year was too narrow now for her vaulting ambition, and with that thought she looked down again on the little town, a lonely island in a sea of mountains and as far from the world for which she had been training herself as though it were in mid-ocean. Live down there? She shuddered at the thought and straightway was very miserable. The clear piping of a wood-thrush rose far away, a tear started between her half-closed lashes and she might have gone to weeping silently, had her ear not caught the sound of something moving below her. Some one was coming that way, so she brushed her eyes swiftly with her handkerchief and stood upright against the tree. And there again Hale found her, tense, upright, bareheaded again and her hands behind her; only her face was not uplifted and dreaming—it was turned toward him, unstartled and expectant. He stopped below her and leaned one shoulder against a tree.

"I saw you pass the office," he said, "and I thought I should find you here."

His eyes dropped to the scattered playhouse of long ago—and a faint smile that was full of submerged sadness passed over his face. It was his playhouse, after all, that she had kicked to pieces. But he did not mention it—nor her attitude—nor did he try, in any way, to arouse her memories of that other time at this same place.

"I want to talk with you, June—and I want to talk now."

"Yes, Jack," she said tremulously.

For a moment he stood in silence, his face half-turned, his teeth hard on his in-drawn lip—thinking. There was nothing of the mountaineer about him now. He was clean-shaven and dressed with care—June saw that—but he looked quite old, his face seemed harried with worries and ravaged by suffering, and June had suddenly to swallow a quick surging of pity

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for him. He spoke slowly and without looking at her:

"June, if it hadn't been for me, you would be over in Lonesome Cove and happily married by this time, or at least contented with your life, for you wouldn't have known any other."

"I don't know, Jack."

"I took you out—and it rests with you whether I shall be sorry I did—sorry wholly on your account, I mean," he added hastily.

She knew what he meant and she said nothing—she only turned her head away slightly, with her eyes upturned a little toward the leaves that were shaking like her own heart.

"I think I see it all very clearly," he went on, in a low and perfectly even voice. "You can't be happy over there now—you can't be happy over here now. You've got other wishes, ambitions, dreams, now, and I want you to realize them, and I want to help you to realize them all I can—that's all."

"Jack!—" she helplessly, protestingly spoke his name in a whisper, but that was all she could do, and he went on:

"It isn't so strange. What is strange is that I—that I didn't foresee it all. But if I had," he added firmly, "I'd have done it just the same—unless by doing it I've really done you more harm than good."

"No—no—Jack!"

"I came into your world—you went into mine. What I had grown indifferent about—you grew to care about. You grew sensitive while I was growing callous to certain—" he was about to say "surface things," but he checked himself—"certain things in life that mean more to a woman than to a man. I would not have married you as you were—I've got to be honest now—at least I thought it necessary that you should be otherwise—and now you have gone beyond me, and now you do not want to marry me as I am. And it is all very natural and very just." Very slowly her head had dropped until her chin rested hard above the little jewelled cross on her breast.

"You must tell me if I am wrong. You don't love me now—well enough to be happy with me here"—he waved one hand toward the straggling little town below them and then toward the lonely mountains—"I did not know that we would have to live here—but I know it now"—he checked himself, and afterward she recalled the tone of those last words, but then they had no especial significance.

"Am I wrong?" he repeated, and then he said hurriedly, for her face was so piteous—"No, you needn't give yourself the pain of saying it in words. I want you to know that I understand that there is nothing in the world I blame you for—nothing—nothing. If there is any blame at all, it rests on me alone." She broke toward him with a cry then.

"No—no, Jack," she said brokenly, and she caught his hand in both her own and tried to raise it to her lips, but he held her back and she put her face on his breast and sobbed heartbrokenly. He waited for the paroxysm to pass, stroking her hair gently.

"You mustn't feel that way, little girl. You can't help it—I can't help it—and these things happen all the time, everywhere. You don't have to stay here. You can go away and study, and when I can, I'll come to see you and cheer you up; and when you are a great singer, I'll send you flowers and be so proud of you and I'll say to myself, 'I helped do that.' Dry your eyes, now. You must go back to the hotel. Your father will be there by this time and you'll have to be starting home pretty soon."

Like a child she obeyed him, but she was so weak and trembling that he put his arm about her to help her down the hill. At the edge of the woods she stopped and turned full toward him.

"You are so good," she said tremulously, "so *good*. Why, you haven't even asked me if there was another——"

Hale interrupted her, shaking his head.

"If there is, I don't want to know."

"But there isn't, there isn't!" she cried, "I don't know what is the matter with me. I hate—" the tears started again, and again she was on the point of breaking down, but Hale checked her.

"Now, now," he said soothingly, "you mustn't, now—that's all right. You mustn't." Her anger at herself helped now.

"Why, I stood like a silly fool, tongue-tied, and I wanted to say so much. I——"

"You don't need to," Hale said gently, "I understand it all. I understand."

"I believe you do," she said with a sob, "better than I do."

"Well, it's all right, little girl. Come on."

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They issued forth into the sunlight and Hale walked rapidly. The strain was getting too much for him and he was anxious to be alone. Without a word more they passed the old school-house, the massive new one and went on, in silence, down the street. Hitched to a post, near the hotel, were two gaunt horses with drooping heads, and on one of them was a side-saddle. Sitting on the steps of the hotel, with a pipe in his mouth, was the mighty figure of Devil Judd Tolliver. He saw them coming—at least he saw Hale coming, and that far away Hale saw his bushy eyebrows lifted in wonder at June. A moment later he rose to his great height without a word.

"Dad," said June in a trembling voice, "Don't you know me?" The old man stared at her silently and a doubtful smile played about his bearded lips.

"Hardly, but I reckon it's June."

She knew that the world to which Hale belonged would expect her to kiss him, and she made a movement as though she would, but the habit of a lifetime is not broken so easily. She held out her hand, and with the other patted him on the arm as she looked up into his face.

"Time to be goin', June, if we want to git thar afore dark!"

"All right, Dad."

The old man turned to his horse.

"Hurry up, little gal."

In a few minutes they were ready, and the girl looked long into Hale's face when he took her hand.

"You are coming over soon?"

"Just as soon as I can." Her lips trembled.

"Good-by," she faltered.

"Good-by, June," said Hale.

From the steps he watched them—the giant father slouching in his saddle and the trim figure of the now sadly misplaced girl, erect on the awkward pacing mountain beast as incongruous—the two—as a fairy on some prehistoric monster. A horseman was coming up the street behind him and a voice called:

"Who's that?" Hale turned—it was the Honorable Samuel Budd, coming home from court.

"June Tolliver."

"June Taliaferro," corrected the Hon. Sam with emphasis.

"The same." The Hon. Sam silently followed the pair for a moment through his big goggles.

"What do you think of my theory of the latent possibilities of the mountaineer—now?"

"I think I know how true it is better than you do," said Hale calmly, and with a grunt the Hon. Sam rode on. Hale watched them as they rode across the plateau—watched them until the Gap swallowed them up and his heart ached for June. Then he went to his room and there, stretched out on his bed and with his hands clenched behind his head, he lay staring upward.

. . . . . .

Devil Judd Tolliver had lost none of his taciturnity. Stolidly, silently, he went ahead, as is the custom of lordly man in the mountains—horseback or afoot—asking no questions, answering June's in the fewest words possible. Uncle Billy, the miller, had been complaining a good deal that Spring, and Old Hon had rheumatism. Uncle Billy's old maid sister, who lived on Devil's Fork, had been cooking at home since the last taking to bed of June's stepmother. Bub had "growed up" like a hickory sapling. Her cousin Loretta hadn't married, and some folks allowed she'd run away some day yet with young Buck Falin. Her cousin Dave had gone off to school that year, had come back a month before, and been shot through the shoulder. He was in Lonesome Cove now.

This fact was mentioned in the same matter-of-fact way as the other happenings. Hale had been raising Cain in Lonesome Cove—"A-cuttin' things down an' tearin' 'em up an' playin' hell generally."

The feud had broken out again and maybe June couldn't stay at home long. He didn't want her there with the fighting going on—whereat June's heart gave a start of gladness that the way would be easy for her to leave when she wished to leave. Things over at the Gap "was agoin' to perdition," the old man had been told, while he was waiting for June and Hale that day, and Hale had not only lost a lot of money, but if things didn't take a rise, he would be left head over heels in debt, if that mine over in Lonesome Cove didn't pull him out.

They were approaching the big Pine now, and June was beginning to ache and get

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sore from the climb. So Hale was in trouble—that was what he meant when he said that, though she could leave the mountains when she pleased, he must stay there, perhaps for good.

"I'm mighty glad you come home, gal," said the old man, "an' that ye air goin' to put an end to all this spendin' o' so much money. Jack says you got some money left, but I don't understand it. He says he made a 'investment' fer ye and tribbled the money. I haint never axed him no questions. Hit was betwixt you an' him, an' 'twant none o' my business long as you an' him air goin' to marry. He said you was goin' to marry this summer an' I wish you'd git tied up right away whilst I'm livin', fer I don't know when a Winchester might take me off an' I'd die a sight easier if I knew you was tied up with a good man like him."

"Yes, Dad," was all she said, for she had not the heart to tell him the truth, and she knew that Hale never would until the last moment he must, when he learned that she had failed.

Half an hour later, she could see the stone chimney of the little cabin in Lonesome Cove. A little farther down several spirals of smoke were visible—rising from unseen houses which were more miners' shacks, her father said, that Hale had put up while she was gone. The water of the creek was jet black now. A row of rough wooden houses ran along its edge. The geese cackled a doubtful welcome. A new dog leaped barking from the porch and a tall boy sprang after him—both running for the gate.

"Why, Bub," cried June, sliding from her horse and kissing him, and then holding him off at arms' length to look into his steady gray eyes and his blushing face.

"Take the horses, Bub," said old Judd, and June entered the gate while Bub stood with the reins in his hand, still speechlessly staring her over from head to foot. There was her garden, thank God—with all her flowers planted, a new bed of pansies and one of violets and the border of laurel in bloom—unchanged and weedless.

"One o' Jack Hale's men takes keer of it," explained old Judd, and again, with shame, June felt the hurt of her lover's thoughtfulness. When she entered the cabin, the same old rasping petulant voice called her from a bed in one corner, and when June took the shrivelled old hand that was limply thrust from the bed-clothes, the old hag's keen eyes swept her from head to foot with disapproval.

"My, but you air wearin' mighty fine clothes," she croaked enviously. "I ain't had a new dress fer more'n five year;" and that was the welcome she got.

"No?" said June appeasingly, "Well, I'll get one for you myself."

"I'm much obleeged," she whined, "but I reckon I can git along."

A cough came from the bed in the other corner of the room.

"That's Dave," said the old woman, and June walked over where her cousin's black eyes shone hostile at her from the dark.

"I'm sorry, Dave," she said, but Dave answered nothing but a sullen "how-dy" and did not put out a hand—he only stared at her in sulky bewilderment, and June went back to listen to the torrent of the old woman's plaints until Bub came in. Then as she turned, she noticed for the first time that a new door had been cut in one side of the cabin, and Bub was following the direction of her eyes.

"Why, haint nobody told ye?" he said delightedly.

"Told me what, Bub?"

With a whoop Bud leaped for the side of the door and, reaching up, pulled a shining key from between the logs and thrust it into her hands.

"Go ahead," he said. "Hit's yourn."

"Some more o' Jack Hale's fool doings," said the old woman. "Go on, gal, and see whut he's done."

With eager hands she put the key in the lock and when she pushed open the door, she gasped. Another room had been added to the cabin—and the fragrant smell of cedar made her nostrils dilate. Bub pushed by her and threw open the shutters of a window to the low sunlight, and June stood with both hands to her head. It was a room for her—with a dresser, a long mirror, a modern bed in one corner, a work-table with a student's lamp on it, a wash-stand and a chest of drawers and a piano! On the walls were pictures and over the mantel stood the one she had first learned to love—two lovers clasped in each other's arms and under them the words "*Enfin Seul.*"

"Oh-oh," was all she could say, and choking, she motioned Bub from the room.

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When the door closed, she threw herself sobbing across the bed.

Over at the Gap that night Hale sat in his office with a piece of white paper and a lump of black coal on the table in front of him. His foreman had brought the coal to him that day at dusk. He lifted the lump to the light of his lamp and from the centre of it a mocking evil eye leered back at him. The eye was a piece of shining black flint and told him that his mine in Lonesome Cove was but a pocket of cannel coal and worth no more than the smoldering lumps in his grate. Then he lifted the piece of white paper—it was his license to marry June.

XXIV

VERY slowly June walked up the little creek to the old log where she had lain so many happy hours. There was no change in leaf, shrub or tree, and not a stone in the brook had been disturbed. The sun dropped the same arrows down through the leaves—blunting their shining points into tremulous circles on the ground, the water sang the same happy tune under her dangling feet and a wood-thrush piped the old lay overhead.

Wood-thrush! June smiled as she suddenly re-christened the bird for herself now. That bird henceforth would be the Magic Flute to musical June—and she leaned back with ears, eyes and soul awake and her brain busy.

All the way over the mountain on that second home-going she had thought of the first, and even memories of the memories aroused by that first home-going came back to her—the place where Hale had put his horse into a dead run and had given her that never-to-be-forgotten thrill, and where she had slid from behind him to the ground and stormed with tears. When they dropped down into the green gloom of shadow and green leaves toward Lonesome Cove, she had the same feeling that her heart was being clutched by a human hand and that black night had suddenly fallen about her, but this time she knew what it meant. She thought then of the crowded sleeping-room, the rough beds and coarse blankets at home; the oil-cloth, spotted with drippings from a candle, that covered the table; the thick plates and cups; the soggy bread and the thick bacon floating in grease; the absence of napkins, the eating with knives and fingers and the noise Bub and her father made drinking their coffee. But then she knew all these things in advance, and the memories of them on her way over had prepared her for Lonesome Cove. The conditions were definite there; she knew what it would be to face them again—she was facing them all the way, and to her surprise the realities had hurt her less even than they had before. Then had come the same thrill over the garden, and now with that garden and her new room and her piano and her books, with Uncle Billy's sister to help do the work, and with the little changes that June was daily making in the household, she could live her own life even over there as long as she pleased, and then she would go out into the world again.

But all the way over from the Gap the way had bristled with accusing memories of Hale—even from the chattering creeks, the turns in the road, the sun-dappled bushes and trees and flowers; and when she passed the big Pine that rose with such friendly solemnity above her, the pang of it all hurt her heart and kept on hurting her. When she walked in the garden, the flowers seemed not to have the same spirit of gladness. It had been a dry season and they drooped for that reason, but the melancholy of them had a sympathetic human quality that depressed her. If she saw a bass shoot arrow-like into deep water; if she heard a bird or saw a tree or a flower whose name she had to recall, she thought of Hale. Do what she would, she could not escape the ghost that stalked at her side everywhere, so like a human presence that she felt sometimes a strange desire to turn and speak to it. And in her room that presence was all-pervasive. The piano, the furniture, the bits of bric-a-brac, the pictures and books—all were eloquent with his thought of her—and every night before she turned out her light she could not help lifting her eyes to her once-favorite picture—even that Hale had remembered—the lovers clasped in each other's arms—"at last alone"—only to see it now as a mocking symbol of his beaten hopes. She had written to thank him for it all, and not yet had he answered her letter. He had said that he was coming over to Lonesome

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Cove and he had not come—why should he, on her account? Between them all was over—why should he? The question was absurd in her mind, and yet the fact that she had expected him, that she so *wanted* him, was so illogical and incongruous and vividly true that it raised her to a sitting posture on the log, and she ran her fingers over her forehead and down her dazed face until her chin was in the hollow of her hand, and her startled eyes were fixed unwaveringly on the running water and yet not seeing it at all. A call—her stepmother's cry—rang up the ravine and she did not hear it. She did not hear even Bub coming through the underbrush a few minutes later, and when he half angrily shouted her name at the end of the vista down-stream whence he could see her, she lifted her head from a dream so deep that in it all her senses had for the moment been wholly lost.

"Come on," he shouted.

She had forgotten—there was a "bean-stringing" at the house that day—and she slipped slowly off the log and went down the path, gathering herself together as she went, and making no answer to the indignant Bub who turned and stalked ahead of her back to the house. At the barn-yard gate her father stopped her—he looked worried.

"Jack Hale's jus' been over hyeh." June caught her breath sharply.

"Has he gone?" The old man was watching her and she felt it.

"Yes, he was in a hurry an' nobody knowed whar you was. He jus' come over, he said, to tell me to tell you that you could go back to New York and keep on with yo' singin' doin's whenever you please. He knowed I didn't want you hyeh when this war starts fer a finish as hit's goin' to, mighty soon now. He says he ain't quite ready to git married yit. I'm afeerd he's in trouble."

"Trouble?"

"I tol' you t'other day—he's lost all his money; but he says you've got enough to keep you goin' fer some time. I don't see why you don't git married right now and live over at the Gap."

June colored and was silent.

"Oh," said the old man quickly, "you ain't ready nuther,"—he studied her with narrowing eyes and through a puzzled frown—"but I reckon hit's all right, if you air goin' to git married some time."

"What's all right, Dad?" The old man checked himself:

"Ever' thing," he said shortly, "but don't you make a fool of yo'self with a good man like Jack Hale." And, wondering, June was silent. The truth was that the old man had wormed out of Hale an admission of the kindly duplicity the latter had practiced on him and on June, and he had given his word to Hale that he would not tell June. He did not understand why Hale should have so insisted on that promise, for it was all right that Hale should openly do what he pleased for the girl he was going to marry—but he had given his word: so he turned away, but his frown stayed where it was.

June went on, puzzled, for she knew that her father was withholding something, and she knew too that he would tell her only in his own good time. But she could go away when she pleased—that was the comfort—and with the thought she stopped suddenly at the corner of the garden. She could see Hale on his big black horse climbing the spur. Once it had always been his custom to stop on top of it to rest his horse and turn to look back at her, and she always waited to wave him good-by. She wondered if he would do it now, and while she looked and waited, the beating of her heart quickened nervously; but he rode straight on, without stopping or turning his head and June felt strangely bereft and resentful, and the comfort of the moment before was suddenly gone. She could hear the voices of the guests in the porch around the corner of the house—there was an ordeal for her around there and she went on. Loretta and Loretta's mother were there, and old Hon and several wives and daughters of Tolliver adherents from up Deadwood creek and below Uncle Billy's mill. June knew that the "bean-stringing" was simply an excuse for them to be there, for she could not remember that so many had ever gathered there before—at that function in the Spring, at corn-cutting in the Autumn, or sorghum-making time or at log-raisings or quilting parties, and she well knew the motive of these many and the curiosity of all save perhaps, Loretta, and the old miller's wife: and June was prepared for them. She had borrowed a gown from her stepmother—a purple creation of homespun—she had shaken down her beautiful hair and drawn

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it low over her brows, and arranged it behind after the fashion of mountain women, and when she went up the steps of the porch she was outwardly to the eye one of them except for the leathern belt about her slenderly full waist, her black silk stockings and the little "furrin" shoes on her dainty feet. She smiled inwardly when she saw the same old wave of disappointment sweep across the faces of them all. It was not necessary to shake hands, but unthoughtedly she did, and the women sat in their chairs as she went from one to the other and each gave her a limp hand and a grave "howdy," though each paid an unconscious tribute to a vague something about her, by wiping that hand on an apron first. Very quietly and naturally she took a low chair, piled beans in her lap and, as one of them, went to work. Nobody looked at her at first until Ol' Hon broke the silence.

"You haint lost a spec o' yo' good looks, Juny."

June laughed without a flush—she would have reddened to the roots of her hair two years before.

"I'm feelin' right peart, thank ye," she said, dropping consciously into the vernacular; but there was a something in her voice that was vaguely felt by all as a part of the universal strangeness that was in her erect bearing, her proud head, her deep eyes that looked so straight into their own—a strangeness that was in that belt and those stockings and those shoes, inconspicuous as they were, to which she saw every eye in time covertly wandering as to tangible symbols of a mystery that was beyond their ken. Ol' Hon and the stepmother alone talked at first, and the others, even Loretta, said never a word.

"Jack Hale must have been in a mighty big hurry," quavered the old stepmother. "June ain't goin' to be with us long, I'm afeerd": and, without looking up, June knew the wireless significance of the speech was going around from eye to eye, but calmly she pulled her thread through a green pod and said calmly, with a little enigmatical shake of her head:

"I—don't know—I don't know."

Young Dave's mother was encouraged and all her effort at good-humor could not quite draw the sting of a spiteful plaint from her voice.

"I reckon she'd never git away, if my boy Dave had the sayin' of it." There was a subdued titter at this, but Bub had come in from the stable and had dropped on the edge of the porch. He broke in hotly.

"You jest let June alone, Aunt Tilly, you'll have yo' hands full if you keep yo' eye on Loretty thar."

Already when somebody was saying something about the feud, as June came around the corner, her quick eye had seen Loretta bend her head swiftly over her work to hide the flush of her face. Now Loretta turned scarlet as the step-mother spoke severely:

"You hush, Bub," and Bub rose and stalked into the house. Aunt Tilly was leaning back in her chair—gasping—and consternation smote the group. June rose suddenly with her string of dangling beans.

"I haven't shown you my room, Loretty. Don't you want to see it? Come on, all of you," she added to the girls, and they and Loretta with one swift look of gratitude rose shyly and trooped shyly within where they looked in wide-mouthed wonder at the marvellous things that room contained. The older women followed to share sight of the miracle, and all stood looking from one thing to another, some with their hands behind them as though to thwart the temptation to touch, and all saying merely:

"My! My!"

None of them had ever seen a piano before and June must play the "shiny contraption" and sing a song. It was only curiosity and astonishment that she evoked when her swift fingers began running over the keys from one end of the board to the other, astonishment at the gymnastic quality of the performance, and only astonishment when her lovely voice set the very walls of the little room to vibrating with a dramatic love-song that was about as intelligible to them as a problem in calculus, and June flushed and then smiled with quick understanding at the dry comment that rose from Aunt Tilly behind:

"She shorely can holler some!"

She couldn't play "Sourwood Mountain" on the piano—nor "Jinny git aroun'," nor "Soapsuds over the Fence," but with a sudden inspiration she went back to an old hymn that they all knew, and at the end she won the tribute of an awed silence that made them file back to the beans on the porch. Loretta lingered a

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moment and when June closed the piano and the two girls went into the main room, a tall figure, entering, stopped in the door and stared at June without speaking:

"Why, how-dy, Uncle Rufe," said Loretta. "This is June. You didn't know her, did ye?" The man laughed. Something in June's bearing made him take off his hat; he came forward to shake hands, and June looked up into a pair of bold black eyes that stirred within her again the vague fears of her childhood. She had been afraid of him when she was a child, and it was the old fear aroused that made her recall him by his eyes now. His beard was gone and he was much changed. She trembled when she shook hands with him and she did not call him by his name. Old Judd came in, and a moment later the two men and Bub sat on the porch while the women worked, and when June rose again to go indoors, she felt the newcomer's bold eyes take her slowly in from head to foot and she turned crimson. This was the terror among the Tollivers—Bad Rufe, come back from the West to take part in the feud. *He* saw the belt and the stockings and the shoes, the white column of her throat and the proud set of her gold-crowned head; *he* knew what they meant, he made her feel that he knew, and later he managed to catch her eyes once with an amused, half-contemptuous glance at the simple untravelled folk about them, that said plainly how well he knew they two were set apart from them, and she shrank fearfully from the comradeship that the glance implied and would look at him no more. He knew everything that was going on in the mountains. He had come back "ready for business," he said. When he made ready to go, June went to her room and stayed there, but she heard him say to her father that he was going over to the Gap and with a laugh that chilled her soul:

"I'm goin' over to kill me a policeman." And her father warned gruffly:

"You better keep away from thar. You don't understand them fellers." And she heard Rufe's brutal laugh again, and, as he rode into the creek, his horse stumbled and she saw him cut cruelly at the poor beast's ears with the rawhide quirt that he carried. She was glad when all went home, and the only ray of sunlight in the day for her radiated from Uncle Billy's face when, at sunset, he came to take Ol' Hon home. The old miller was the one unchanged soul to her in that he was the one soul that could see no change in June. He called her "baby" in the old way, and he talked to her now as he had talked to her as a child. He took her aside to ask her if she knew that Hale had got his license to marry, and when she shook her head, his round, red face lighted up with the benediction of a rising sun:

"Well, that's what he's done, baby, an' he's axed me to marry ye," he added, with boyish pride, "he's axed *me*."

And June choked, her eyes filled, and she was dumb, but Uncle Billy could not see that it meant distress and not joy. He just put his arm around her and whispered:

"I ain't told a soul, baby—not a soul."

She went to bed and to sleep with Hale's face in the dream-mist of her brain, and Uncle Billy's, and the bold, black eyes of bad Rufe Tolliver—all fused, blurred, indistinguishable. Then suddenly Rufe's words struck that brain, word by word, like the clanging terror of a frightened bell.

"I'm goin' to kill me a policeman." And with the last word, it seemed, she sprang upright in bed, clutching the coverlid convulsively. Daylight was showing gray through her window. She heard a swift step up the steps, across the porch, the rattle of the door-chain, her father's quick call, then the rumble of two men's voices, and she knew as well what had happened as though she had heard every word they uttered. Rufe had killed him a policeman—perhaps John Hale—and with terror clutching her heart she sprang to the floor, and as she dropped the old purple gown over her shoulders, she heard the scurry of feet across the back porch—feet that ran swiftly but cautiously, and left the sound of them at the edge of the woods. She heard the back door close softly, the creaking of the bed as her father lay down again, and then a sudden splashing in the creek. Kneeling at the window, she saw strange horsemen pushing toward the gate where one threw himself from his saddle, strode swiftly toward the steps, and her lips unconsciously made soft, little, inarticulate cries of joy—for the stern, gray face under the hat of the man was the face of John Hale. After him pushed other men—fully armed—whom he motioned to either side of the cabin to the rear. By his side was Bob Berkley, and be-

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hind him was a red-headed Falin whom she well remembered. Within twenty feet, she was looking into that gray face, when the set lips of it opened in a loud command:

"Hello!" She heard her father's bed creak again, again the rattle of the door-chain, and then old Judd stepped on the porch with a revolver in each hand.

"Hello!" he answered sternly.

"Judd," said Hale sharply—and June had never heard that tone from him before—"a man with a black moustache killed one of our men over in the Gap yesterday and we've tracked him over here. There's his horse—and we saw him go into that door. We want him."

"Do you know who the feller is?" asked old Judd calmly.

"No," said Hale quickly. And then, with equal calm:

"Hit was my brother," and the old man's mouth closed like a vise. Had the last word been a stone striking his ear—Hale could hardly have been more stunned. Again he called and almost gently:

"Watch the rear there," and then gently he turned to Devil Judd.

"Judd, your brother shot a man at the Gap—without excuse or warning. He was an officer and a friend of mine, but if he were a stranger—we want him just the same. Is he here?"

Judd looked at the red-headed man behind Hale.

"So, you're turned on the Falin side now, have ye?" he said contemptuously.

"Is he here?" repeated Hale.

"Yes, an' you can't have him." Without a move toward his pistol Hale stepped forward, and June saw her father's big right hand tighten on his huge pistol, and with a low cry she sprang to her feet.

"I'm an officer of the law," Hale said, "stand aside, Judd!" Bub leaped to the door with a Winchester—his eyes wild and his face white.

"Watch out, men!" Hale called, and as the men raised their guns there was a shriek inside the cabin and June stood at Bub's side barefooted, her hair tumbled about her shoulders, and her hand clutching the little cross at her throat.

"Stop!" she shrieked. "He isn't here. He's—he's gone!" For a moment a sudden sickness smote Hale's face, then Devil Judd's ruse flashed to him and, wheeling, he sprang to the ground.

"Quick!" he shouted, with a sweep of his hand right and left. "Up those hollows! Lead those horses up to the Pine and wait. Quick!"

Already the men were running as he directed and Hale, followed by Bob and the Falin, rushed around the corner of the house. Old Judd's nostrils were quivering, and with his pistols dangling in his hands he walked to the gate, listening to the sounds of the pursuit.

"They'll never ketch him," he said coming back, and then he dropped into a chair and sat in silence a long time. June reappeared, her face still white and her temples throbbing, for the sun was rising on days of darkness for her. Devil Judd did not even look at her.

"I reckon you ain't goin' to marry John Hale."

"No, Dad," said June.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER RAIN

By Christian Gauss

To-day it seemed the summer rain
Was comforting the world's old pain;
So soft it fell between the trees,
So gently did it cease.

It touched the dusty way with green,
It cheered me who had lonely been;
So fair the world, I could not be
Uncomforted of thee.

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GUARANTY OF BANK DEPOSITS

By J. Laurence Laughlin

SOMETIMES our legislation falls into the hands of those politicians who confessedly pay no attention to the work of experts. The existence of complicated monetary and banking problems, understood by only a few, furnishes the opportunity for professional politicians to bring forward measures which may appeal to the private interests of one class as against another, but which show utter want of analysis and an ignorance of fundamental principles. For this reason legislation goes by jerks, now bad, now good, according as supposed public opinion favors the one or the other. Although we have many serious-minded statesmen, still a measure is not infrequently judged by its power to gain votes for the party in power in the next election. Consequently, the candidate for office is eagerly searching the field for schemes which can be regarded as personal belongings, and which will appeal to uninformed masses quite independent of their true ethical or monetary quality.

Of such a character was the "rag baby" of greenback days, or the free coinage of silver of more recent memory; and the last member to be added to this motley collection is the guaranty of bank deposits. Its appearance at this moment, soon after a financial crisis, follows the usual sequence of freak schemes in the wake of a business disturbance. It finds honest supporters not only from those who were injured by the inability to withdraw deposits in the days of recent panic, but also from those who believe they have found in it a means of preventing panics. Superficial thinking as to panics, and little understanding of the actual operations of banks, have provided a soil in which the proposal for a guaranty of bank deposits may take quick root. In the interests of a sound basis for our monetary and banking institutions, it is well worth the while to give a searching examination to a scheme which is quite certain to become an issue in the coming campaign.

The purpose of the scheme is to distribute the losses to depositors arising from bank failures among a large number of banks, instead of allowing them to fall on the innocent depositors who were not responsible for them. To this end it is proposed to levy a tax on the bankers to create a fund which, in charge of the National Treasury, shall be used to pay off at once the claims of depositors in insolvent banks. Some advocate the guaranty of the Government, others lay the whole burden on the banks, aided, perhaps, by an initial grant from the Government. There is, moreover, no agreement as to the actual working of the plan: (1) Some insist that its essential value lies in saving the depositor from waiting for his funds until the liquidation of the bank's assets; while (2) others think it is only to assure the depositor against ultimate loss, in case the assets are insufficient in the last resort. There is a difference between these two objects: the former provides for immediate, the latter for ultimate, redemption of deposits. Arguments for the one would not apply to the other. At first, the benefit was supposed to centre about the ability of the depositor in the failed bank to cash his claim at the very time when emergency conditions were pressing upon him dangerously. Hence, he would not be crippled by loss of his means in a time when he must meet maturing obligations. This view, however, seems to have been abandoned as untenable; because it was quickly pointed out that in the recent panic, deposits of more than $100,000,000 were tied up; and to pay off this sum on demand would require an accumulated guaranty fund much larger than that mentioned by any of its advocates. The Fowler bill evidently assumes that $25,000,000 is enough, while elsewhere $50,000,000 is thought sufficient. Therefore, if the fund is intended only for the ultimate redemption of depositors' claims, it will not prove of much advantage to the man in the hour of panic. The panic and the vital need will be long gone by before the claim is realized upon.

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In proposing to guarantee depositors in general, there is an obvious lack of discrimination in failing to distinguish between depositors in savings banks, whose assets must necessarily be of an investment character, and depositors engaged in active business, who keep checking accounts at commercial banks, which must always keep assets in cash sufficient to meet normal demand requirements. For this first class, savings banks under the laws of the various states are created; and, of course, not all states have been careful in providing safety for such depositors. These small depositors are the ones usually referred to when pictures are drawn of the misery entailed upon persons who could have had no means of deciding whether one bank was safer than another. The protection for depositors in savings banks (or small private banks) is a wholly different problem from one dealing with commercial banks.

It is for this first class that Government postal banks are suggested as offering absolute safety. Apart from the inevitable difficulties arising from the investment of hundreds of millions of dollars by Government officials, and the selection of securities—very grave difficulties—there can be no doubt as to the safety provided for all who would be thought incapable of intelligent choice of a bank in which to make time deposits. Therefore, a Government system, if adopted, would remove much of the sentiment manufactured for consumption among the small depositors of the country in favor of the insurance of bank deposits. Moreover, by caring for this class of persons, who might be victimized by unprincipled bankers, the case for the guaranty of deposits in commercial banks left there by active and keen business men —who, moreover, usually deposit where they can also get loans—can be better treated by itself. Nor would the establishment of a Government savings system have any appreciable effect on the sums left with the commercial banks.

The real question, therefore, has to do with commercial banks, such as our national banks, and some of those created by the states; for the trust companies and state banks, while carrying on savings departments, actively strive for the business of commercial banks, and cannot by any means be ignored. Yet, in the main, the national banks must receive our greatest attention. In fact, because the national banks issue notes, the insurance of these notes by a guaranty fund, providing for their immediate redemption, has been generally admitted as desirable and feasible; although their ultimate redemption is secured by a first lien on assets or by the deposit of bonds. If, then, the insurance of the note-holder is regarded as necessary, why not extend the same idea to the depositor?

There is, however, a wide difference in the position of the note-holder and the depositor. When a demand liability of a bank, in the form of a note, comes to be used as money, and is passed from hand to hand by buyers and sellers who have no knowledge whatever of the standing of the issuing bank, it must have universal acceptability. It should be no more necessary for each receiver of the note to stop and ascertain the solvency of the issuer, than it should be necessary for the receiver of a gold coin to stop to test and weigh the fineness of the metal contained in it. It is not in the interest of the bank, but in the interest of the busy public, that protection is thrown around the issue of notes. In its work as a medium of exchange the note often goes forth to a great distance from its place of issue, and often remains in circulation for a long period before being returned for redemption. It is quite otherwise with the deposit. While the note performs a general and social function, the deposit arises solely from a personal and voluntary act. Deposits can never possess such a universal and general currency, because each particular check must always submit to proof of the existence of funds sufficient to meet the order. The note-holder is usually an involuntary, and the depositor a voluntary, creditor of the bank. The use of a deposit always implies recourse to a bank in order to give it effect in payment; while a note requires no proof, no indorsement, no identification, in establishing its right to move in the world of exchange. The depositor selects his own bank and takes the risks implied in a voluntary choice, thus becoming responsible for his act, just as any one does when he gives credit to a buyer or lets a house. Consequently, the reasons for a guaranty

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of the notes are obvious; while they would have no application to the guaranty of deposits. If it be said that depositors are often ignorant of the soundness of one bank as compared with another, it may be answered that such an excuse might be admitted for the class of small savings-bank depositors, but not for the ordinary man of business who deals with a commercial bank. There are abundant means of finding out the standing of banks in any city. Or, if it be said that no depositor, not a director, knows what is going on on the inside of a bank, so it might be said that a seller of goods on credit does not know what the distant buyer is doing with his purchased goods, for which he has not yet paid.

A depositor is, of course, a creditor of a bank; that is, the relation of a depositor to a bank is only one of many other relations existing between creditor and debtor. Is there anything peculiar in the case of the depositor which sets him apart from all other creditors, who have voluntarily entered into a creditor relation, and which entitles him alone to protection against the consequences of his own acts? If one sort of creditor should be insured against the usual mischances of business, why should we not insure all? Why discriminate in favor of him who is rich enough to have a bank deposit? A humble washerwoman who often has outstanding debts which she cannot collect ought to be insured against loss as well as a depositor; she has little means of knowing, except by bitter experience, whom to trust. And the same might be said of the cobbler, the milkman, the grocer, the doctor, the merchant, or the large wholesale seller of dry-goods, or of any other article; for they have accounts against others for which they need the collections as well as the depositor in a bank—perhaps more. Why this sudden access of interest in the creditors, when in the silver agitation every true patriot's heart was burning with zeal to help out the poor debtor? Has the politician exhausted the possibilities of sympathy in the debtor, and wishes to try new pastures? Obviously, the proposal to insure depositors as an application of a general principle of insuring all creditors is childish; and has been born in the mind of a man who does not think of things beyond his own nose.

Pathetic pictures have been drawn of the misery created by the failure of a private state bank in Chicago, the Milwaukee Avenue Bank: how innocent men and women lost a life's savings; how foreigners saw their fortunes disappear before they had got settled in the new land; how small dealers were ruined; how some became insane, and others committed suicide. Then, it was added, almost the whole of the deposits were in the end paid out of the assets by the receiver. Hence, if the deposits had been guaranteed, all this misery would have been saved. Now no one would depreciate the frightful results of this unpardonable wrong-doing; but is this the only kind of misery to be cared for? And shall the state consciously engage to care for all such cases arising from accident or fraud? Let us turn from the picture just given to another. An honest and successful dealer was selling goods to Southern buyers before the Civil War. On the breaking out of the conflict he found all his outstanding debts uncollectible; he was ruined; his children had even to be withdrawn from school and set to work for bread; and this man, broken down, ended his life in the poor-house. He lost everything; while depositors who waited recovered most of their deposits. If depositors suffer from no error of their own, so also did our merchant suffer from no error which he could have repaired. In both cases, the persons had acted voluntarily, and both had to take the chances going with acts of their own choice. When all evil and possibility of misjudgment have gone from our world, then, and only then, may we think of insuring depositors and all other creditors.

There is no more justice in laying the depositor's losses, for which he is not responsible, upon others who, also, are not responsible for the losses, than it would be for A, who has been robbed by B, to ask that his honest neighbor C should be robbed to make up for his loss. No matter how confidingly A had trusted B, C is not responsible for A's voluntary acts. Similarly, the honest and efficient banks cannot in justice be asked to make up to a depositor in a failed bank, losses for which the honest and efficient banks had no responsibility whatever. It would be clearly unfair to hold a small, conservatively man-

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aged country bank responsible for the "frenzied finance" of some large bank in a great city. All reason, all justice, demand that the punishment be inflicted on the doer of the wrong and not on the innocent neighbor. In fact, the ethical justification for taxing sound banks to cover the lapses of unsound banks has no existence whatever. It is unmoral. Moreover, it is a question whether the courts would enforce such a law against the rights of property.

More than that, it is not supported by any theory of political expediency but the socialistic. The advocates of insurance deplore the suggestion that it is socialistic, and are as much horrified by the mention of socialism as the devil is by the sight of the cross; and yet what does the analysis show? It is not necessary to explain to intelligent readers that socialism is not opposed to individualism; socialists look to the state to do for them what they admit that they cannot do for themselves under a system of free competition. They charge against the forms of society what is due to the deficiencies of human nature, assuming that a change in the forms of society will change elemental human nature. The failure to hold their own in the struggle of life is the incentive to socialistic thinking. Disagreeable as it may sound, in reality socialism is the philosophy of failure. To be asked to be relieved from the ill success, or risk, of one's own business ventures is of the very essence of socialism. When human nature has changed its spots, and can be trusted to go straight without existing incentives, then we may begin to remove the dread of loss from those who make mistakes without expecting a depreciation of human fibre. It is only because men must look out for themselves that they differ in business fibre from women and children who are separated from the world of competitive effort. One may admit all the distress arising from the inability of the depositor to draw his deposits in cash; and yet one would not, as a consequence, need to demand insurance against every emergency in which misery may arise from the hazards of business. The essential idea in the scheme for guaranteeing deposits in commercial banks—quite apart from the humble savings-bank depositor—is to relieve a man from the responsibility for using bad business judgment; and it is based on the principle of freeing men from the results of all business engagements in which there may be a risk of loss. If we once begin on this principle, we must care for all those who have entered into the relation of creditor to another. The scheme is the product of a narrowness which has seen only one superficial phase of the problem, and which has hurried to a general conclusion without having studied the wide-reaching effects of an enervating and impractical policy.

In some of the pleas for insurance, deposits are supposed to be "all the money people possess," "the people's cash," a "huge volume of money." Since this sum, fabulously large, is in the banks, the whole business fabric rests upon the banks. The only thing which sustains this critical situation is the confidence of the depositors in the bank; when time of stress comes this confidence gives way to distrust, followed by a scramble for cash. Then, says the insurance advocate, do that which will establish perpetual confidence by the depositor in the bank, and we shall never more have panics. The plan is so compact, so easy, that it recalls at once the naïve method by which the Chinaman got his supply of roast pig.

Probably it has never occurred to such theorists to examine the payments to a bank by depositors in any one day. If they had, they would find that in large cities the cash paid in was insignificant compared with the overwhelming part in checks drawn on deposit accounts. Moreover, the deposit item in the national banks now moves in close correspondence, in amount and in changes, with the loan item. In fact, a loan is immediately followed by the granting of a deposit in favor of the borrower. That is, the large mass of deposits in commercial banks are the result of loans; and the creation of a demand deposit is always accompanied by leaving an equivalent value, as the security for the deposit, in the assets. The loan given for carrying wheat, or cotton, creates a demand deposit, which can be drawn on on demand by the borrower; but the assets have gained a right over the wheat, or cotton, or its equivalent value, which will issue in some means of payment in thirty

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or ninety days. If the goods are salable, the deposits are safe. In short, the deposits are as safe as the assets on which they are based; provided loans are based on commercial paper, the deposits are as safe as the quick goods passing between buyer and seller. The deposits, therefore, depend for their safety on the kind of assets taken by a bank for a loan; they do not depend on an abstraction like "confidence." To secure safety to the depositor, all attention should converge on the quality and liquid nature of the assets in the loan account. In order to have confidence, we must primarily see to it that loans are made with good judgment. The whole matter pivots on this consideration. The only way to avoid a crisis is to avoid expansion; which is only another way of saying, avoid taking assets which will not certainly protect the deposits when liquidation is enforced.

When, therefore, insurance of deposits is proposed as a means of preventing panics, because it will secure confidence, we are confronted with a singularly crude understanding of what causes panics, and what the operations of a bank really are. Confidence, of course, has its place in these matters; but we can have confidence only if there is a basis for confidence. In case one sends freight on a railway, one cannot avoid accidents by serenely leaning back and assuming—after Christian Science methods—confidence. If the railway is carelessly managed and poorly equipped, there will be wrecks and destruction of freight, no matter what the mental attitude of the shipper is. But then, says the insurance advocate, tax all the railways for an insurance fund to pay for the losses; and, then, notice how all the good railways will report upon the bad ones, with the result that there will be no more accidents. This illustration brings forth the nub of the whole question. You can prevent accidents and losses only by directing your discipline to men and equipment; you can secure safety by correct railway methods, not merely by requesting confidence. No, say the insurance advocates, establish a guaranty against all losses, and you will have confidence, no matter how badly a railway conducts its service; and, if good railways must contribute, they will see that the bad railways have no more wrecks. Imagine, in practice, the outcome if the Pennsylvania Railway were to be called upon to pay for damages due to accidents on the Erie or on the Baltimore and Ohio. The Pennsylvania, if well and safely conducted, has enough to do to watch its own road, to say nothing of a road over which it has no daily and direct control. If the poor road were free from all responsibility for damages due to its own management, what incentive would there be to improve its methods? Insuring the goods may reimburse the shipper, but it does not touch the internal conduct of the road. And, if a good road gets no advantage from its fine roadbed, its solid bridges, its well-trained force, why should it keep up its superior condition? If it does not gain traffic by its superior condition over an inferior road, there is no reason for expenditure of mind and money in safeguards.

The parallel between the railways and the banks is practically complete. Confidence in banks can be due, not to external forces, like insurance of any losses which may occur, but to internal forces directed upon the methods of business management, and the quality of the assets which serve as the security for the deposits. If the internal management is careful and judicious, the deposits are safe, and we can have confidence in their safety. Moreover, if a good bank gets no advantage from its sound business methods, its conservative loans, its skill in avoiding losses, and its experienced staff, why should it try to keep a superior standard? The insurance idea seems to be that we can have confidence in banks, if only some one will pay the losses. This is as much as to say, we are not afraid of fire, even if incendiaries are about, because we are insured; when, in truth, the only permanent confidence is due to measures which will eliminate the incendiaries. So, in banking, everything is secondary to the character of the assets in the loan item.

It cannot be insisted upon too strongly that the effort to create confidence and prevent panics by insurance of deposits is going to the wrong end of the problem. The deposits can never be any safer than the assets. Therefore, if we wish to create confidence and prevent panics, every effort should be directed to securing only the safest kind of assets. This is the crux of

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the whole matter. To talk only of insurance, and to minimize the importance of the quality of the assets, is only to act after the damage is done; to close the stable door after the horse is gone. Of course, the insurance advocate will say that insurance will bring about safer banking methods; but of that more later on.

The insurance theorists probably mean that their scheme would prevent a panic, because it would prevent a run on any bank in the system. One would be curious to know upon what analysis of credit operations a crisis could be regarded as due merely to the state of mind which leads to a run for cash. In truth a run, a lack of confidence, is a consequence, not a cause, of panic conditions. It is a consequence of doubt as to the kind of business the banks have been doing; it is a consequence as has already been insisted upon—of the poor quality of the assets. Every experienced man of affairs knows that the material for a financial catastrophe is collected by previous years of extravagance, over-trading, and expansion of credit; and that it is only an accident whether it is this or that event which touches off the powder magazine. The actual liquidation of the past months shows upon what mistaken calculations many of our loans were based, and how rotten much of our credit fabric was. The Heinze-Morse affairs of October, 1907, were only one set of incidents in a series of existing weaknesses, which had shown their appearance as early as the previous March. Now, when the assets in the loan item of the banks have only a fictitious value, when they lose their liquid quality, it is childish to talk about creating "confidence" by legislation, or by such a scheme as guaranty of deposits. It would not change the previous expansion of credit. A run is merely the logical sequence of what has gone before; and the evils of the past need time to be worked out. You may put salve on the spot kicked by a mule, but the salve cannot be said to have prevented the kick.

If the advocates of deposit-insurance are really in earnest in wishing to mitigate the effects of an unreasoning run by depositors —after previous conditions have produced a crisis—let them carefully consider the reforms needed in our system of bank-note issues. When unfavorable developments, like the Heinze and Morse revelations, create a supicion as to banking soundness, then suddenly psychological conditions appear arising from alarm as to the safety of deposits. Could a guaranty of deposits be a rational cure for this fear? Let me explain briefly the situation which makes a run dangerous. In order to serve the public, the bank gives a borrower present means of payment in return for which the bank gets repayment by waiting a short time. In reality, when the bank gives him a right to draw on demand, the whole risk as to the transaction turning out right falls on the bank; that is, the bank veritably insures the soundness of the business transaction on which the loan was based. Quite effectively, the banks express the value of salable goods in a means of payment, and enable a borrower, by checks on a deposit account, to exchange the value of his goods for other goods which he wishes to buy. Obviously, no one wishes cash, because he loses interest on it so long as it is in his possession. Hence, when affairs are normal, men do not ask for cash—not even for the percentage required in the legal reserves. This explains why a bank may legitimately have $70,000,000 of demand deposits, and yet perhaps keep only $18,000,000 of cash reserves. Now, under such conditions, what happens if the customers lose their heads, and all ask for cash? Of course, they could not all get it; and these customers, under an unwritten law, became depositors, knowing they could not get it. In spite of the superficial impression that a deposit in a bank is cash, it is not so in reality; and it could never have been so "nominated in the bond," if wanted all at once. Nor could any conceivable guaranty fund be enough to provide the cash. It is an utter impossibility.

But, on the other hand, observe that the whole object intended by a guaranty of deposits could be gained by a safe and properly elastic note-issue—such as is proposed in the Fowler and other bills. It would enable the immediate exchange of a deposit liability into a note liability, without altering the relation of reserves to demand liabilities, and yet retaining for the notes the same assets as security which previously were regarded as safe for the deposits. Not only would this plan not

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diminish the power of the bank to lend, but it would save its reserves of lawful money from being drawn upon, and thus even increase the ability to lend to needy borrowers. But it would do another very important thing: it would quiet the psychological conditions leading to runs, by enabling the bank to pay out its own obligations in the form of "money" which would satisfy the demand to hoard, and enable trust companies, and other institutions, to be supplied with cash. If national banks, in the recent crisis, had been able to reduce demand deposits by increasing demand notes, in the same proportion, they would have been able to meet the request for pay-rolls, and for the cash needed in ordinary retail trade, without having had practically to suspend payment from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By providing notes, the banks would not have obliged business houses, as they did, because of the suspension in the recent crisis, to withhold their daily cash receipts and not deposit them in the banks. Moreover, if depositors could have obtained notes *pro tanto*, the newly born agitation for the guaranty of deposits would, in all probability, have never made any headway. In fact, the demand for a guaranty of deposits ought to be directed into a thoughtful demand for a system of note-issues which would effectively remove the difficulties under which depositors labor in the hours of a panic.

Still further, it should be mentioned that these new note-issues should in no respect differ in color, design, security, or wording, from notes previously issued in normal times. In a crisis, or in the critical conditions preceeding one, or in any emergency of the money market, it should not be necessary to go out with a brass band to inform the public that it was quite time to get into a panic because special emergency notes were about to be issued.

In times of stress, however, the depositor's need is not the most important; for if he has a deposit he can pay a debt by a check. We must consider, in this matter, not the banks, but the great business public who need help. The fundamental need is the grant of a loan, or the continuation of an old one, which gives the right to draw on a deposit. Men are driven to liquidate, to throw over securities to meet maturing obligations. A loan is the protection from ruin. If legitimate borrowers can get loans, the worst is over. Now, it is needless to say that a guaranty of deposits does not in any way affect the ability of a bank to lend in a time of panic; therefore, it will have no appreciable influence in relieving the conditions brought on by a collapse of credit. The only thing that it can do, at the best, is to save the depositor from waiting for his funds during the time of liquidation; and even this purpose is now abandoned by insurance advocates as impossible. The real alarm—and the one which needs to be quieted—is that based on questions as to the value and character of the assets of the bank; and that depends upon the whole management in a time reaching back into the past.

The plan for insurance of deposits is urged by its advocates as one which will induce more careful banking, because contributors to the fund will be more vigilant in acting as policemen over other bankers, and stop illegitimate methods in their inception. On the other hand, its opponents claim that it will reduce the best managed to the level of the worst managed bank, and remove all premium on skill, honesty and ability.

Obviously, the deposits of a bank are as safe as the value of the assets in the loan item, no more, no less. Apart from fraud and stealing, what is bad banking? Clearly, it is the lending of too much to favored, or inside, parties; and the inability to know good from bad paper, and "quick" from tied-up investments. Every conceivable reward should exist to bring pressure on a banker to have courage in declining questionable loans. The moment such pressure is removed, the opportunity is enlarged for taking on assets, which, at the first real emergency, will crumble in value, and leave the depositors unsecured even by long and difficult liquidation. Therefore, to relieve the banker from the logical consequences of his own mistakes, of his own weaknesses, is to take away practically the only real safeguard effective on human nature in a business touching the trusts of countless financial interests. The result of such a guaranty would, in my opinion, tend to put a premium on the "popular" and "obliging"

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banker, as against the careful and judicious banker; to spread throughout the country the influence of men who care more for bigness than safety in their accounts; to build up credit unsupported by legitimate trade; and in the end would bring on financial convulsions proportional in disaster to the extent of the doubtful banking. Not only would it be unjust to ask the efficient to meet the losses of the inefficient, but it is poor policy to stimulate the inefficient to try to do that for which they are unfit.

An essential difference between banks in management, stability, conservatism, and success cannot wisely or justly be wiped out, without losing the very elements of safety and permanence in our business relations. A great bank with a large capital and surplus affords a wider margin of safety to deposits than can be afforded by a small bank; and the large bank will draw deposits for these very reasons. Moreover, depositors in practice keep their deposits where they are likely to be able to get loans from time to time; and an examination of figures in any commercial bank would probably show that, during any given season, some large depositors had been owing the bank about as much in the form of loans as the bank was owing the depositors. In that case, in order to treat both sides fairly, would it not be just to ask the depositors also to insure the banks against loss from loans? In fact, if the argument for insurance of deposits has any validity, then the same system, in order to treat both interests in question with equal justice, should be extended by a tax on all borrowers to insure the bank from loss from unfortunate loans. If this were done there would be no need of guaranteeing deposits; for if assets are safe, deposits are safe. Indeed, too much is claimed for this guaranty of deposits. All the gains of society are credited to it, until one is inclined to think its advocates see in the term only the initials of the words, and have made it into a G. O. D.

Since the guaranty of deposits will not prevent the materials for a crisis gathering; since it will not advance sound banking methods; since it is unjust to legitimate bankers; and since all the benefits to be gained by it can be secured by a proper note issue (which would mitigate runs), or by better methods of banking, there is no great reason for going into a scheme which is as distinctly socialistic as this one. Moreover, among the means of securing better banking is the improvement of national bank inspections. At present appointments as inspectors are made for political, and not for expert, qualifications; nor are the fees, assignments, and frequency of examinations what they should be. The Clearing House Associations, in default of proper national inspections, and also to aid in legitimate banking by state banks, and the trust companies clearing through their associations, have established inspection agencies of their own, which have proved remarkably efficient in securing safety to the community from failures. Such action is worth all the guaranty schemes ever born in giving protection to depositors, and it is done in the only business-like way practicable. The example set by the Clearing House Association of Chicago, after the Walsh failure, is being followed in other cities.

When examined from the point of view of technical insurance principles, the guaranty method is not impossible of treatment for the hazard incurred. Any uncertainty can be insured, provided the premium is large enough. It is said that companies already exist ready to insure deposits at one-fourth of one per cent.; but they evidently expect to choose the banks. And just here arises the central difficulty. In ordinary fire insurance, one enters it voluntarily; and one gets a different rate according to differences in the moral and physical hazard. Yet in the guaranty of deposits all banks are forced to enter the scheme. If a group of banks of high standing voluntarily chose to insure each other's deposits, because they had confidence in each other's management, that would be a different thing from the plan generally proposed. Moreover, the parallel with fire insurance, in which the owners of the property risked pay the premium, and the insurance of deposits, in which the depositor does not pay the premium, does not hold. As a strictly insurance question, it should be left to the insurance companies and the depositors. This was practically the outcome reached by the Kansas legislature, when asked to follow

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the radical action of Oklahoma, which has a guaranty of deposits established by state law.

If the guaranty is desired for the immediate redemption of all deposits in failed banks in any crisis, a very large fund in cash would be required. For deposits in national banks alone, a five-per-cent. fund would be about $216,000,000—a sum too large to be allowed to lie idle in cash. If invested in bonds, it can no longer be regarded as available for immediate redemption. In fact, the aim of immediate redemption, as already said, seems to have been dropped. If, on the other hand, the guaranty is intended only for ultimate redemption, after the bank's assets have been liquidated, it will not materially change existing conditions, and will not give ardent advocates of deposit-insurance what they are clamoring for—the immediate control of their funds in failed banks. Of course, it might be said that, if ultimate redemption were assured, deposit accounts in failed banks would become negotiable, like any other delayed payments. But the same is true now: the accounts in the suspended Knickerbocker Trust Company were bought and sold; and the price should properly vary with the time of discount, and the risks involved. The average annual losses to depositors in national banks, after complete liquidation, have been remarkably small, or only one-twentieth of one per cent. for forty-three years. This fact has been used to prove how small the guaranty fund need be. But if ultimate redemption is accomplished with such little loss, there is not so great a need for a fund as supposed. The error of the insurance theorists is in confusing ultimate with immediate redemption, and arguing that if a small fund is needed for the former, the latter can be as easily provided for. The mistake is patent.

Finally, the appeal to history gives the plan no authority. We have had experience with a guaranty of deposits in New York under the Safety Fund Act, April 2, 1829. The conditions of the country and the understanding of banking were such at that time that the lessons from that experiment cannot have very much value. Then, there was held only one reserve for both notes and deposits. Expansion of loans in those days meant, in the main, an expansion of notes. The safety fund was, therefore, a protection to both notes and deposits; but as business was then largely done by notes, its service was much as would be rendered to-day by a guaranty of deposits. What then was the outcome? The fund was established by levying a tax of one-half of one per cent. on the capital stock, until a fund of three per cent. was reached. After eight years, the fund was tested by the crisis of 1837, when there were ninety banks in operation with a capital of $32,200,000. All the banks suspended, and the act itself was suspended for a year. Again, in 1840-1842, the system was put to test by eleven serious bank failures. Thereupon, in 1842, it was decreed that the fund should hereafter be used only for the redemption of the notes of failed banks. The experience of Vermont and Michigan is still less satisfactory. In brief, as a guaranty of deposits it proved a signal failure—although the experiment, as I have said, is not conclusive for present conditions.

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TWO FOOLS AND A FARM

By Bradley Gilman

THE two fools were my wife and myself. I hesitate, as I write out this chapter of our family history, which of our names to put first. Martha and I have never been able to agree which was the greater fool. In my desire for harmony, I have sometimes stated the matter thus: that I began as the greater fool, and ended as the less; and that she began as the less and ended as the greater. But this form of statement has never received a majority-vote in our family councils. I once put the case in the reverse form; that I began as the less and ended as the greater, and that she began as the greater and ended as the less; this statement also was received coldly; and thus the matter rests. Martha is willing to admit that there was foolishness, but she refuses to take any part of the responsibility for it; she grants the existence of foolishness in the abstract, but she will not descend to personalities.

Our desire to buy a farm grew out of the cares and trials involved in our parish work in a little New Hampshire village. A deep feeling of unrest came to us, one spring, at the season when the birds feel the migratory instinct; and when the merest chance threw in our way a copy of a farm-pamphlet just issued by the New Hampshire Agricultural Society we hailed it as "providential leading" toward a happier future.

That pamphlet contained a detailed list, with descriptions, of all the old and abandoned farms in the State. On the cover was a picture of a farm-house shaded by large trees, a barn, with great mows of hay pressing out through the open doorway, and cows and hens scattered freely about in the foreground. Above this fascinating picture was printed, in full-faced type, "Why not have a home?"

"Ah, why not?" sighed Martha, and relapsed into a sad reverie. The question aroused painful consciousness of our limited exchequer, and was of the rhetorical kind often used in sermons—it required no verbal answer. But as our eyes passed together down over the first page of the list, and noted the prices attached to each of the farms described, we simultaneously felt a thrill of hope. The prices were much lower than we had anticipated; and with quickened pulse we read them aloud: "$800, half down. $600, payable in five years. $300, cash."

Thus we turned over the pages hastily, searching, as a general searches, for the weakest spot in the enemy's defences; and Martha's timid tones grew stronger and firmer as she read aloud the surprisingly low prices at which these "Homes" were offered. When she found one marked $200, she laughed in joy; and I, for my part, felt emboldened to draw myself up to a very erect position and to say, in a tone of masculine confidence, "Martha, we may yet pick fruit from our own orchard, and eat vegetables under our own roof, after growing them in our own garden." Then we fell to reading the descriptions in detail. All of them began by stating the number of acres on the farm; and followed with accounts of "orchards," "grass-land," "wood-lots," "southerly exposure," "buildings in good repair," "distance from railroad," and so on, through an enticing list of attractions.

From that time on, through the remainder of March and the whole of April, the subject was much in our minds. We enjoyed discussing the merits of the various descriptions. We went through the entire list, and marked, with a pencil, those whose prices came inside $250, which we decided was our limit. We read and re-read the pamphlet so many times that it grew dilapidated, "like the farms themselves," Martha suggested, with a gay laugh which did my heart good; and we let that copy become an "abandoned" copy, and straightway sent for another one.

It was settled, by a unanimous vote, that when the April mud had dried sufficiently to put the roads in good condition, we would accept Deacon Eastman's standing offer of his "team"—a rickety old country-wagon and a frowzy old "ma'ar"—and

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take drives out into the country to inspect such of the farms as lay within driving distance.

Unconsciously we both fell into the way of talking about the joys of farm-life; although—as we were both city-born—our knowledge of such matters was drawn chiefly from books and from brief vacations in the country.

I borrowed some back numbers of *The Cultivator* from an aged neighbor, who showed surprise at my new interest in farming, and came over the next day to discuss the relative merits of ensilage and corn-feed for "beef-critters." He was obliged, however, to take both sides of the discussion, for I was not yet master of even the vocabulary; but I presently got him switched off on to the subject of poultry, and he brought forth many ideas, both new and old, which Martha afterward thought useful.

So Martha and I read *The Cultivator*, and gradually the household took on a rural quality which was gratifying, and in no way expensive. We questioned the grocer about the prices of eggs and butter, and my wife felt sure that a small fortune awaited us if we kept hens and cows, while I inclined to the raising of early vegetables, and berries, and fruit.

We were impatient about the rains in April, but in due time the roads dried, and our search for our farm began. Our way was to arrange an afternoon's drive so that we could visit two or three of the farms selected by us for examination. To confess the hard truth, we were a little depressed by our first day's experience. The farm first visited by us was described as a "river-farm of one hundred acres, with good soil, buildings in fair condition, good fishing and boating."

Well, we found it to be, indeed, a "river-farm"; for the river on which it was placed was swollen by the spring rains, and about sixty of the one hundred acres mentioned were under water. The whole place fairly dripped with moisture; and the luxuriant growth of green moss that covered the roof of the ell, augured badly for my rheumatism. We drove down the lane that led to the place, but did not alight from our vehicle. Fishing and boating! Why you could have fished out of the kitchen windows, and launched a boat from the roof of the shed. We could see enough to satisfy us, without minute examination. Then we looked at each other, and Martha, without any words, drew out our pamphlet and began to look for the next farm on our list.

In silence I turned the horse, and we started for that. It was described as a "hill-farm, with pasturage for forty head of cattle, grass-land cutting ten tons of hay, and very *sightly*."

After an hour's drive across the hills we reached the place. We were pleased with the surroundings, and Martha brightened up considerably. The elevation and the extensive view from the place seemed very attractive, after our other experience; and, as we came nearer, climbing up a steep hill, the barn first appeared, and was indeed in excellent condition. But what of the house! Where was that?

We peered about, with a feeling of chagrin and even of outrage rising in our hearts. Then we timidly glanced at each other, and I saw that Martha's pleased smile had faded. There was, indeed, no house to be seen; and a careful reading of the entire description made evident the fact which we, in our delight and haste, had overlooked, that all reference to a house had been skilfully avoided. We had actually climbed up that long, steep hill to look at a farm which had no house; it never had one. It was owned by a man who lived miles away, who had used the great barn for storage of hay, and expected the purchaser to do likewise.

With our spirits somewhat dampened, despite the dry air of this elevated "hill-farm," yet in no wise discouraged, we again had recourse to our pamphlet, our *vade mecum*, and again set out for the next farm checked off on the list.

This farm was described as "a farm of one hundred and fifty acres, equally divided into grass-land, pasture, and wood-lots, with farm-house and outbuildings, and small barn capable of holding three tons of hay; one and a half miles from railroad station, and two miles from church."

"There!" exclaimed Martha, as she settled herself resolutely in the wagon, "I am glad the barn is small; I've had enough of barns. More house and less barn will suit us better. I only hope the buildings are in good repair. That isn't said, in the

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description, but I think that what is mentioned sounds very promising."

Alas, we were again to meet disappointment; as we came nearer the place, I caught sight of the house; and the ridge-pole, outlined against the sky, had a despondent concave curve in it, which at that moment lacked, to my eye, all that beauty which curves are said to contain. A nearer approach showed the roof extremely deficient in shingles, and the front-door hanging by one rusty hinge. The barn was in better repair, and we thought we would examine that first. So we left the "old ma'ar" nibbling grass at the roadside, and walked to the barn. It was plainly of later date than the house, and the "tie-up" could have been hardly more than three or four years old. The floor was firm, and there were but few chinks in the roof. Martha remarked, as we came out, that if the house proved uninhabitable, we might build over the barn a little, and thus get some very comfortable rooms.

I was about to reply, in a corroborative way, when my glance happened to rest on the side of the hill, a half-mile away, where the road led over a sharp ascent, and I saw a horse and wagon with no driver visible; the horse was walking rapidly up the hill, away from us; and we wondered, with a passing curiosity, where the driver was. "Perhaps he is picking berries, beside the road, as he walks up the hill to rest the horse."

This from the partner of my joys: but I replied from the depths of my superior wisdom. "Berries, Martha? Berries in May?" And I laughed softly. But my laugh became softer still as I looked over toward the place where we had left our "old ma'ar." She was not there; and a very large idea came to me, quite filling my mind. "Martha," I exclaimed, stopping short, "Do you know why that horse and wagon have just gone over that hill alone? It is because the two fools who ought to be sitting on that seat are standing here."

Martha was always hard to surprise; she disliked to confess such weakness of mind. She gave one little characteristic nervous cough and said, dryly, "Not two fools, Hiram; better say one. You ought to have hitched that animal."

There we were; four miles from home. "'One and a half miles from the railroad station,'" quoted Martha, with a slight tone of derision; but that was in the opposite direction; and, after a glance at the lengthening shadows of the late afternoon, and without enough interest in the tumble-down house to take us inside its yawning door-way, we set our faces resolutely toward town, walked the four miles in one hour and twenty minutes, and found that the irresponsible quadruped had anticipated our arrival by nearly an hour.

Thus ended our first day's search among the "abandoned farms" of New Hampshire; and we seemed farther from having a home than in the morning. Martha went to bed at once with a headache; and I, with something of a heartache, relieved my feelings by throwing the yellow pamphlet across my study, with little regard for its preservation.

After a day or two of strained silence the subject of farms came up again. I looked for the pamphlet, was vexed at not finding it, and felt relief when my good wife produced it from her work-basket, where she had surreptitiously buried it beyond the reach of my possible wrath.

After that the subject crept more boldly into the family councils; and from time to time other journeys were taken, and many other farms examined. We learned to enjoy the drives, and not to expect too much from the enthusiastic descriptions in the pamphlet. Little by little our individual preferences classified themselves. Martha was always disposed to think favorably of a house that had an old-fashioned well in the door yard, with skeleton-like well-sweep lifted high in the air. If to this were only added two or three great yawning fire-places, that good woman felt that all requirements were met, and was quite oblivious of leaky roofs and shaky foundation-walls. At one ramshackle old house she had the good fortune to find, in the garret, a rickety spinning-wheel, and a rusty old bear-trap; and although there was not a pane of glass left whole in the house, and the floor-timbers were crumbling in decay, yet the romance of those old-time articles blinded her to the obvious decrepitude of the building itself.

For my own part, I learned to always look knowingly at the ridge-pole, to see how straight it was. A carpenter had

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confided to me that a house, like a man, revealed its age fairly well by the increased curvature of its backbone. Then, too, I had set my heart on having a homestead near some body of water; I had a fancy for rowing and fishing; or thought that I did. But this preference of mine was directly against Martha's earnest wish to have a home with a wide view. She objected, when I urged the merits of some place near a river, that there was no view; and I in turn urged, when she praised some farm perched high on a windy hill, that it was too far from any river. So we decided that we must both consent to compromise, unless we somewhere found a farm on a high hill, with a river running over the top of the hill, near the house.

There was no lack of "hill farms;" and we were struck by the almost universal merit which they had of giving "a fine view of Mount Washington." In nearly every case, after the most careful scrutiny, we failed to make out that monarch of the White Hills, and often the enterprising owner of the farm was in some doubt as to the exact direction in which one ought to look; often, too, he amended his statement, under our cross-questioning, and said that it could best be seen "on a very clear day." But, after this weak concession, he always reiterated, firmly, his first declaration; he seemed to have purchased or inherited that statement with the property.

But did we ever find a house that we liked? And did we actually buy it? Yes, we did; but first let me speak about one which we *almost* bought.

We happened upon it by accident; it was not named in our pamphlet; we had become discouraged by a day of driving over the hills, inspecting ruin after ruin. Our minds were themselves growing as chaotic as the farms. How anyone could hopefully offer some of those tumble-down places for sale was past comprehension. In our acquired knowledge of the "points" of a farm we had learned to look at once for the things which were *not* mentioned in the advertisement. If emphasis was laid on the "good condition of the barn," we gave attention at once to the house; if the roof was spoken of as tight, we looked at the under-pinning. If mention was made of a "boiling spring" near the house, we looked for the well, and usually found it filled up, or that it never existed.

Thus we had become connoisseurs, or thought we had; though really, I must admit, we remained fools to the end. However, our experience had made us able to see many defects, instantly, which at first we overlooked: and on this afternoon when we found the house which we almost bought, we had become a little hopeless of attaining the ideal homestead which our fancy had painted. During our earlier journeys I had been secretly half-afraid, in the emptiness of my purse, lest we *might* find a suitable place, for I was not sure that I could really risk the investment; but more recently an increase in salary had been voted to us, and a child's story-book of mine, published a year before, had brought me in a hundred dollars; and we saw our way more clearly.

So, on this afternoon, when we stumbled upon a charming old "two-and-a-half-story" house, hidden away a hundred yards from the main road, about six miles out of the village, our hopes revived, and we examined the property with growing confidence. Both barn and house were in good condition; a few shingles would make the roof all right, and most of the window-panes were unbroken. Four huge elms towered aloft in front, and some hooks, set into their trunks, showed where hammocks had once been swung, and could be swung again.

Altogether the place greatly pleased us; and, after prolonged inspection and much enjoyment of the extended view over the valley below, we drove to the nearest neighbor's and found that he was the owner of the property. We talked over the price, "lowest figure," and got a "refusal" (strange perversion of words) of the place at two hundred and fifty dollars. Then we drove comfortably back to town, and felt already the superiority which is said to come inevitably to landed proprietors.

There was so much to be planned with regard to our new property that my sermon suffered; my thoughts would not stay in the usual homiletical channels, but glided off incessantly to shingles, clapboards, wall-paper, the price of oats and "shorts," and the comparative merits of "timothy" and herd's grass. So I was obliged

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to preach over an old sermon that Sunday; but something got into it which was not there in its previous delivery, so that the people said it was the best I had ever preached, and wished me to print it; but, as they forgot to say anything about paying for the printing, I never went farther with it.

We said nothing about our intended purchase, and revolved our plans in delightful secrecy. That week we went out again, and the place grew in our approval. We carried a lunch and some hammocks, and spent the day. With some difficulty I unharnessed the old ma'ar; unbuckling every buckle that I could see, and making such prolonged clumsy work of it that the wise old creature looked around at me several times with an expression of what I feared was mild surprise and restrained contempt.

However, we did have a glorious day of it; that is to say, up to about three o'clock. We enjoyed the carols of the song-sparrows and warblers, and the graceful flight of the swallows, and made friends with the red squirrels, who were extremely tame. "How delightful it all is!" I said, a dozen times.

And Martha responded, in a soft, comfortable way that did my heart good, "Ah, yes, yes. So quiet and secluded." Those two ideas served us longer than they would have served in a sermon. They seemed fresh at each repetition; but they were more expressive of our feelings than of our thoughts; so they were renewed with use, like the widow's cruse of oil.

We were profoundly happy until three o'clock. I had just glanced at my watch, reluctant to have the time pass so quickly, when we heard the sound of a carriage coming up the hill; and, hidden away in our snug covert, we listened indolently to the creaking of the wheels, and waited for it to pass the head of the lane which led up to our retreat. But, alas, it did not pass; it entered the lane; the wheels grew less noisy as they rolled along the grassy path, and, a moment later, Martha ceased the song she was contentedly humming, and I muttered an undignified expletive, as the raw-boned roan horse of Gid' Avery—one of my parishioners—pushed out into the closed space, and behind him a wagon, and seated thereon Mr. and Mrs. Gid' Avery, and a sister of Gid' Avery, and several little Gid' Averys.

Yes, there was the worthy man himself on the front seat, boisterous, good-natured, expansive, obtrusive; beside him sat his meek, silent, simpering wife; behind sat Gid's sister, the sharp-nosed, thin-lipped gossip of the town, and three children; little wonder that "Mrs. Gid'" was always silent and repressed. Gid' and his sister were like the upper and nether millstones; they had long since ground her to pulp, if not to powder.

A good many things shot through my mind, in a brief space of time; several of them I candidly admit, could not have been worked into a Christian sermon. I resented any such invasion, and especially one by Gideon Avery; there was a beefy, jovial quality about the man which sometimes had banished my despondency, but oftener had roused my ire, as at a social highwayman who seemed to demand of me my personality or my life.

Gid's loud salutation was like the crack of doom. "Wall, I swan! Who'd a thought ter see you here!" And he fetched a huge horse-laugh out of his capacious interior, as if he had achieved an excellent joke.

How I loathed him, at that moment! Him and his, even to the muddy old wagon and the raw-boned horse; but I extorted a feeble smile from my sad heart, and spread it as far as it would go, over my reluctant face, and received them all, with the best grace I could, even to the fluid-nosed, sticky-fingered children. I fear that our countenances betrayed our real feelings; for Gid', whose faculty for "getting on" in the world had made him keen to detect certain fundamental emotions in the human face divine, chuckled and laughed and remarked, with overpowering good-nature, "You don't seem 'xactly glad to see us, but I guess we'll unhitch and stay a little while."

So he ordered down his family, but left them to their own devices as to alighting, and gave his chief attention to his horse. He was a kind of human locomotive—that man, abounding in force, puffing and wheezing, and emitting expletives, at intervals, like bursts of steam under great pressure. "Fine place, this! Grand view! Stan' still, thar, will ye! (This to

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the horse, nosing among the fresh grass.) How'd ye happen to hit on it? Me'n' the folks use'ter come up here last year for picnics. Stan' still, thar, drat ye! Whoa!" And so on, for several minutes.

The rest of the family were now on the ground, and we were going through a perfunctory hand-shaking, which was a little like pumping at a dry well. "Ever ser glad to see yer!" piped the sister, with a wicked twinkle in her sharp eyes. And the wife smiled fatuously, and in her embarrassment so far forgot herself as to wipe the children's noses.

There was no escape for us, and we were adapting ourselves, as rapidly as possible, to the situation. That was something which I always could do more quickly than could Martha; I had often told her that my mind was simple, and was rigged like a sloop, with only one sail, which, when the wind changed, could easily be set on the other tack; but her mind was more complex, and was like a full-rigged ship; and needed a good deal of pulling of sheets and bracing of yards, before all the separate sails could be properly adjusted to the new breeze.

I saw clearly that the peace and quiet of the scene was gone. There was no possibility of getting back to it; the children were as restless as weasels, and their mother spent all her time chasing them, and entreating them to keep away from the horse's heels, and not to go near the well. Gid's sister got more real pleasure out of the situation than did anyone else. She saw perfectly well that her "dear pastor" and his wife were disconcerted, and she rolled the thought like a sweet morsel under her tongue. As for Gid', he was a man who never was still unless asleep. His unceasing activity made it impossible to talk with him; the lingual and visual centres in his brain were in very close connection; no object of conversation could be so engaging that his gaze would not wander off and critically survey trees, road, wall, and other objects at a distance; and then, in most cases, a sentence would be broken in the middle, as he rushed away like a great, red-faced human bumble-bee, to inspect more closely some newly discovered feature of the landscape.

Just how the time went I have little idea, except that it went very slowly. My hopes of peace were shattered; and the worst of this invasion of the Goths was not in the spoiling of one afternoon's quiet, but Martha and I both looked into the future, and saw that one fatal flaw in our plans we had overlooked. This charming little retreat, which we both had already begun to weave into certain agreeable fancies, must be given up; for, alas, it was just the right distance for an easy drive from the village; and nothing was surer than that an acquisition of the place would be hailed with delight by our whole parish, who would come forth in swarms and hordes like the palmer-worm and the locust, and turn our garden of Eden into a desert.

So we endured Gid's boisterous sallies tamely, and patted the frowzy-haired children on the head, and waited for the shadows upon the hillside to attain a size somewhat commensurate to the shadows already cast over our hopes; and when Gid's sister, with beady eyes half shut, mockingly suggested that her pastor and wife would do well to buy the place, Martha roused herself and remarked in a final way that we had not the slightest intention of doing so. And Martha spoke true words. Our hopes were dead and our plans were blotted out.

Slowly the afternoon dragged along, and never did Gid' Avery's harsh voice sound so attractive as when he came puffing up from behind the house, bearing an armful of catnip, and shouting, like a train-announcer in a noisy railroad station, that it was "time to git hitched up." The wholesome kindliness of the man came out when he set about getting my equipage in moving order as naturally as though it were his own; then he began harnessing the "old ma'ar," and his practised eye needed only one glance over the disjointed and dismembered harness to discover my 'prentice work. After one brief, puzzled look, a vast grin overspread his red face, and he smote his thigh a mighty blow. "By gosh ter thunder! I dew b'lieve this old critter was onharnessed by a streak er lightnin'."

There was no escape, and I bowed my head to his volley of raillery, and meekly helped rebuckle the straps; even at the cost of this depressing exposure I was glad to have the visit terminate; and when Martha and I passed out from the lane into the highway we bore no resemblance to

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our first parents regretfully leaving Eden. No, the place was hateful to us now, and we wished never to see it again.

Our two vehicles filed slowly over the hill, like an abbreviated funeral procession. All the facetious remarks that Gid' Avery tossed back at us, as we followed along, could not relieve the despondency into which we had fallen. When we reached home there was an unusual dearth of conversation. Our ideal little farm in the country seemed farther off than ever.

It took several days for us to get over our disappointment; but one morning, early in June, the sun came up, warm and radiant, and nature seemed to awaken with fresh zeal and purpose, and Martha, cleaning away the breakfast dishes, broke out into a little air from "La Traviata," humming softly. I was glad to hear that air, because it always indicated, as nothing else did, genuine peace of mind on my wife's part, and I was not surprised when she said archly, without looking at me, "How about farming, Hiram?"

That remark meant a great deal, coming from her. It meant that she had not yet given up hope, and she had decided that the day was favorable for another tour of investigation; and when I went to the shelf and took down the farm-pamphlet, I found leaves turned down at three places, which my good wife had surreptitiously marked, as the most promising ones remaining.

So the "old ma'ar" was engaged, the house work was pushed along, and at ten o'clock we were off on the usual quest. The open air was invigorating, and the joyousness of nature was contagious; we talked freely of our recent disappointment. I was inclined to picture the delights of that secluded little retreat even more highly than ever, now that they were not to be ours; whereat Martha expressed greater and greater doubt of the desirability of it, and recalled a number of defects in the place which she certainly had never mentioned when we were there.

The nearest of the farms selected by my wife was twelve miles away. Like a parish selecting a new minister, she was bent upon avoiding the faults of the last choice, whatever new ones might appear later; therefore, distance seemed to her the great desideratum. So we halted not until twelve long miles had been put between us and the village—and Gid' Avery. The first farm, as we suspected, was not very inviting; the price was suspiciously low—$50, the house was in a dilapidated condition, and had evidently not been lived in for many years. The whole place had run to waste, and, with fences and stone walls tumbled down, cattle and sheep were free to wander at will about the premises, and even into the house itself.

The second farm on the list was the farm which we actually bought. As soon as we saw it we were much attracted to it. On the side of a hill it lay, with elms and poplars shading it, buildings in good condition, and fireplaces in nearly every room. Martha was pleased with the general appearance of things, and I was pleased at the price, which was set down as "$200, half down."

We spent the day there. I took the horse to the barn, and managed better than usual with the harness. About noon a barefooted urchin came idling along, and, under the civilizing influence of a piece of cake, informed us that he lived "over yender, 'cross the valley, and his dad owned the place."

We thoroughly enjoyed the day; Martha planned many ways of beautifying the house, and I estimated the cost of necessary repairs at $20. When the afternoon had slipped away, and my watch said "five o'clock," we made ready to depart, and the freckle-faced urchin agreed to show us the road over to his father's house, for we were resolved to make terms regarding the farm before the sun went down.

When I went to the barn to harness the horse, that wily creature was found to have loosened her halter, and had taken up her abode in a box-stall. Most of my experience had been with horses harnessed, or when they at least had a halter on, and now, even this last article being absent, the creature was like a pump with no handle, and seemed, somehow, to belong to a much wilder species than when attached to a wagon.

My uncertain state of mind was evident to the horse, and she was very comfortable in her chosen quarters; so that when I approached her cautiously, and even timidly, she turned away from me, shook

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her ears, whisked her tail, and lifted her hind legs in what seemed to me a threatening manner. I made several attempts to get in front of her, but each time she wheeled and repeated her threatening gestures. I was the more disconcerted because the boy, not over twelve, had accompanied me to the barn, and was looking on.

For several minutes he did not appreciate my baffled efforts; but presently he grasped the situation. Up to this moment he evidently had accredited me with some obscure and profound plan; but now he grinned a great, horrid, derisive grin, which made me wish to lay him a mangled corpse at my feet, and the next moment marched into the box-stall, and with a sharp command, "Whoa thar!" he had the animal by the fore-top before she could wink twice, and pulled her out of the place without hesitation, she following meekly, as recognizing and respecting a person of real power of command.

When we reached the boy's house, a mile and more away, we found his father at home — a taciturn, "lantern-jawed" man—and in a half-hour I had bargained for the farm. It was a little hasty, I admit; but we had suffered so many delays, and come against so many obstacles in our search, that we were resolved to stake all on this choice. So I made a promissory note for the amount, agreed to come up in two days and bring $50 cash, and gave the man a $1 bill to bind the bargain. He, on his part, signed a statement that he had sold the house to me; and, with this accomplished, I felt that we could rest easy in mind, and have the legal papers drawn later.

Oddly enough the farmer seemed but little inclined to talk about the farm. Usually, as we had discussed farms with owners, there had been no disinclination in this direction; they generally were very voluble over the merits of their places, and often grew enthusiastic over details which seemed hardly to justify such excitement. In one case, however, as I at this moment recollect, there was evinced the usual eagerness to sell, but a surprising reluctance to talk, which somewhat puzzled us; until it transpired, by a chance inquiry which we made of a neighbor, that the would-be seller did not own the farm; though nobody knew just where the rightful owner had gone; he had migrated to Boston many years before.

So we completed, as far as possible, the bargain for this pretty little farm, wondering a little at the man's taciturnity. As we turned to leave, Martha dropped a remark of commendation about the sturdy boy, our visitor of that day; whereupon the mother of the family, standing arms a-kimbo in the doorway, amiably responded, "Bill's a fust-rate boy; I knowed he wouldn't trouble yer. I took a look at him, once in awhile, an' I see he was purty stiddy."

Martha and I both felt a little mystified at this remark; the woman noticed it, and continued, "Ya'as, we hev a powerful good spy-glass; my son down ter Boston sent it to us; et brought yer all out 'z clear 'z day, a settin' there front er the haouse."

Martha glanced at me in dismay. So this was the privacy that we thought we had secured. The woman saw the look, but mistook its meaning; and thinking to correct my wife's supposed anxiety, she went on with volubility, "Oh, you needn't be afeared of the children's tagging around the place an' botherin' of ye; all 'cept Bill, they're thet skeered of going anywhere near, that——"

Just what was coming next, I knew not; but the farmer himself now roused to unusual activity; he broke in upon his wife's remark, saying loudly, "Sary, thet ar' kittle'z a-bilin' over, in the kitchin; jest take a look at it!" And he joined to his words a meaning glance which had an instant effect on the woman, and she retreated at once within doors.

Somewhat puzzled by this scene, Martha and I presently took our leave, and soon forgot the matter in our joy at really owning a farm; we did our best to ignore the spy-glass, but agreed that if it were broken or purchased, the value of our secluded little farm would be materially increased.

That was our first visit to the farm, which we really bought. A second visit was made several days later, and the bargain was legally completed. We carried out a large wagon-load of chairs, tables, bedding, and cooking utensils. Our friends, in the village, learning about our purchase, expressed deep regret that the place was so far away; a regret which we did not share as fully as perhaps we ought.

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The farm seemed to be a most satisfactory purchase. On the second visit Martha and I joined forces and brought the house into fair condition; there was a bountiful collection of dust and dirt (the two are different) in the rooms, and the floor of the sitting-room was much discolored; but Martha cheerfully remarked that the old carpet from our guest-room, at home, could be put down so as to conceal the discoloration.

A week later came the third (and I may add, the *last*) visit to our dear little farm. The day was cloudy, and rather raw; but we read the signs of the weather in the light of our own high hopes, and would not postpone our journey. When we reached the farm a slight sprinkling of rain had already set in, and we knew that we were to have an "indoors" day; but there were so many things to be done, in "setting the house to rights," that we told each other how little we cared about the weather, and Martha sang, and I whistled, as we dusted and swept, and arranged the various articles of furniture. Martha scoured the "dresser;" and I hammered at broken tables and hingeless doors; and then we "corded" some old bedsteads which were left in the upper rooms; and after they were firmly set up, I made sundry swift excursions to the barn and back, bringing great armfuls of hay to fill some bed-tickings and bolsters, which Martha had "run up" on the sewing-machine the day before.

Taken as a whole, the house was in remarkably good condition; and we grew the more pleased, the more we inspected it in detail. At noon we spread our lunch on a table in the sitting-room, and ate it like merry school-children. The table had only three legs, but I sawed off an old broom-handle and propped up the weak corner; and a clean white table-cloth covered all deficiencies.

We had been so busy in our tasks, through the forenoon, that we had kept ourselves comfortably warm; and the little cracked kitchen stove had served all our needs; but as I leaned back, after dinner, in a very complacent state of mind, the open fireplace was very suggestive, and I exclaimed, "Why, my dear, we must have a good rousing fire, and get the full benefit of our farm-life. What is a farm without an open fire!" And I went, at once, in search of kindling materials; but they were extremely scarce. I could find only a few splinters scattered around the chopping-block in the shed. These I carefully gathered up; and I added to them a few longer pieces which I picked up at the back of the house, bringing them in out of the rain, and laying them on the kitchen-stove to dry.

Taken altogether, the prospect was not good for a lasting fire; but Martha suggested that there might be some kind of waste material at the barn; so I ran across, through the pelting rain, and found a few bits of broken boards and also a small heap of old shingles. A few hasty trips back and forth added materially to our store of combustibles, and gave me a pair of wet feet, from plunging through the long, dripping grass.

Still, we enjoyed all our doings, even our mishaps; and soon we had a roaring fire in the fire-place, and I sat smoking at one side, and Martha, with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes, sat knitting at the other side. "A farmer's wife should know how to knit," she remarked, demurely; and then broke into a hearty laugh, a rare indulgence with her, dear heart, which did my soul good to hear.

Surely, there were no people in the whole township happier than ourselves. We felt great delight in our new property; I had always believed, though I could not make Martha see the matter as I did, that I might have made a good business man if I had given my life to mercantile pursuits; and I felt somewhat elated at our purchase of this snug little homestead. Martha admitted that the purchase seemed a very wise one, but she failed to see the diplomacy which I tried to point out to her in my negotiations. She evidently had formed her estimate of my powers many years before, and no facts, however plain, could now alter that theory. So I made the best of it, and piled on the shingles with a lavish hand, and the great blaze went singing and roaring up the huge chimney in a way most comforting for the body and inspiring to the soul.

We differed considerably in our theories of farm-work. Martha thought we would be safest in not keeping any cow or hens, the first year, and giving our attention wholly to repairs of the house and barn and fences and walls; there would be a

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

I turned with an anxious look toward my good wife.—Page 119.

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fair crop of hay to cut in July, and the orchard and garden would need considerable attention. For my part I desired greatly to raise chickens; and that, too, not by old-fashioned ways, but by using a patent incubator, which I had seen highly extolled in an agricultural paper. I explained the matter very clearly to Martha, and proved to her, proved it by figures which she could not deny, that we could easily clear a hundred dollars before the year was out. But that good woman could not be made to believe, even with my convincing figures plain before her. I will admit that her doubt seemed to be centred more in me than in the figures; and I could not get her to go one step beyond the stubborn assertion of her disbelief in my success, based on my lack of experience.

"Anyhow," I remarked, "we both enjoy our present comforts, and we will take the future as it comes." And I smiled fondly on my wife, and stretched my feet lazily out toward the cheerful blaze, now dying down to glowing embers.

"What a home-like feeling there is in an open fire! a good, roaring, open fire!" I remarked, and then an idea struck me. There was, indeed, a good deal of "roar" about the fire, but the sound seemed to come more from the chimney than from the fire-place. I listened a moment, and glanced at Martha. She had stopped knitting and was also listening. The roaring sound grew no less, but greater, although the fire on the hearth now sent up only a few flames.

I sprang from my seat and put my head hastily into the fireplace. The roar was there much more audible; and I turned, with an anxious look toward my good wife. But she had nothing to offer in explanation. Then a new idea struck me, and I regained my equipoise, or rather, made a show of regaining it. "Martha," said I, oracularly, "the chimney is on fire; and I have read that if salt is thrown on a fire, its fumes, going up the chimney, will extinguish the burning soot. Martha, get the salt, please!"

At that moment the outer door was pushed violently open. I turned my head, with a stern look of disapproval at this rude way of entering a man's house. As I expected, the visitor was the small boy who belonged at the neighboring house, across the valley. I was on the point of offering him some advice about knocking upon entering any house not his own, but the evident excitement in his face made me pause.

"I— I— say—mister!" he blurted out, and then gasped, and I saw that he was immensely stirred by something.

"Yes," I replied, curtly, for I was impatient to throw on the salt and extinguish the chimney.

"I—say—er—er—*fire!* FIRE!" And the boy seemed to be in a fit.

"Certainly," I said, with disgust, "the chimney has taken fire, and I am about to extinguish it."

That was enough to change the boy's line of thought, and free his tongue; for he screamed out, "O gosh! 'taint your chimbley, but your whole roof's a-fire." Then he stood, after shooting this astounding news at us, opening and shutting his parched lips like a captured trout on a river-bank.

Instantly I pushed by him, out through the door, and, in a moment, his direful message was verified to my bewildered senses. The whole roof was, indeed, in a blaze; great, leaping flames were licking up boards and timbers; burning bits of shingles were wafted off into the air; a huge volume of smoke was rolling away across the field at the back of the house; and the rain made not the slightest impression upon the destructive element.

"Martha! Martha!" I exclaimed, and sprang back into the house. My wife was on the point of opening the door which led up-stairs; but I seized her, and, in breathless haste, hurried her out of the house; as we passed through the outer door she seized an umbrella from the corner, and spread it over both our heads, and we ran out and took refuge under the thick foliage of a maple-tree.

I was at first bent upon returning into the blazing dwelling to save what I could; but at that moment, luckily for me, the roof fell in; and, through the sitting-room window, we saw a shower of sparks, which told us that the ceiling had fallen. "Martha," said I, solemnly, "there is nothing to do but to do nothing."

The farmer's boy, under the temptation of a promised dime, had darted into the kitchen and brought out our wraps; and,

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arrayed in these, we stood dismally in the rain and saw our dear little home ascend to heaven like Elijah in a chariot of fire.

We conversed in short sentences with each other, and could not share the boy's enthusiasm, as the savage tongues of flame shot up in the air. "I wish 'twas night, by gosh!" he said, with animation. "'Twould make a grand fire-work."

And then catching our depressed feeling he tried to comfort us. "Wall, by gosh, you've got the barn, anyhaow;" and that was true; the wind took the smoke and sparks directly away from the other buildings, and we felt no alarm for them.

"Ya'as, you'll save the barn," he added, reflectively. "And, ef I wuz you, I'd ruther hev the barn than the house."

His enigmatical saying aroused my curiosity. "Why do you say that?" I asked, turning sharply upon him.

"Wa'al, 'cos I don't set no gret store by ha'anted houses;" was the reply.

"Haunted houses?" I cried, "what do you mean?"

"'Cos *'tis* ha'anted;" he returned, with an air of surprise, yet with dogged fixity. "It's ben ha'anted ever sence the murder."

I felt Martha start, as she stood leaning against me; and, for a moment, I was a little staggered by the evil suggestion. "Ask him all!" whispered my wife, faintly; "I suspected something of the sort."

"Young man, tell me," said I, in my most official, clerical tone, "what you mean by your remark!"

"Wa'al, nothin' 'cept wot's honest injun," drawled the lad. "In thet ar' room (pointing to what had been the sitting-room) Jake Drew killed his wife and chopped——"

A faint scream from my poor wife made him stop; and I heard her murmur. "That dreadful stain on the floor! O, that awful stain! I knew it from the first."

By this time I felt that we had heard enough; and I led my drooping wife gently down across the slope to the barn; where, with the assistance of the boy, I harnessed the horse; and, with my wife beside me on the seat, we drove away from our farm, and made the best speed possible back through the rain to our comfortable home in the village.

That was the end of our farm experience. A week later I drove out again, and sold the place back to the farmer for one hundred dollars; and the two fools and their farm were parted.

FROM LIFE

By Brian Hooker

HER thoughts are like a flock of butterflies.
    She has a merry love of little things,
    And a bright flutter of speech, whereto she brings
A threefold eloquence—voice, hands and eyes.
Yet under all a subtle silence lies
    As a bird's heart is hidden by its wings;
    And you shall seek through many wanderings
The fairyland of her realities.

She hides herself behind a busy brain—
    A woman, with a child's laugh in her blood;
    A maid, wearing the shadow of motherhood—
Wise with the quiet memory of old pain,
As the soft glamour of remembered rain
    Hallows the gladness of a sunlit wood.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

IT was by a rather unkind stroke of fate that a blast of the trumpet against the monstrous regiment of the "avocationist" in literature synchronized in its appearance with the death of a writer who had attained the melancholy distinction, in his own walk, of the deanery of American letters. Mr. Stedman was a "banker poet," like Samuel Rogers before him, though nothing irritated the American more than to be called so. Stedman began, as we have been freshly reminded, as a journalist, even as a "war correspondent." Journalism offered then a much more commodious entry into what may fairly be called literature than it offers now. But nevertheless he would have none of it. He took the ground of Spinoza, when that philosopher ground lenses for a living, and wrote philosophy for a life work: "I will work with my hands and keep my brains for myself." The instance is crucial. "We must all sacrifice more or less of life for a living," says Lowell somewhere. But perhaps as little as any, the man who keeps his life and his living so separate. Stedman, at any rate, by the deliberate way of working which his diurnal employment gave to his nocturnal studies, was enabled to give himself much more to the study of perfection than if he had been writing for a living. A fairly conclusive proof of the wisdom, in one case, of Coleridge's advice to every literary man to "have a profession."

"Avocation" in Literature

But, really, is any proof needed? Consider how young the profession of authorship is, and consequently how absurd to bar out all the writers who wrote before it began to be. "Baretti," observed Sam Johnson, in 1777, "says he is the first man that ever received copy-money in Italy." In Elizabethan times the only "public" in England was the play-going public, wherefore the aim of the sensible Shakespeare was to keep his plays dark for the benefit of his own theatre, instead of reading his proofs for the benefit of posterity. With the sonnets it was another matter. He wrote them for glory and had to pay his court to a Mæcenas, like Horace and Virgil before him, and like all his successors after him, until the many headed had come in to supersede the single patron. Consider Dryden's dedications. Consider the condition of Grub Street, and the lot of the Briton who had to earn his bread by writing, even after the arrival of the "public," but before the opening of the refuge of journalism, as set forth in Goldsmith's epigram:

> Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
> Who long was a bookseller's hack;
> He led such a damnable life in this world
> I don't think he'll wish to come back.

How comparatively happy was Charles Lamb, working moderate hours at the India House, and furbishing his quips in the evening!

But there is more in it than that. The reason why there are so few good books, says Walter Bagehot, the highly respectable banker of Langport, Somersetshire—philosopher and wit "after business hours"—is that so few men who can write know anything. That is a hypothesis that seems to cover the phenomena. And you are to remark that you cannot get your subject, or, in Bagehot's phrase, "know anything," by sitting at your desk practising phrases. You must have got it before, and elsewhere. It is true that there are writers who maintain, practically if not in theory, that if you practise your phrases assiduously and successfully enough, you are independent of subject. But the mass of writers, the mob of gentlemen who write with more or less ease and more or less acceptance, cannot be of this order of the Preciosi Literatissimi. They really need something to write about. A man of the world who deplored to another man of the world his hopeless incapacity to public, even post-prandially public speaking, received the unsympathetic rejoinder "But are you quite sure you have something to say?" Preciosus Lit-

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erarissimus might assure the discomfited mute that it did not in the least matter. But the discomfited mute would do well to disbelieve him. According to the vocationists and anti-avocationists, you must not have been so preoccupied with your subject as to have neglected your "treatment," so sure of having something to say as to have postponed learning how to say it. This is a restriction which would of itself abolish a large body of "avocational" literature, from Xenophon's "Anabasis" and Cæsar's "Commentaries" down. And there are so many very modern instances of the value of the literary avocation. There is the author of "Rab and His Friends," whose letters were published only the other day, and whose "Horæ Subsecivæ" were so distinctly his most valuable and fruitful hours. Still more lately, there is the author of the "Confessio Medici," who has come so near to producing a little classic, "after business hours."

The good Johnson, to recur to him, imputed to some author as a fault that "this man sat down to write a book to tell the world what the world had all his life been telling him," whereas he was describing the primary condition of a great public interest. Get your experience, your "something to say" in sufficient volume and intensity, and how to say it will be added unto you. Nay, it is hardly fantastic to assert that you will say it all the better, all the more racily, at least, for not having studied too much to say it in the regular way. Literarissimus would, of course, had he been consulted, have dissuaded the Du Mauriers and De Morgans from attempting, late in life, an art which they had not "proved." But he would have advised them very ill. Neither of these avocationists writes, it is true, "in the regular way." All the better for them, one is tempted to exclaim. Such a style as that of "Trilby," a style so laughed and chuckled and whistled and sung, as Mr. James says, none of us had encountered before. Clearly it is not taught anywhere. But does the fascinated reader find it any the worse for that? And, when the author of "Joseph Vance" describes that work, on its title page, as "An Ill-written Autobiography," professional writers, "vocationists," at least know what he means, and that he would not have written it thus if he had been writing all his life. But they must be professionalized to the point of preciosity if they disparage the results of his avocation on that account.

IT has lately fallen to my lot to examine much of the critical literature that has sprung up about the Play of *Hamlet*, and the conclusion has been forced upon me that all the critics are wrong in their explanations of the mystery. Like Polonius I am convinced—"Ay, madam, it is common"—that I know the very cause of Hamlet's lunacy, though I am obliged to differ from this earliest and most sententious of the critics. Among the numberless expositions of the reasons for the trouble—that Hamlet is mad; that he is not mad; that he is too fat; that he is too much of a man of thought; that he is a man of action baffled by circumstances; that he is too religious; that he is not religious enough—it is strange that no one suggests the real reason for Hamlet's failure to meet the crisis. The simple truth of the matter is that Hamlet had been too long at the university. We find him at thirty still a student at Wittenberg, prolonging his college life nearly ten years beyond the legitimate time, whether from difficulty with the curriculum, or from desire to participate longer in collegiate amusements, or from sheer lust for scholarship, we do not know. Most of the problems that have puzzled the critics can be explained in the light of this simple fact, and the evidence in favor of this supposition is overwhelming when the text is examined.

The Very Cause of Hamlet's Lunacy

First of all, when the terrible revelation of a father's murder, a mother's shame, an uncle's guilt, is made to Hamlet by the ghost, what does he do? *He hunts for his note book.*

> My tables! meet it as I set it down
> That one may smile and smile and be a villian.

The undergraduate habit of mind! That which should have burned itself into the memory forever written down to save the trouble of remembering it; moreover, the damning, concrete fact turned into a generalization! Here two phases of the training of the schools are clearly set forth by Shakespeare, who had escaped the university himself, but whose association with the scholar playwrights of the time made him aware of its evil effects.

Again, the attitude of Hamlet is precisely that of many another student who comes home on a vacation to find things not wholly to his liking, and who concludes, with overweening confidence in himself, that he is the person to take matters in hand. In reality affairs were not going on so badly at Elsinore. The sentinels were at their posts; the King was on the

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throne; the negotiations with Norway were proceeding with businesslike dispatch. All the decencies had been observed in regard to the late national calamity; the Queen, in new shoes, had obsequiously followed her husband's body to the grave, and there had been more than enough meat and drink at his funeral. Why disturb the settled and decorous habits of life? To have this absentee member of the family come home and assume a collegiate superiority:

> The time is out of joint; O curséd spite
> That ever I was born to set it right!

was most exasperating, and there is small wonder that it precipitated a crisis.

Moreover, the much-discussed trouble in Hamlet's mental processes is directly attributable to over-prolonged university work. No one but the scholar is prone to indulge in that lax way of thinking which means seeing both sides of a question. "To be or not to be"; to do something or not to do something; moreover, to formulate reasons for and against—all this marks the man who has studied too long, and this fatal way of investigating all aspects of a question means always a losing game.

Poison of doubt is the result: doubt of his mother, of his uncle, of life itself. He doubted even the ghost, one of the best authenticated ghosts of history, proved by its sepulchral voice, its armor, its nightgown of the first folio, its description of the place of torment, its vanishing at cock-crow. What did Hamlet want, forsooth, by way of proof?

Hamlet's mental characteristics are thus accounted for; that his failure in action was due to academic life further proof remains. *The habit of dramatics overtook him just at the moment when he should have made himself useful.* Then, as now, college plays were the fashion; doubtless then, as now, the best energy of student life was swallowed up in giving them. For him as for our undergraduates, "the play's the thing." Mark the many ways in which life appears to him as a stage, and his laments that he cannot play his part to satisfaction. Note his envy of the leading man in the travelling troupe. What could he not do, asks our hero,

> Had he the motive and the cue for passion
> That I have?

Recall his unsurpassed dramatic criticism. Even when no piece is set Hamlet falls to acting; he plays the madman, a part which was a crowning proof of skill in an age when madness on the stage was greatly relished, but in so doing he discredits all the evidence that he might bring forth later in exposing his uncle's guilt. After this would not the most cogent proofs from him seem but insane vagaries? Clearly —let academic institutions take warning— Hamlet, through much play-acting has disqualified himself for anything else. Besides taking a part himself there is one thing and one only that he can do, act as stage manager. This he proceeds to do with great ability, revising the text, training the actors, entertaining the court —with what result? Hamlet has convinced himself and Horatio of the King's guilt, which both had known all along, but he has left himself no chance of convincing anybody else. The achievement of his life, like that of many a modern student, could be summed up in the words: He successfully staged a play.

IS the "storehouse of history" exhausted? Has the past, the remote past, nothing more to teach us? These are questions suggested when in current reading, as occasionally happens, one is surprised to encounter "a moral" drawn from ancient experience. Those who affect the more serious press may, for example, recall a widely copied editorial from a leading metropolitan journal which justified all possible effort to prevent the concentration of wealth in a few hands because to this cause must be attributed "the downfall of all preceding civilizations." One almost feels that the sentence was "cribbed" from the argument of some forgotten worthy, the use of "downfall" being of itself a clear case of survival. Similarly, those who followed Mr. Mallock's lectures on socialism could not have missed his constant appeal to "the lessons of history," as the familiar phrase once ran. An instance in point is his attack on the possibility of eliminating the wage system while preserving efficiency which depends on "industrial conformity to an organizing authority," or, in other words, on industrial discipline. Mr. Mallock's attack is based on the contention that if we look back into the past history of mankind we shall find that there actually are two alternative systems [to the wage system] by which such conformity may be, and has been, secured. One of these is the corvee system prevalent in "the Middle Ages"; the other

On Ignoring the Past

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system is that of slavery. "The past history of mankind," "the Middle Ages," "slavery," have evidently in Mr. Mallock's view a possible present value as precedents, despite the commonly accepted theory that the latter half of the nineteenth century marks a distinct epoch in man's development. One can even imagine Mr. Mallock basing a discussion of the permanency of American institutions on the classical warnings valued of our fathers, the failures of Greece and Rome in experimenting with republics.

The reason why remote history is now so generally regarded as having an academic rather than a vital interest for the world of to-day is not far to seek. This reason is found first of all in obsession by the scientific spirit. It is tacitly held, if not actually claimed, that the discovery of a clue to method in the universe, by which the working of natural law is understood within a limited range of phenomena, has wrought a revolutionary no less than an evolutionary change in the status of humanity. The scientifically equipped man is thus differentiated from his progenitors and stands apart by himself. The world has begun but now to make progress because the world has begun but now to appreciate the meaning of science. The idea of progress is itself born of science. Is this an exaggerated statement of the representative modern attitude? The ancients, says Bagehot, the most modern of practical philosophers, "had no conception of progress; they did not so much as reject the idea; they did not even entertain it." To which Lord Avebury (Sir John Lubbock), a distinguished student of primitive peoples, adds the comment: "It is not, I think, going too far to say that the true test of the civilization of any nation must be measured by its progress in science."

Of course such a view of relative values in the past and present counts as curious rather than important those contacts which come through likeness in intellectual outlook. It leaves out of the reckoning, for example, the familiar case of Lucretius, who, in a sense, anticipated Darwin. It makes nothing of the significance of a statement like that of Professor Mahaffy, that an Athenian contemporary of Aristotle, called back to life from the grave in which he has lain for centuries, would soon find himself comparatively at home in a modern scientific environment. It thus emphasizes the distance we have drifted from a once accepted conclusion as to the office of history. What that office was has been characteristically described by Macaulay, whose point of view was that of a pioneer in the art of popularizing the past. It would be the aim of the ideal historian, says Macaulay in the essay on Hallam, not only "to make the past present, to bring the distant near, to invest with the reality of human flesh and blood beings whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities," but no less "to extract the philosophy of history, to direct our judgment of events and men, and to draw from the occurrences of former times general lessons of moral and political wisdom." The rhetoric of Macaulay points the contrast with the strictly scientific view which reduces history to a clearly written chronicle of accurately ascertained facts. History, held the late Professor Elton, of Oxford, a distinguished representative of the scientific school, should be regarded as "an accumulation or assemblage of facts respecting humanity *en masse*. A history may of course be a model of exposition, but that is not its true *raison d'être*." To make literary art and philosophy — "exposition" — incidental to history writing, to rob history of its human element by eliminating what is merely personal or individual, the fatal omission which once gave to political economy the name of "the dismal science," seems an anomaly in a scientific age. Science seeks to ascertain facts for the purpose of so putting them together as to read their meaning. Does this purpose alone fail in application to ascertain facts that concern what men have been and have done? Theoretically such an attitude toward the past, if carried to its logical conclusion, disregards the significance of evolution. Practically it ignores a once potent influence in shaping a more rational development, the appeal to experience. Far more convincing to the lay mind, lacking, indeed, the trained judgment of the specialist, but at the same time free from his professional bias, is the all-inclusive epigram of Lord Acton, than whom there could be no saner authority: "History is the conscience of mankind."

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THE FIELD OF ART

MR. BLASHFIELD'S MURAL PAINTING IN THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

THE very extensive new buildings of the College of the City of New York, crowning the heights of St. Nicholas Terrace, are built in that variation of the Gothic known to the architects as Collegiate. Mr. Blashfield's large decorative painting in the western end of the Great Hall [see reproduction on page 68] was, therefore, in a general way, required to conform to this style. The impression produced by this august scene is caused partly by his choice of a colossal figure for the central focus of the composition, but more by the very effective lighting, with its central illumination and the strong contrasts of light and darkness and of the luminous reddish high lights in a scheme of grays and darks. In this last respect he has departed from that theory which prefers these abstract personifications in decorative painting to appear always in a tempered and diffused illumination—in that of a Limbo, as it were, suitable for these guiltless human figures entitled neither to the full sunshine and shadow of living and breathing mortals nor to the gloom of the under world peopled by the ghosts. It is also held, and justly, that the temperature should be evidently genial—certainly not too cold. This has sometimes been departed from; even before some of the frescoes of M. Puvis de Chavannes we are not conscious of the summer warmth of Arcadie. So hard is it to lead unimaginative and literal man into the world of unrealities that his physical sensations must always be consulted. Of course, in painting, temperature is very largely a matter of color, and as Mr. Blashfield's color is never cold his allegories are never called upon to shiver.

As the painting is placed at the back of the platform from which the speaker addresses his audience in this long and lofty hall, and so low on the wall that the lowermost figures in the composition will appear but little above him, they are all represented as larger than life. This gives them sufficient importance when seen from the far end of the hall. The colossal gray statue in the centre, with its unusual lighting from below, dominates the situation. The abundance of actual light from the side windows—two of them, even, one on each side of the platform, flanking the picture—made advisable the lighting of the painting by a central illumination, sufficiently vivid to hold its own against the daylight. And, as daylight constantly varies with the march of the sun, and it is necessary to select a certain hour in which your picture will look its best, this one was calculated for the later hours of the afternoon, when the audiences usually gather in this hall. It had also, like others, to be so contrived that it would also look well at unfavorable hours, and even by artificial light.

The lines of the composition which presented themselves for this lunette were those sanctioned by the great exemplars of the art in similar cases—a central point of interest and long curving lines to right and left, the higher ones curving upward somewhat more strongly. In deciding upon the large central figure it was at first thought to make it triple, and when this was abandoned it was also concluded that it would be more in consonance with modern prejudices not to have this personification (of Wisdom) represented as living, and therefore out of scale with the other figures—as in, *e. g.*, Ambrogio Lorenzetti's fresco of "Good Government" in the Palazzo Publico, Sienna. As the interest should centre in the active personages, it was considered better not to have her too supernal—no Olympian Pallas Athéné towering in the gloom, with the Gorgon's head on her breast, terrible and beautiful under "the four-coned helmet formed of gold." Wisdom is therefore presented in her more human, benignant mood, protecting and presiding. Her placid head, covered with a fold of her mantle, rising high in the air, is lit from below by the flame on the square altar at her feet, directly in front of her, and this light strongly illuminates also the globe which she holds on her knees. That we may know where we are, she presents the Western Hemisphere. The ruddy light from her altar, radiat-

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ing in every direction, dies away on the more distant figures to right and left, and is faintly reflected on the tall groves of the Academy rising in the background against the dark sky. The altar itself, the marble steps immediately in front of it, the robes of the nearest seated figures, and the curving clouds which rise to right and left, repeat the luminous grays, while the figures between the spectator and the altar, silhouetting dark against these lights, contribute to the striking effect. On either side of the pedestal of the statue, in a long curved row, sit the great centres of learning, the Universities, personified under graceful and characteristic female forms; almost directly in front of the altar, Alma Mater, handsome and dignified, in a great-figured Venetian mantle and with a shield bearing the seal of the college, holds the scroll and bids the Graduate go forth in the world, carrying the torch which he has just lit at the altar. These two dark figures, strongly relieved against the gray light, in the centre of the scene, strike the keynote of the whole composition and at once attract the eye. To the right of them, and somewhat lower, Discipline, Self-Control, a slender, upright figure in reds, holding a sword and a scourge, for others and for himself, stands looking at the young man whom she is to accompany henceforth in all his wanderings.

A study for the figure of Discipline.

This very effective centring is supported on either side and below by a large number of figures in which the symbolical gradually gives way to the more nearly literal. In the middle distance, below the Universities on each side, sit the most illustrious representatives of the arts and sciences, grave, dignified figures, somewhat ghostly, some of them but recently welcomed among the immortals, returned to be present at this ceremonial; lower still and in the immediate foreground, darker and more palpable, are the young men, the students on the right and the aspirants on the left. These strongly defined forms are modified by the growth of laurel in which some of the nearest figures partly disappear. The larger scale of these figures and their greater darkness as farthest from the light give, both in design and color, the requisite solidity to the base of the great decorative composition. The massed sombreness of the conventional garments is broken here and there by some of the few variations which modern costume offers—to the left, a mechanic with his cap and hammer, on the right, nearest to Discipline, and contrasting well with her reddish robes, the yellow and black of the football player. The long white marble steps leading up to the altar rise from stretches of gray rock which furnish a suitable basis for the whole—the rock of the Acropolis, perhaps, even, the obdurate foundations of the island of Manhattan. Finally, on the luminous gray swirls of the clouds above, to right and left of Wisdom's head—these curved lines repeating and enforcing those of the three rows of figures below—are seated, in the fine old fashion of allegorical decoration, little naked boys, symbolizing, with their books on one side and their retorts on the other, instruction by the printed page and instruction by experiment.

In all this imagery the decorative interest centres in the long curved exedra line of the seated Universities, in the selection and the representation of these somewhat unusual themes for the painter's prosopopœia. The institutions represented, from left to right, are those of Alexandria, Rome, Cordova, Bologna, and Athens, and on the other side of Wisdom, Upsala, Leyden, Paris, Heidelberg, and Oxford on the extreme right. Alexandria is a handsome, Cleopatra-like figure seen in profile; Rome, stately and upright, in red and white, holding a statuette of Victory; in strong contrast with these, Cordova, in brilliant reds and with a suggestion of Moorish fierceness in her indolent pose, while Bologna, as one of the earliest, leans eagerly forward, the light glint-

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ing on the gold band in her hair. Last on this side, nearest the altar, sits Athens, a beautiful Greek Muse whose high diadem shines like silver against the dark behind. On the other side, Upsala, somewhat in the shadow of the pedestal; Leyden, with elbow on knee and chin on hand and a suspicion of Dutch firmness; Paris, with her liberty cap and shield bearing the arms of the city; Heidelberg, very upright, German and blonde, displaying her heraldic black eagle, and finally Oxford, a graceful, contemplative, crowned figure in white. In the necessary placing of the high lights of the reds in this color arrangement, the brightest falls on the Moorish robe of Cordova, and somewhat tempered ones on Rome at her right and the third and fourth figures on the other side, Paris and Heidelberg. In the seated figures below, Galileo receives this illumination, and, opposite him, the Greek philosopher with a book in his lap.

These immortals below were selected with equal care; just below Alexandria they begin, ancients and moderns, Lavoisier, Democritus of Abdera, Harvey, Augustus Cæsar, Sir Isaac Newton, and on the other side, nearest Discipline, Shakespeare, then Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Petrarch, Galileo, and Lord Kelvin standing modestly behind. Each of these typifies some great branch of human knowledge—Lavoisier, chemistry; Democritus, philosophy; Harvey, science; Cæsar, law; Newton, mathematics; Shakespeare, literature and the drama; Beethoven, music; Michael Angelo, art; Petrarch, human letters; Galileo, physics; and Lord Kelvin, modern forces. The attributes are not very obvious, nor are they very important; it is the effect produced on the spectator by his sudden introduction into this

A study for the figure of Paris

Parnassus that gives him pause. Mr. Blashfield has long been known as one of the most scholarly of our living artists; but as a painter, in the conception and the presentation of this great tribunal, "where the light is silent all," he has risen to heights which he has not before attained.

This painting fills the whole of the great semicircular cove, the depth of which in the centre is some seven feet, and is enclosed in a

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heavy framing of oak with bold cusps, partly broken by color and gilding, above which rise the tall upright panels of the railed ambulatory, broken into sections and rising gradually to the little carved and panelled pulpit in the centre, which takes the place of the keystone of the arch. Behind and above appear the tops of the Gothic panels of the end wall of the hall, beyond which are three stories of rooms. The painting was executed on the canvas fastened to the curved wall, by Mr. Blashfield and his two assistants, Vincent Aderente and Alonzo E. Foringer, whose names duly appear with his own in the signature on the work.

It would be difficult to compare, in conception and execution, this mural decoration, the most important on the walls of an educational institution in this country, with the great painting in the hemicycle of the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne* of twenty years ago, the commanding authority of which has not yet been seriously disputed. Though between the technical methods of Puvis and Mr. Blashfield but little similarity can be discovered, yet the general principles of his æsthetic creed, as laid down by the French master in his recorded conversations, would seem to be much like those on which the later painter has worked: "I am convinced that the best ordered conception, that is to say, the simplest and the clearest, will be found to be at the same time the most decorative and the most beautiful. I love order because I passionately love clearness. In all cases, clearness, clearness before everything! I hate nothing so much as the vague and the nebulous. Obscurity is good only to conceal deformity. For all clear and well-defined ideas, there exists a plastic formula which translates them. But most frequently our ideas come to us confused and intermingled. It is then necessary to disengage them at first, in order to be able to consider them, pure, in the inward light.

"A work is born of a species of confused emotion in the midst of which it is contained, like an animal in the egg. The thought which lies at the heart of this emotion, I turn it about, I turn it about until it is elucidated in my eyes and until it appears with the greatest possible clearness. Then I ask for a spectacle which will translate it with exactitude, *but which shall be at the same time, or which at least could be, a real spectacle.* There is symbolism, if you like, but as little arbitrary as possible.

"Art is not an imitation of the reality: it is a parallelism with Nature!"

Neither the circumstances nor the space at his disposal permitted Mr. Blashfield to essay any such all-embracing theme as that in the Sorbonne. The particular presentation of the familiar concepts in pictorial form is largely a purely artistic affair. Certain matters are prescribed by unwritten law—the central, unifying, figure is generally to be seated, always dignified and therefore quiescent; in both these cases, the matron signifying the Sorbonne and the statue of Wisdom, she is presented with the simplest of attributes. Eloquence is a standing figure *quelconque* declaiming; Poesy, a seated one, with an antique lyre or harp; the torch of Enlightenment can be carried only in a very few natural attitudes. History naturally has a tablet, and Discipline, a weapon of offence; in no better way can Meditation or Philosophy be personified than by a seated draped woman or man contemplating a skull. Puvis represents Science as a statue to which the youths pay homage, as is Wisdom in the New York decoration. The pictorial genius is displayed in the choice of style, in the preservation of a scholarly tone, atmosphere, restraint, in the selection and the grouping of these symbolical figures, in their individuality —sometimes in the guarded use of novel details, as the fossil ammonite in the panel of Science in the Sorbonne. With the exception of Mr. Blashfield's youths in the clouds, both of these spectacles "could be represented the most easily in the world," as Puvis said. It may be noted that the later painter does not think himself entitled to take some of the small liberties that the elder did, even in these practicable allegories—such details in the Sorbonne as the heavy mantle of Eloquence standing out at right angles in the breathless air, and the toes of the youth in the stream from which he gives the old man to drink, are reminiscences of that greater freedom enjoyed by the painters of other days which has been commented upon in these pages. In his chiaroscuro, however, Mr. Blashfield has apparently departed from one of the cardinal principles of the older man.

WILLIAM WALTON.

*See The Field of Art, October, 1905.

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Drawn by W. H. Everett.

DANCERS POUR DOWN THE STEPS.—Page 133.

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